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To Our Readers . . .

THE indoor season has gotten underway with a bang. Boxing, dormant during the summer, is now in full swing in every part of the country.

You who are ardent followers of the fistic sport, will want to read about your favorites, learn how the sport is progressing in various parts of the world, get first hand information about fights and fighters everywhere. How and where to obtain that information, is what we are going to tell you now.

Prior to the war in Europe, much space was devoted in the daily newspapers to boxing. Not so, now, however. Most of that valuable space is given over to world news—the fight abroad on a bigger scale.

THE RING, on the other hand, continues to carry full reports of the world's leading boxing bouts, data on young fighters just entering the field and veterans who have already reached the grade.

You'll find in each issue, reports from all over the world, in addition to timely photographs, interesting articles by world famous boxing scribes and editorial comment covering the world's most important items on boxing.

Almost twenty years ago THE RING MAGAZINE had its birth and during that time, it has developed into the staunchest supporter of boxing in the world. Its eyes have swept the universe in search of news, photographs and the unearthing of worth-while talent that made it possible for boxing to have its international contests.

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In Our Next Issue

How many times have you seen a fighter come up in leaps and bounds, engage in star bouts, seen his name innumerable times in the headlines—yet when the crucial test came, they failed by a whisker in their quest for a championship. The heavyweight class is full of such cases. In "Almost, but Not Quite", by Robert V. McMenimen, you'll find interesting data on this topic.

When Grandpa was a Kid, the stage and the ring went hand-in-hand. Almost every fighter who gained fame in the fistic profession, tried his hand at least once, in the uplift of the drama. Many made the attempt, but only a few, made the grade.

"Footlights, Screen, Ever Lure Fighters", by Nat Fleischer, is a story that tells of the flops and the successes of actor-pugilists.

"Winning Strategy", is the kind possessed by only a few of the great managers and seconds. Hype Igoe, the veteran who has seen fighters, managers, promoters and seconds come and go over a stretch of forty years, delves into the past for "ruses that saved great fighters from a knockout". You'll enjoy his article.

The Baer-Comiskey fight in New Jersey has a direct bearing on the future of the heavyweight division. Get the low down on the fight, a full page of action pictures and an analysis of the heavyweight picture in the next issue.

In addition, timely gossip by Daniel M. Daniel, pictures and sketches of fighters who are making the grade, two pages of complete life records of famous fighters and other items by RING favorites.

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Body Blows Whip Bob

Pastor Amazed by Punching Power of Billy Conn—Pittsburgh Adonis Has Developed a Beautiful Left Hook—Has Mastered Famous Solar Plexus Wallop—Smiling Willie Adds to Prestige But is Not Ready for Bout With Joe Louis—Fouls Mar Keen Tussle

By THE RING EDITOR

THE indoor season opened auspiciously in several parts of the country during the past fortnight with large gatherings in attendance at the fight clubs of New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, Chicago and points out West and the Southwest. If the attendance figures for Madison Square Garden, the Coliseum and St. Nicholas Palace in Pop Knick's domain, are a criterion, boxing interest will be far greater during the fall and winter than it was throughout the country during the outdoor season.

The sport during the summer was at the lowest ebb in many years. Heavy losses were sustained by many promoters. Small clubs found it too unprofitable to operate and as a result, the indoor season got under way with little new talent to offer.

After a rather disastrous summer, caused by several postponements and lack of material over which the public could enthuse, Mike Jacobs started his Twentieth Century-Garden Club off on the right foot with the Billy Conn-Bob Pastor contest. The bout, shifted from the Polo Grounds to the Garden, drew 14,448 persons for a gross gate of $49,412.58. Not so bad at a time when the war in Europe has put a crimp into the pocketbook of American business which is suffering from a depression.

The contest staged by Mike Jacobs for the purpose of ascertaining whether Billy Conn was a fit opponent for Joe Louis in a world heavyweight championship affair, proved conclusively that such a bout would eliminate for all time one of the cleverest boxers developed in this country in many moons and would destroy a bright future. Conn, though he won by the knockout route in 2.54 of the 13th round, is not ready for the Brown Bomber. He lacks the punch and is far too frail an opponent for a "Man-Killer."

That Billy is the class of all boxers parading before the public today, cannot be denied, but that he can stand up before the onslaught of Louis for more than a few rounds, I doubt. In the Pastor fight, it took Conn seven rounds to get up speed and flash real form. Imagine Louis taking that long to get started against Conn.

* * *

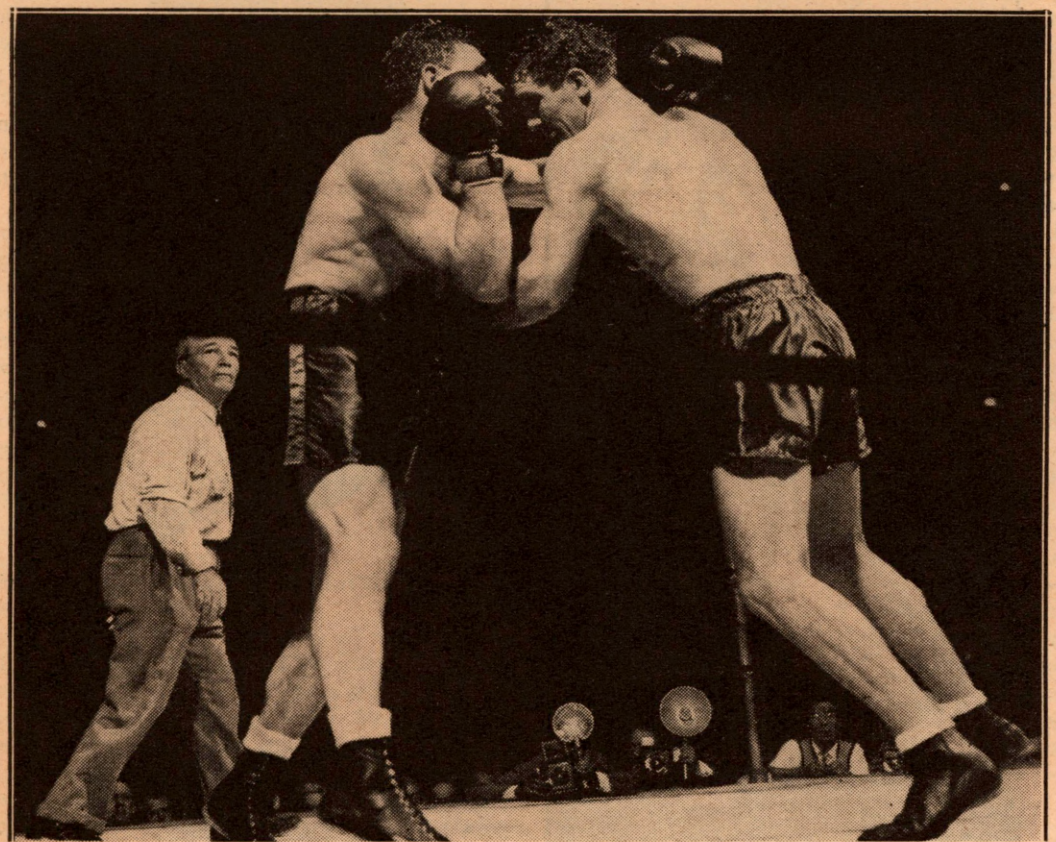
THE Conn-Pastor fight brought out two points that I emphasized after seeing Billy take Gus Lesnevich into camp in Detroit. Conn has developed a splendid left hook to the body but tosses it too wildly and lands the blow too often in foul territory. While we must concede that Billy, the slender 174-pound Pittsburgh Adonis, the boy with the picture face, outclassed Pastor in every department—boxing, hitting and speed—his victory over Bob would have been hailed more enthusiastically had he not fouled so often.

Admitting that the Foul-Proof Taylor Cup is so well manufactured that a fighter wearing it cannot possibly be incapacitated when a blow lands below the belt line unless it is hooked beneath the cup, continuous low hitting is bound to have its effect on the morale of the opponent and even wear him down. Conn struck Pastor low several times. Twice he lost rounds for low hitting, and the referee went so far as to state that he regarded the final punch a questionable one and had Pastor been able to rise and complete the round, he would have awarded it to Bob.

I disagree with those who contend that Pastor was fouled at least once in each of six rounds, and that the final punch was a low one. I was in a good position to see the body punches and could count only two. Most of Billy's punches landed squarely in the stomach, but after Pastor had been fouled the first time, he decided that every punch to the belly was an unfair one and his grimaces apparently worked well.

But the mere fact that I could see only two low punches, is no reason for me taking Billy's part. I'm not. He has a tendency to hit low and one of these days he'll be facing a ref-

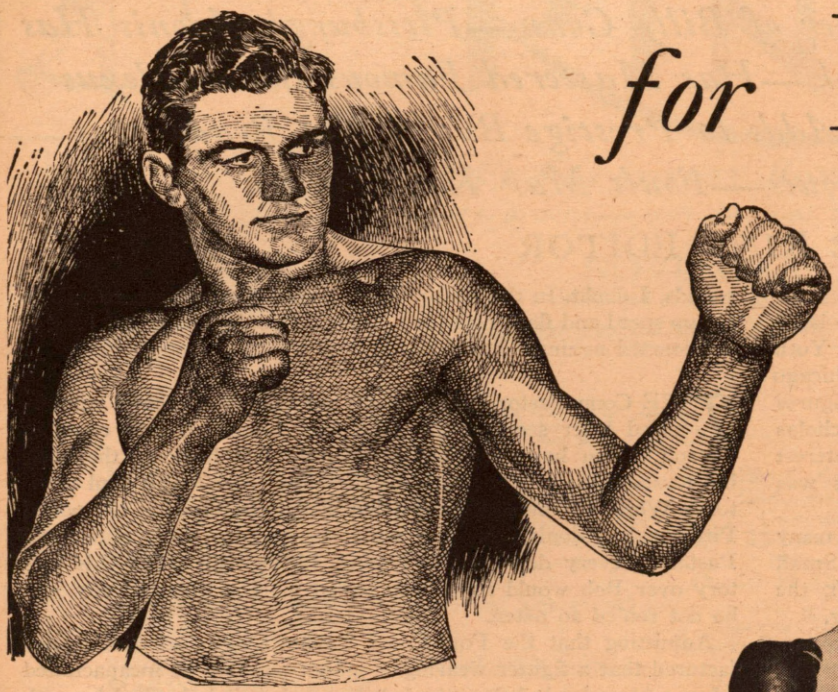
(Continued on page 43)



A scene in the thirteenth round when Billy Conn landed a barrage of left hooks to Pastor's body. Here we see a beauty sinking deeply into Bob's mid-section. Blows of this type beat Bob.

FEATURE FIGHTS *for* INDOOR SEASON

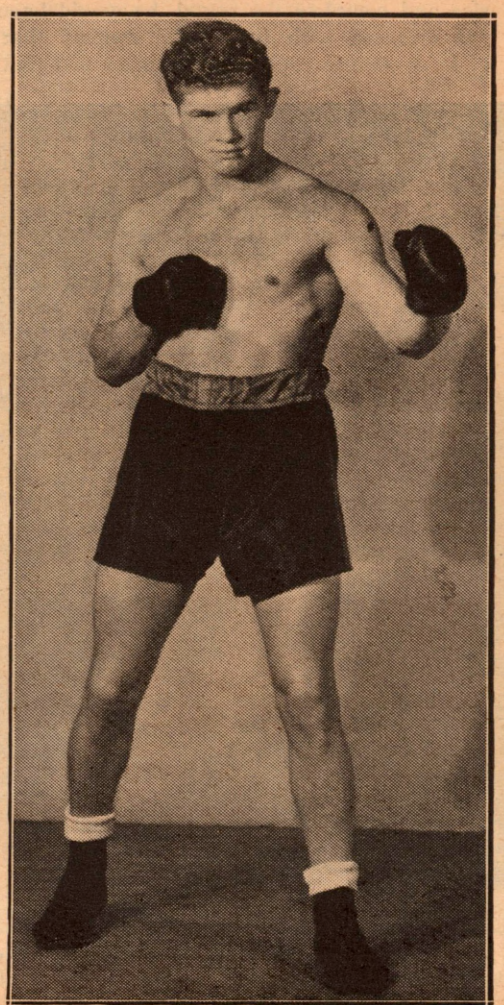
By EDDIE BORDEN



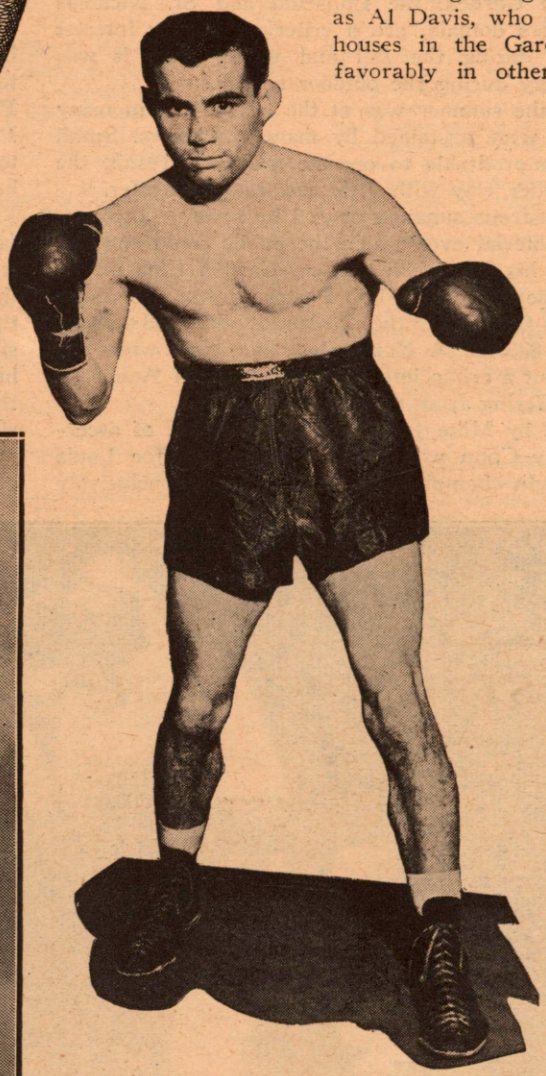
Pat Comiskey, New Jersey heavyweight, a bright prospect.

MAKING "mind" matches is the universal pastime of those fistically inclined fans who take their sport seriously. It is the popular sport for those who dissect boxing to its very tendons. There are few fans who do not feel they would be far superior to those who are engaged in the business of making matches for a livelihood. Superficially, pairing two gladiators might seem like the easiest task in the world. But bringing them together—straightening out the financial differences between the fighters and their managers—calls for the services of a super-diplomat.

Madison Square Garden always has reigned supreme in outstanding matches. The rest of the country generally is guided by activity in the Garden. If the Garden goes bad, the rest of the country takes a drop in gate receipts. If a youngster coming along in New York, such as Al Davis, who drew some startling houses in the Garden, his rise reacts favorably in other spots around the country.



Jackie Donovan, a middleweight of promise from Buffalo.



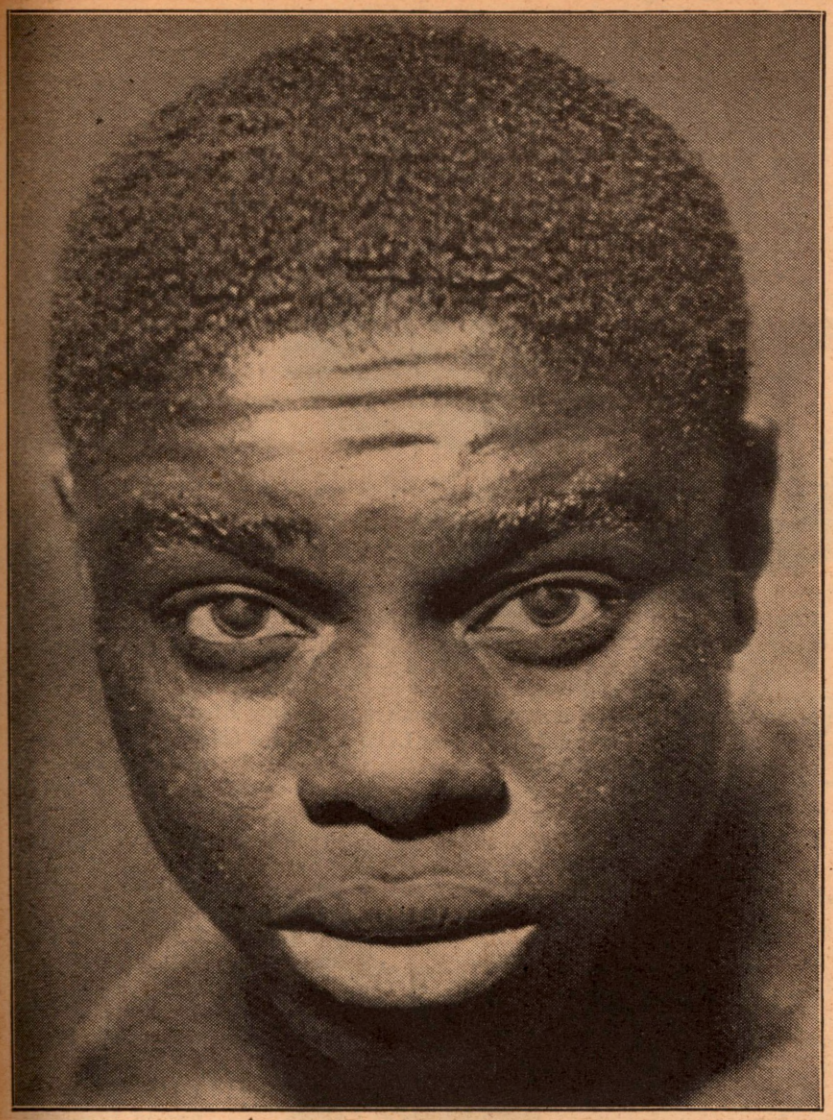
Dave Castilloux, lightweight from Canada.

Nat Rogers, recently appointed matchmaker for Mike Jacobs' enterprises in the Garden, in a statement for THE RING, outlined a busy season for the Twentieth Century Sporting Club. Nat, with his solid background in fistic lore, was assistant to McArdle when Tom reigned in the Garden for several years. As promoter and matchmaker in smaller clubs, Rogers gained invaluable experience.

Rogers has filed in his mind the capabilities and potentialities of the country's younger prospects. He is in touch with managers throughout the country and is all set to splurge for the attention of New York fight fans.

Joe Louis, ruler of the heavyweight class, does not have an opponent in view who could command anything resembling a half million gate. The days of the million dollar attractions are a thing of the past. There is no possible chance of that figure being revived unless Billy Conn makes a tremendous spurt in the heavyweight class. He has the class, color and glamour to intrigue the populace. He is a good looking kid, exudes personality by the bucketful. But he has failed to demonstrate whether he will be big or strong enough to cope with the various heavyweight contenders before he reaches Louis.

Aside from Conn, the only possible prospect for a gate of unusual proportions is Pat Comiskey, the Paterson Irishman.



Jackie Wilson, lightweight from California.

Considering his limited experience Pat has created a profound impression coupled with both his hitting and boxing ability. He hits from either side and can deliver with punishing force a left hook or a right hand. He needs considerable polishing but he is young, ambitious and willing to learn.

As for the Baers, both Max and Buddy, it would be idiotic to stage a championship match with either one as the principal. Max had his chance and failed dismally, while Buddy is inclined to loaf too much to be taken seriously. Buddy is a powerful, sturdy ringman but lacks a requisite—fighting instinct. Others who loom in the background are Bob Pastor, Lee Savold, Red Burman and Lou Nova.

* * *

ASIDE from Louis, there are finely constructed matches in view between the various contenders and to pair them with one another until a likely candidate appears on the horizon would be the proper step. There are probably 10 likely looking heavyweights who could furnish interesting entertainment.

The light-heavyweight class is devoid of a contention. Gus Lesnevich and Melio Bettina, the outstanding contenders, had their crack at the title with little success. The only two who might develop into powerful forces are Tommy Tucker, New Yorker, if he can make the light-heavyweight limit, and Jimmy Webb, of St. Louis. Webb has shown himself to be a courageous, snappy, hard hitting entry.

In the middleweight class there is confusion existing between Ken Overlin, New York State middleweight title-holder, and Tony Zale, hard hitting Gary, Ind., N. B. A. entry. That same condition will exist until matters can be settled between these belligerents.

Overlin has stepped into the limelight only lately because of his victory over Ceferino Garcia but he had campaigned for 10 years with hardly any recognition. Zale boomed to the fore with his knockout over Ben Brown, then followed with a victory over Al Hostak in an overweight match, and a knockout

STANDOUT FIGHTS FOR INDOOR CARDS

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George Latka, Los Angeles	25,000.00
Jackie Wilson, Los Angeles	25,000.00

GEORGE LATKA

Jackie Wilson, L. Angeles	30,000.00

HARRY JEFFRA

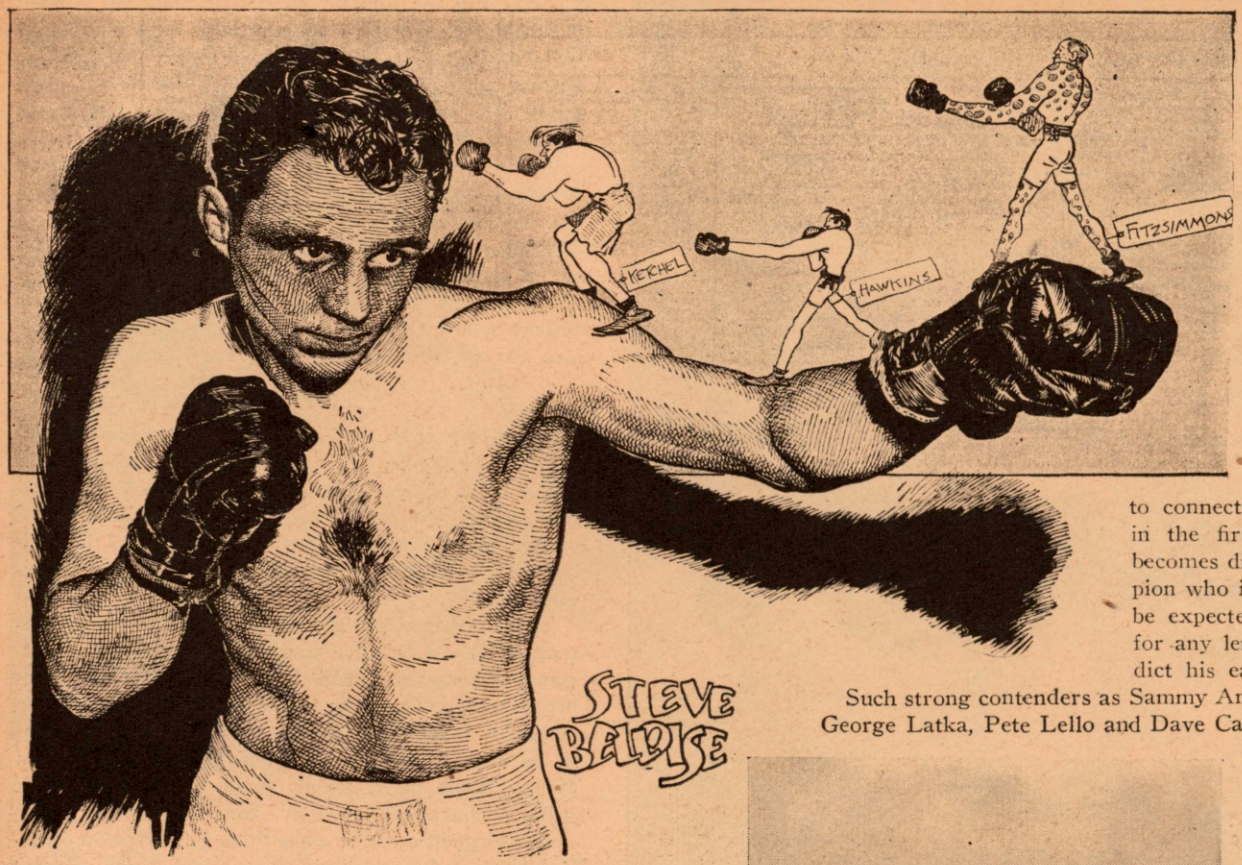
Pete Scalzo, Baltimore	15,000.00		
Jimmy Perrin, N. Orleans	15,000.00	Baltimore	15,000.00

GEORGE PACE

Lou Salica, New York	10,000.00

LITTLE DADO

Jackie Paterson, England	10,000.00
Little Pancho, San Francisco	6,000.00



Steve Belloise, middleweight threat from New York.

over Zale at the championship limit in the 13th round at Seattle.

The latest and most eligible candidate to enter the middleweight picture and challenge the claims of Overlin and Zale is Billy Soose. Soose, a former Penn State athlete, amazed the cognoscente when he won a decision over Overlin. The verdict was split. Nevertheless, it was a good feat.

Not satisfied with the Overlin conquest, Soose went after bigger game and succeeded in getting Zale in an overweight match. Soose gave a classy display of boxing form which enabled him to win the bout by a comfortable margin.

Steve Belloise, a young, snappy, hard hitting 152-pounder and still growing, has impressed the fans by scoring knockout after knockout. The meeting with Ceferino Garcia will decide whether Steve is of championship calibre.

Tami Mauriello, another candidate from Harlem, is close on the heels of Belloise as a potential championship prospect. Mauriello has not reached the stage of advancement that Belloise has attained but is accepted as a great looking piece of fistic merchandise by keen students of boxing.

There are Jackie Donovan, of Buffalo, Georgie Abrams, of Washington, D. C., and Coley Welch, of Portland, Me., for future recognition among the 160-pounders.

* * *

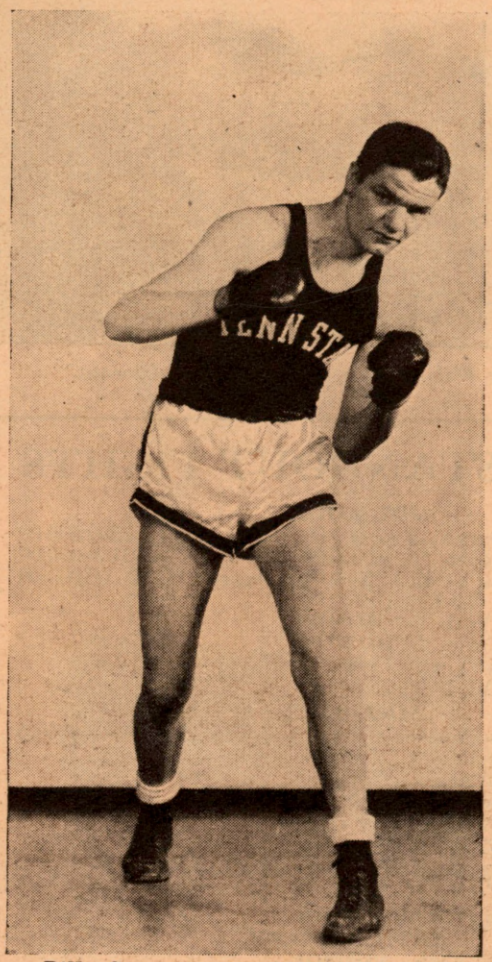
HENRY ARMSTRONG, holder of the welterweight title, is afflicted with the same ailment that is suffered by Joe Louis—lack of contention. There are any number of contenders in a scrambled sort of fashion but no outstanding opponent who could possibly evoke any fear that Armstrong would be shorn of his title.

From a monetary standpoint, Al Davis would fit in nicely with Armstrong's plans. Davis has a huge following in Brooklyn. He is a colorful, terrific left hook hitter—the type who thrills the fans—win or lose. Then there are Milt Aron, rangy Chicago welter, who has been clamoring for recognition for several years, Fritzie Zivic in Pittsburgh, Cocoa Kid in New York and Mike Kaplan in Boston.

In the lightweight division a peculiar situation exists. That title is held by Lew Jenkins, of Sweetwater, Tex. Jenkins won it when he kayoed Lou Ambers. Otherwise his record is very ordinary. We can select 10 lightweights any one of whom would be favored to defeat Jenkins. He carries a powerful wallop. But the problem is to use it properly.

If Jenkins fails to connect with his haymaker in the first three rounds he becomes discouraged. A champion who is so variable cannot be expected to retain his title for any length of time. I predict his early defeat.

Such strong contenders as Sammy Angott, Jackie Wilson, George Latka, Pete Lello and Dave Castilloux would make good opponents for Jenkins. They are outstanding. Any one of them would be favored over the lightweight king.



Billy Soose, star middleweight from Pennsylvania.

In the 126-pound division—the featherweight class—there is a duel between Harry Jeffra, legitimately the world's featherweight title-holder, and Pete Scalzo, who wears the title of the N. B. A., for what that might be worth. Scalzo eliminated Jimmy Perrin and the only match that might attract the interest of the public would be the meeting between Harry and Pete. Scalzo is a hard hitting, classy ringman and should not hesitate to press his rights for a match in which the world's title would be involved. Financial differences have been responsible for this fight not taking place.

Jeffra, whose home is in Baltimore, is clamoring for the match there. It is the only city in which the fight has drawing power appeal. The fight does not belong any place else, and the quicker this contest takes place the sooner boxing re-adjustment will be hastened. Perrin, who is a good drawing card in New Orleans, would prove a good magnet for Jeffra there at the weight limit. Such a bout would go over big in the Crescent City.

Ten boys who are expected to make the most headway during indoor season.

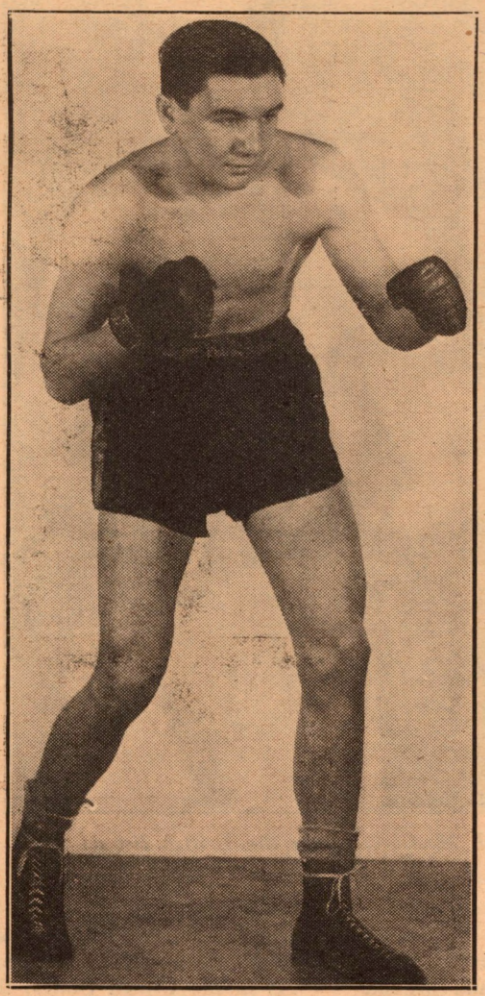
PAT COMISKEY, Heavyweight
JIMMY WEBB, Light-heavyweight
BILLY SOOSE, Middleweight
STEVE BELLOISE, Middleweight
JACKIE DONOVAN, Middleweight
TAMI MAURIELLO, Middleweight
GEORGE LATKA, Lightweight
DAVE CASTILLOUX, Lightweight
BOB MONTGOMERY, Lightweight
JACKIE WILSON, Lightweight

THE bantam situation is pitiful. There are no worth-while contenders to make this one powerful class worth mentioning. There are few enough men at this weight and the only match that might be worth considering would be George Pace against Lou Salica. Tony Olivera, from Oakland, is a good 118-pound ringman but the opposition is hardly worthy.

The flyweight division, which once boasted Pancho Villa, Frankie Genaro, Fidel La Barba, Newsboy and Izzy Schwartz and Jimmy Wilde, is another section in a decadent state. The only two flyweights in this country are Filipino rivals—Little Dado and Little Pancho. They have tried conclusions against one another with no deciding result. Jackie Paterson is the outstanding British flyweight and in spite of the European war manages to engage in occasional competition.

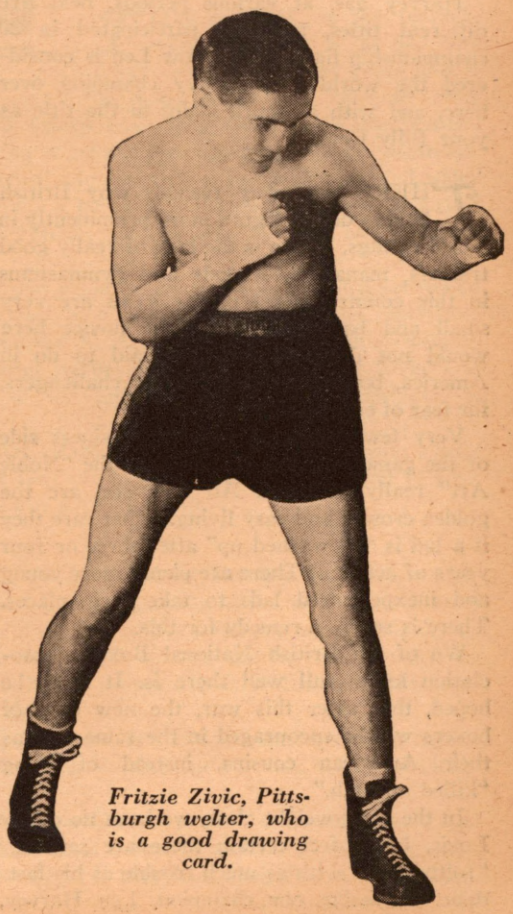
It would be futile to even suggest any world title flyweight without first considering Paterson, who has compiled a splendid record. This hardly would be the proper time to consider such an event.

George Latka, California's star lightweight.



Tami Mauriello, middleweight prospect from New York City.

Max Baer who rates high as an attraction.



Fritzie Zivic, Pittsburgh welter, who is a good drawing card.

The BRITISH OUTLOOK

By GEORGE F. DEVONSHIRE
(N.B.A. (G.B.) "Ladder" Committee of London, England)

Kid Tanner, best bantam in Europe.

IN the event the war lasts another year or more, we in Britain must find that the majority of our leading "mitt slingers" will have passed into retirement. Ringsters such as Len Harvey, Jock McAvoy, Nel Tarlton, Johnny King, Jack Hyams and Ernie Roderick have all been boxing for 10 years or more, and a number of others will soon be past ring service.

In the meantime, however, it is of interest to compare our present best with the American, even if it is unlikely that most of them can meet in the ring.

It is more than 20 years since Harvey first boxed professionally, and his record is one of which any boxer in history could be mighty proud. "Our Len" has had some 200 recorded contests, losing less than a dozen. Once, only, has he been beaten inside the distance, that unique occasion being when Jack Petersen forced the Cornishman to retire with both eyes severely damaged.

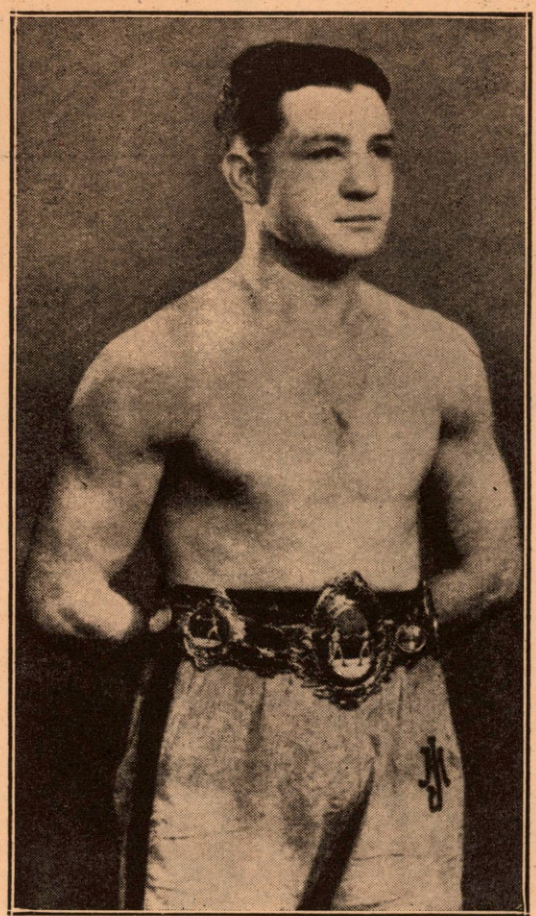
Harvey has, at various periods, held five different titles, and has participated in 20 championship fights. Even now Len is considered the world's light-heavy champion over here, and with as much claim to the title as your Billy Conn.

* * *

THERE are many reasons why British boxers do not figure more prominently in world ratings. There is the lack of really good trainers, managers, seconds and gymnasiums in this country. Most of the gyms are very small and badly equipped. The novice here would not dare, as they are said to do in America, box with champions or challengers, for fear of being badly used-up.

Very few connected with the business side of the game in Great Britain have the "Noble Art" really at heart. All they see, are the golden crowns and easy living. What care they if a lad is "all washed up" after three or four years of activity! There are plenty more young and inexperienced lads to take their places. There is surely a remedy for this.

We of the British National Boxing Association know full well there is. It is to be hoped, that after this war, the new crop of boxers will be encouraged in the same way as their American cousins, instead of being "killed at birth."



Jock McAvoy, whom the British list as world light-heavyweight champion.

In the heavyweight class, we have no one to measure up to Joe Louis, but I feel certain there are several who could provide "Jolting Joe" with as much trouble as his last few opponents have done. In facing our champion, Len Harvey, Joe would be up against one of the finest ringmasters in the world today.

A man who is remarkably skillful for a big fellow but is unfortunately 33 years of age, Len would, I have no doubt, still set Louis many puzzles, and, on occasions, "make a monkey" out of him. But Joe would, after several rounds, catch him, and thus retain his title for the umpteenth time.

* * *

TOMMY FARR reached his peak against Louis three years ago, and odds would be high against him lasting the distance in a return, but at least, he wouldn't be scared stiff.

Eddie Phillips, a fine boxer but very highly strung, would take several rounds to get going. By that time, he would be nicely tucked away.

Jack London, Britain's "Tony Galento," is very strong, tough and heavy, weighing sixteen stone odd, but is terribly slow. He is, however, very plucky and does not mind taking some hammering as long as he is able to connect with his ponderous but terrific swings. And he is as liable to do this as Tony.

Tommy Martin, campaigning now in California, recently stopped Junior Munsell (rated in THE RING August issue, No. 7), in five rounds. A particularly fine win this, one which should enhance his reputation no end. Tommy, when he left England, was a little too "wasp-waisted" and needed a little building-up. Another weakness of Martin's was that he sacrificed his punching power for speed. This, I feel, will be rectified by the capable hands of Johnny Rogers.

What Tommy needed most in England, was good "heavies" for sparring partners. I recall that when in training for Jack London, Martin's heaviest sparring partner was a welterweight.

The only other "heavies" worthy of note are Tom Reddington and Al Robinson. Both these youngsters were recently overmatched with Jack London. They were compelled to give at least 50 pounds away, and each took a terrific belting. It has yet to be seen whether there are any after effects of these beatings.

As in the United States, the heavyweight section is short of good talent. The few good men we have, are all in some branch of the Service.

OUR Cruiserweight class, apart from the two leading men, is in very poor condition. Len Harvey is, according to the B. B. B. C., the world's champion, with as much claim to the title as anyone. Leading contender is Jock McAvoy, well known on your side of the Atlantic. Jock, who paid you a visit five years ago, is in pretty good form these days and figures to whip many of those rated high. It will be recalled that McAvoy caused a considerable furore when he K.O.'ed Babe Risko in one round.

For this excellent win, Jock was awarded a thrust at the light-heavyweight title. Why the light-heavyweight title? Jock could, I believe, have made 160 pounds then, and he still can. Those who saw "Mac" in action in the United States, will, I think, agree that he would prove more than a match for Zale, Overlin, Hostak or Garcia.

Eddie Maguire, classy "Springbok," also well known on your side (he took two trips), is still with us and doing very well, too. Ed has been troubled with one of his eyes for some time now and this threatens to force him into retirement. I hope the trouble isn't too serious, as Eddie is a very pleasing type of fighter. We have several other good 160-pounders not quite championship class, but progressing very favorably.

* * *

OF welterweights we are very short. Our champion, Ernie Roderick, has not yet shaken off the effects of that "typhoon" which struck him in the person of Henry Armstrong. Ernie very pluckily lasted the full 15 rounds, during which he took a terrific battering from one of the greatest fighters ever to fight in this land.

Even so, Roderick is still quite capable of turning back any challenger for his title. Norman Snow recently gave Ernie a whale of a good fight but just wasn't good enough. It is doubtful if Snow could improve on his U. S. performances of four years ago if he made a return trip.

Lefty "Satan" Flynn, Jamaican champion, is a real good fighter, and would cause quite a stir over there, being a smart, cagy, and a hard puncher. Lefty does, however, on some occasions, appear half-trained and stale, losing decisions he could easily win with a little more exertion in training.

Many columns have been written on Arthur Danahar, brilliant ex-amateur. Far too many, I fear, causing him to be "rushed" a little. True, he well outpointed Ernie Roderick last November, but even Danahar's most fervent supporters will agree that Ernie was definitely "off color" and very rarely showed his true championship class.

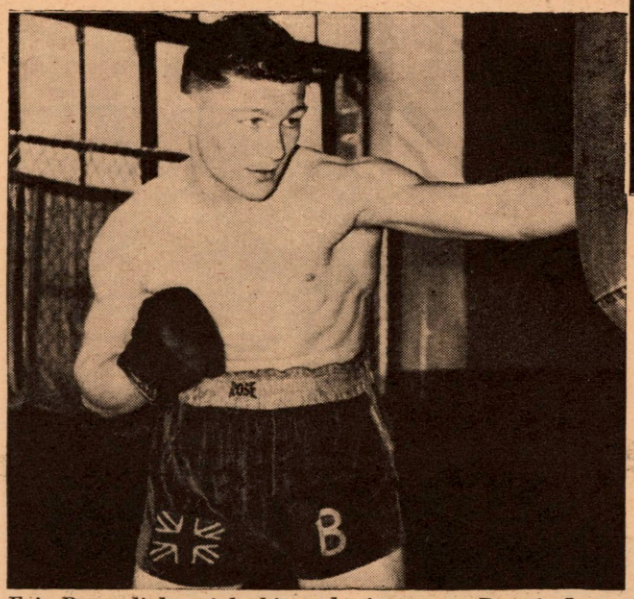
Arthur, through this win, was matched with Norman Snow in an eliminator for the title, and was seen in a far different light. Floored in the first for nine, Danahar got up and went haywire, tossing low ones in the basement and being disqualified in the second. I very much doubt Arthur's ability to rise to any great heights, but I hope I am wrong, for we can do with a good 147-pound man.

* * *

LIGHTWEIGHT champion Eric Boon, will have a heck of a time making nine stone nine in his forthcoming fight with Ronnie James for the title. Eric is now with the R. A. F., and is a growing lad. Even when he beat Dave Crowley in December, he appeared finely drawn, and at the unfortunate termination caused by Crowley's retirement, was rapidly tiring and breathing heavily through his open mouth.

In Ronnie James, the Welsh champion and leading contender, we have a lad who measures up to the world's best. Not yet 23 years old, he is well experienced. Four years ago Ronnie well outpointed Jackie Wilson, brilliant colored flash from Pittsburgh, styled then as "the colored featherweight champion of the world." James has lost but seven fights (three of these on disqualification) out of not quite a 100 battles.

A match with Lew Jenkins would be a "cutie," and no more than even money, quite possibly in favor of our man, especially after "Homicide Hank" gets through with Lew for the second time. Our other lightweights are good crowd-pleasing fighters, but with no champion among them.



Eric Boon, lightweight king who is to meet Ronnie James for British title.

Nel Tarleton, a veteran who holds British feather crown.

* * *

TOM SMITH, in the featherweight division, is the best discovery we have had for years, and is good tip to relieve "veteran" Nel Tarlton of his British crown when they meet in the near future. Smith has been boxing some six years, losing only six decisions. His connections matched him according to the N. B. A. Ladder scheme, a plan by which a boxer is rated on his record, and then proceeds to climb the ladder step by step by wins over lads on rungs above him.

Tom, last October was rated on rung No. 7. He then proceeded to beat boxers on rungs 6, 5, 4 and 3 in that order, and thus established himself and the N. B. A. plan firmly in British boxing. This young Sunderland feather would have plenty of backers if the opportunity arose for him to face any featherweight in America.

Len Beynon, Jackie Rankin, Terry McStravick and Frank Parkes are the next best we have and can be relied on to give any fighter their weight a good scrap.

* * *

JOHNNY KING, the leader of the bantams, has been boxing for a lengthy period many pounds above this limit. Johnny is getting on in years and will experience some difficulty in reducing the extra seven pounds he now carries. King in defense of his title is a far different proposition from the man who loses so many overweight fights.

Jim Brady, leading contender, is a strong bustling type of fighter who has been kept too long waiting for the title bid he so richly deserves.

"Kid" Tanner of British Guiana is the best bantam here, and would please U. S. fight fans. Tanner is rather tall for his weight, punches extremely hard and is very fast, altogether a rattling fine boxer.

(Continued on page 45)

The Real Tex Rickard

Showman's Instinct Enabled Him to Succeed Where Others Had Failed —The Boom-Years Period of Boxing—How He Gained Control of the Sport in New York—Mike Jacobs, His Silent Partner

By THE VETERAN

THE latter years of the Frawley Law, "no decision" period, saw the old baleful political domination of boxing exercising its influence pretty much as it did under the Horton Law. The gambling and gangster elements reigned supreme, and at the larger clubs especially, the pickpocket industry flourished. In fact it was due to such conditions that attempts to make shows pay at old Madison Square Garden had been mostly failures, even when veterans like Billy Gibson and Tim Hurst promoted then.

To James J. Johnston, better known to the fistic fraternity as Jimmy, "the Boy Bandit," now manager of Bob Pastor, belongs the credit of hammering the lid shut on the grafters in the old edifice, and turning it into a paying proposition from the showmanship angle.

Johnston secured a three-year contract to run boxing shows at the old Garden at a rental of $1,000 a night and made a success of the enterprise from the start. He immediately declared war, with no favors asked, on the tough guys who had given the place an evil reputation, and personally tackled and beat up grievously a couple of leading gangsters from the East Side whose gun-toting proclivities had earned them widespread notoriety as killers for hire.

It is not usual for a person cast in the role of promoter to "double in brass" by assuming the duties of a chucker-out. But it must be remembered that Jimmy Johnston was and is a rather unusual type of citizen. In his callow youth an aggressive bantamweight performer in the ring, he could always take care of himself as a rough-and-tumble artist, and his ability to muss up an opponent's features by tactics fair or foul, as the occasion demanded, did not desert him with the advancing years.

Force is the only thing a gangster really understands, and by fighting fire with fire Johnston succeeded in winning a sort of immunity from the operations of the light-fingered and rough-house fraternity so far as his own immediate bailiwick was concerned. He built up a good following too, and under his manipulation the old Garden again resumed its position as an ace fighting centre.

* * *

THE list of notable battles he promoted is a long and creditable one, including jousts between such stars of the time as Jim Coffey and Frank Moran, Leach Cross vs. Charlie White, Willie Ritchie vs. Freddy Welsh, Ted Lewis vs. Mike Gibbons, Langford vs. McVey, and others too numerous to mention. Johnston's lease of the Garden site was nearing its close when a formidable trade-rival menaced his activities in the person of Tex Rickard, bent on breaking into the New York game.

In the previous year, Jack Curley had successfully promoted the Willard-Johnson contest at Havana, Cuba, in which the world's heavyweight title passed to the Western giant on a declared knockout in the 26th round. Several promoters had in vain endeavoured to coax Johnson out of his self-imposed exile of nearly three years duration and induce him to defend his crown on this side of the ocean, but Curley alone was able to achieve the seemingly impossible.

Tex Rickard, boxing's most glamorous figure.

When he faced Frank Moran in a no decision, 10-round bout at the old Garden, a little over 11 months after annexing the title, Willard was hog-fat, slow, and merely loafed along safely to the scheduled limit. Over three years elapsed before he again tempted Fortune between the ropes, and then his condition left much to be desired, when Jack Dempsey, a much lighter and smaller man, battered him swiftly into submission at Toledo, Ohio, on July 4, 1919.

The Willard-Moran battle served as Rickard's initial promotorial introduction to the New York public, and marked the first occasion upon which the latter and Jimmy Johnston locked horns in acrid dispute. Rickard's partner in the Willard-Moran enterprise was John Ringling, the circus man. Johnston steadfastly refused Rickard's maximum offer for the renting of the Garden, insisting on a 25 per cent share of the profits.

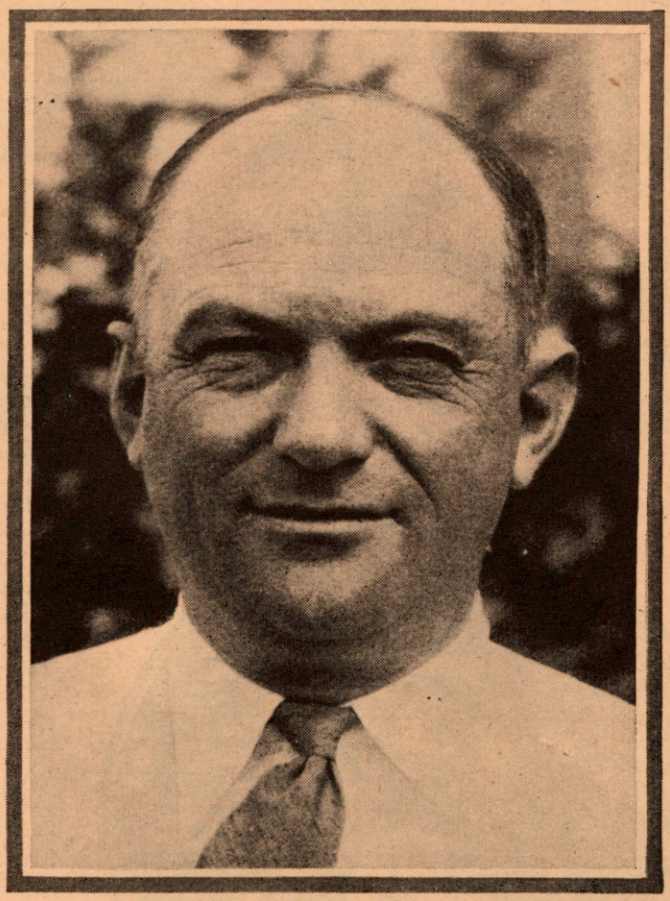
The Westerner in high wrath, and confident of his strength in political and financial backing, resorted to threats, informing Johnston that he would eliminate him as a New York boxing promoter altogether. Jimmy had listened to that sort of thing before during his career, and only laughed in the big man's face. In the end, he compromised and received $15,000, plus an additional $400 for Garden concession rights. This was over double the best offer made by Rickard previously, so that Johnston may be said to have come out victor in the wrangle after all.

Jimmy Johnston, then as now, was a fearless fellow. He knew the ropes as few did in New York and with good political backing and a fine string of fighters, he could laugh at threats.

NOR was Rickard ever able to make good his threat of cutting short the little man's activities in boxing circles. Tex rose to magnificently spectacular heights as a promoter, but Johnston was always a galling thorn in his side, and Fate willed it that Jimmy should one day occupy the place left vacant by the Westerner's demise.

As sport-promoters, Curley, Rickard and Johnston had one trait in common—the possession of unusual ability in the fine art of obtaining publicity for any venture in which they were interested. In point of individual personality, they were as far apart as the North and South Poles. Curley, massive in build and jovial of countenance, was an artist at winning the goodwill of those who met him by dint of a cheery smile and hearty greeting.

Folks who encountered him for the first time went away feeling as if they had known him for years. He gets what he wants through well-calculated diplomacy, coupled with keen intuition for sizing up the desires and weaknesses of those he came in contact with during the making of business deals. He never was known to employ rough-shod methods while blazing the trail to any goal. Shrewd, though suave, if an obstacle arose in his path, he invariably worked out a detour scheme and slipped around it.



Mike Jacobs, Tex's advisor.

He was first a boxer, next, assistant to Paddy Carroll, Chicago's old-time promoter, now deceased, did well running small-club scraps in the Windy City, but got into the big money when he brought off alone and unaided, the match for the world's wrestling championship in the Windy City between Frank Gotch and Hackenschmidt.

His subsequent career as a New York promoter is too well-known to need detailed comment. His greatest boxing achievement was the bringing back of the heavyweight crown to the white race by staging the Havana battle between Johnson and Willard, already referred to. But he also resurrected wrestling when the mat game was generally thought to be as dead as the proverbial doornail, and turned it into a lucrative box-office asset.

It was as the unquestioned Czar of wrestling that he is best known to today's public, but one never could tell when he was likely to take up some other sport and bring off a surprising coup. That's what he did when he signed up big Bill Tilden, the tennis star, for professional appearances, and made a financial killing. A similar result attended a tour he arranged for the late Rudolph Valentino in a dance act, when the screen player was temporarily estranged from the motion picture people that had him under a film contract.

AGGRESSIVENESS is the keynote to Jimmy Johnston's character. That and a flair for transforming apparently insignificant incidents into big publicity stunts warranted to throw the spotlight on his actions. As might be expected, his combativeness and dynamic energy drove him headlong against many troublesome barriers and made him plenty of enemies. But the main point is, that he crashed through and kicked the troubles for a goal. As for the disgruntled ones, Johnston probably would lose most of his interest in life if nobody was bucking him, because he happens to be built just that way. Anyhow, the payoff is always made on results, and despite numerous efforts to sidetrack him, he's still belting along at top speed on the main line.

You could hardly have listed Rickard as a good "mixer" in either the Curley or Johnston sense. He never cared to increase his circles of acquaintances unless such a move seemed necessary to him. He was a bit gruff and not particularly talkative ordinarily. But the gift of the gab was his beyond question when it came to persuading wealthy persons into making investments along lines he suggested.

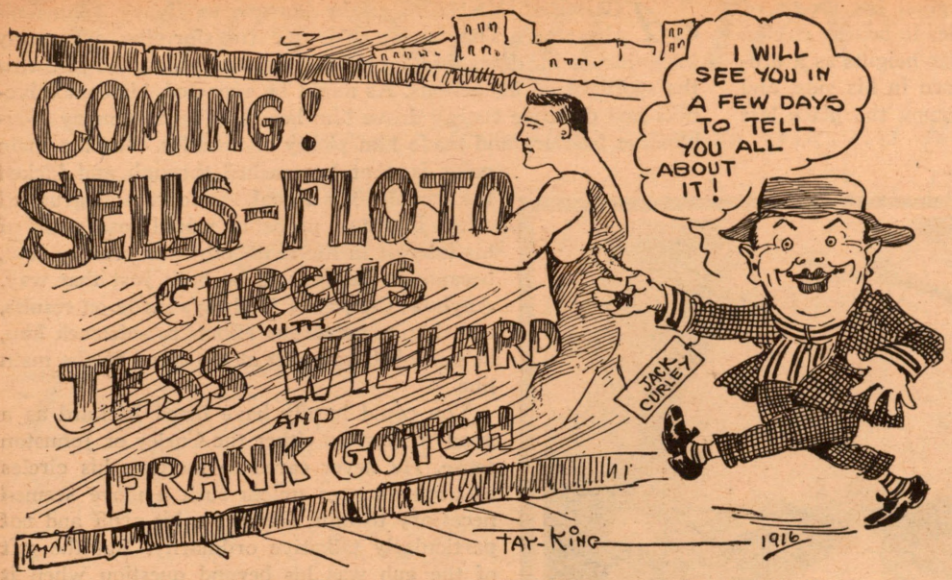
And because he had the real showman's instinct, such suggestions from him, panned out the gold dust surprisingly. The Willard-Moran fight made profits for all concerned in its promotion, as did the combat he arranged between Jack Dempsey and Willard, in which the world's heavyweight title passed to the former at Toledo on July 4, 1919. Thus, when the Walker Law, originated by Senator Jimmy Walker, permitting 15-round fights to a decision in New York State was passed in 1921, Rickard had behind him the prestige of having promoted four championship title battles successfully as an aid to his future plans.

But he had something far better than that. For sport-writers recognized this colorful adventurer from the far West as "good copy" and played him up to the limit, and then some! It was the newspaper scribes who made him, for they wrote and raved incessantly about Rickard's marvelous schemes and alluring personality, until they established a sort of Rickardian cult. One journalistic enthusiast named him "the prince of sportsmen!", and the sobriquet stuck.

Jimmy Johnston, from whom Rickard took over the control of Madison Square Garden. This is how Jimmy looked at the time of Rickard's New York invasion.

* * *

TO the average man in the street, accustomed to read column after column of fervid praise in connection with Tex's projects, and interviews in which the latter's opinions on everything under the sun were copiously quoted; this startling figure from the mining camps and wide plains

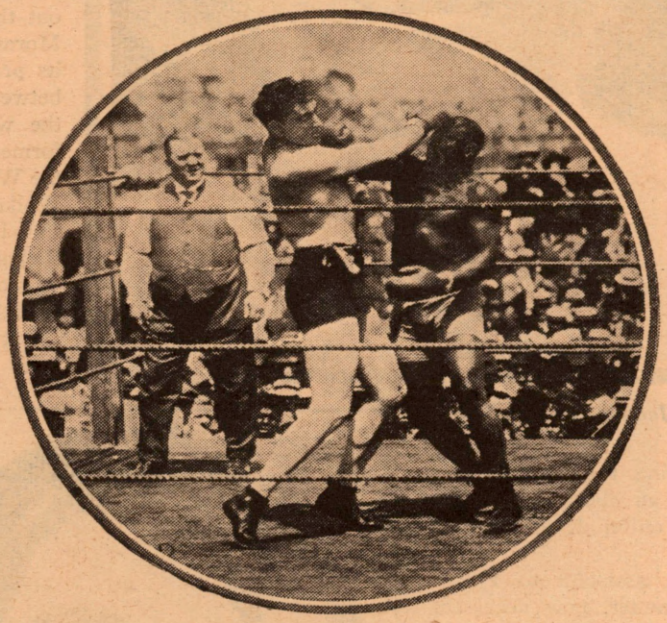


A cartoon by Fay King given to Jack Curley when he had Willard and Gotch on tour. Curley was to wrestling and barnstorming tours what Tex Rickard was to boxing.

of the Last Frontier loomed up in gigantic, impressive proportions. And the worship of a tin god is pathetically easy to propagate among the good-humored, romantic, hard-working, credulous American masses, especially in the supposedly "wise" burg frequently referred to in the tales of the late O. Henry as Jayville-on-the-Hudson.

Much of this inflated publicity was paid-for stuff, paid "under the rose," that is, for Rickard had early learned the trick of subsidizing the press wherever it was possible. When he promoted the Toledo assault-and-battery entertainment between Messrs. Dempsey and Willard, his generosity to the fight-chroniclers was manifested by gifts of shares in an oil well he owned somewhere out West, to such as would accept such friendly tokens of regard.

Some of the reporters refused the big-hearted promoter's gracious presents; others, unhandicapped by finnicky notions of ethical nonsense, swallowed the bribes eagerly, and would probably have taken more without much urging. These latter were due for a bit of a flop later on, however, as, when Rickard's oil-stock had reached a certain figure, he sold it out without notifying the recipients of his bounty, who were waiting for a further rise and were consequently left "holding the bag!"



A scene in the Jack Johnson-Willard fight at Havana which Jack Curley promoted and in which he brought back the heavyweight crown to the white race.

It goes without saying that he took healthy care of the political powers wherever he staged a scrap, whether in the wilds of Nevada, Ohio, the Empire State or New Jersey. In 1920, when he matched Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier in the latter state at Boyle's Thirty Acres, the Jersey political wolves got theirs in the form of a goodly number of the best seats in the arena, each of which was priced at $55.00. There being an enormous demand for tickets, so Mr. Rickard's discerning beneficiaries were enabled to dispose of their pasteboard holdings for a neat sum.

* * *

THIS, by the way, was the event, where just before hostilities started Rickard dropped into Dempsey's dressing-room and asked him to prolong the interest a bit by allowing Georges to stick around for a few rounds. Tex had no illusions as to Carpentier's inferiority to the Mannassa Mauler, although a huge section of the public had been bamboozled by blatant ballyhoo into the belief that the Frenchman stood an excellent chance of winning.

But Dempsey did a hurry-up job, stowing Carpentier away in the fourth frame. The newspaper experts were fully aware that Georges didn't belong in the same ring with the champion, but few of them stressed that belief in print. On the contrary, Carpentier was boosted to the skies as a fighting prodigy by various newspaper prophets prior to the extremely one-sided contest. And this was the first of the Rickard million dollar fights!

Tex Rickard's rise to fame as the premier promoter of his day was principally due to the simple fact that the gentleman from the West was a keen opportunist, wise enough to take full advantage of the abnormally good "breaks" handed him by Dame Fortune. It is no exaggeration to state that no promoter in ring history ever landed in so soft a spot as Rickard did when invading New York territory.

The times were all in his favor, for this was the boom-years-period, extending from 1921 to 1930, when money was plentiful and capitalists were ready to invest on small persuasion in any project that promised ample profits. With John Ringling behind him, the adventurous knight from the "wide open spaces" had all to gain, nothing to lose, and when he proposed the erection of the new Madison Square Garden at 50th Street and Eighth Avenue, there was no trouble at all in obtaining Wall Street backing for the organization of the Madison Square Corporation to the extent of five million dollars.

This master stroke in the realm of high finance naturally made him a bigger news feature than ever, and the accommodating New York papers beat the ballyhoo drums to a still madder, wilder rhythm, glorifying the giant intellect that had placed boxing in the Big Business category. Tex Rickard was no longer merely "the prince of sportsmen." Clad in the royal purple he had ascended the throne to reign as "monarch of all he surveyed" in the world of athletic pastimes.

* * *

IT all seemed the acme of horse-play comedy to those who knew how the political cards had been stacked in the game, of the double-crossing that went on behind the scenes. They knew about Dick Butler, for instance. How Butler, promised the old Garden lease, had his proposal to Rickard of cooperation accepted by the latter. Whereupon Rickard, with John Ringling's backing, grabbed the lease for himself, and froze out Butler altogether. And how Tex arranged with Jimmy Johnston to come in with him as manager and matchmaker, and appointed Leo P. Flynn instead, Johnston's only notification of the change coming when he read about it in the newspapers.

But the cream of the jest to those *(Continued on page 42)*

Those FATAL WALLOPS

Fighter With the Punch is Always Favored by the Fans—Pugilists Who Pack the Sleep Producing Blow, More Popular Than the Boxer Who Wins With Light Taps Over the Decision Route

By HYPE IGOE

Battling Nelson, an aggressive fighter, who tossed punches from all angles.

THE difference between a ring engagement and a melodrama is that in one there is true enactment, with real settings of an actual settlement of superiority, while the other can be repeated the next evening with the villain as audacious as on the preceding night.

The world loves a winner, but it idolizes the fighter who spins a punch which stuns his opponent, and the knocker-out has the call. Clever boxing can repeat like a drama but the fighter who has the drag with the populace is the one who packs a wallop.

It is the desire to see something happen which adds to a crowd on a corner, and it is this same feeling which fills a club when there is one on the bill who kicks hard enough to win when he lands. Jeff, Fitz, Walcott, Lavigne, Maher, McGovern, Young Corbett, Ketchel, Langford, George Chaney, Jimmy McLarnin, Jack Dempsey and others were popular because of their punching powers.

The climax of any mill is the instant a wicked blow crashes against the spot. The man hit, staggers or stiffens and goes to the floor. There is a lull, a restrained expectancy, as though each man wanted to hear the cold, steady count of the referee.

There are three schools of the knock-out class, and each has its exponent, who might seem to indicate by his ring work that he uses the correct type to win. The distance of the bout, the rules and the style of an opponent, all play a part in the result of a battle.

Battling Nelson, former lightweight champion, was a fighter who used a peculiar style, and it was mighty effective, too. No fighter has lived who forced harder than this Dane. Give and take was his motto. The instant he heard the gong he was relentless in his pursuit of his prey. His object in all attacks was to get his head on the shoulders of an opponent and then bang away at the body. When broken in a clinch, he got back like a flash and again pounded away. Jabs and sidestepping and speed all failed before the Dane and crossing him did not keep him off. "Bat" pounded them to death.

Joe Gans had a preceptor of another school. He made every blow count, blocked with the hands, pulled away with the feet and dodged an ugly blow by tossing his head out of its path. He aimed to cross the other man when he missed, for this gives triple force and compactness to a punch and bewilders the one so struck. He knocked his man out if the chance presented itself, or would cut him to ribbons if he was too clever to break open his guard in answer to a feint.

Stanley Ketchel, Aurelio Herrera, Young Corbett, Fitz, Dempsey, K. O. Chaney, Joe Walcott, were the type of fighters who could win with one solid wallop. The fight at times went against them, but when the opening presented itself, the end was in sight. A closed fist, tape bound and glove incased, was whipped from the shoulder with almost incredible speed and the stricken man tumbled in a heap.

That's the stamp of a fighter with a wallop. One clean smash, the count of the referee and it is all over.

The point of the jaw is the weakest spot, but Fitzsimmons used a shift to the body which brought most effective and desired results. A fighter can stand a body blow. While it brings pain, it does not numb his mind, and footwork will relieve him from punishment. But the blow on the jaw renders the man senseless, and whenever a punch lands on that vital spot, nine times out of ten the recipient of the blow will take a short journey to slumberland.

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN perfected the knockout punch to the jaw, and depended on it almost entirely. Joe Goss, Ryan, Flood, Elliott and Kilrain, all journeyed to dreamland by the jaw route, for the old style of guarding left the point peculiarly open to the sledgehammer jolt that Sullivan employed. But when Corbett and Ryan introduced waltz steps and left jabs the jaw ceased to be a short cut to victory.

It was then that attention turned to the body. Peter Jackson found that the heart punch brought the money home almost as well as the crash to the jaw. But it was Fitzsimmons, the shrewd, cunning and resourceful, who discovered the two body punches that are of the greatest and most enduring importance. His solar plexus punch and the "shift" were, however, the result of accident more than anything else. Corbett, by marvelous defense of head and chest, forced Bob to play for the stomach, and it was not until doctors learnedly discoursed of the solar plexus that Fitz knew what he had done.

The shift was another favorite of the Cornishman. It is at once terrible and deceptive. One hand starts, goes half way, then the position is suddenly reversed and the other glove crashes into the body at lightning speed. Ketchel improved upon the shift, and it occupied first place in his repertoire of tricks.

One punch may put a promising boxer out for the rest of his life though the fighting spirit is still there. Ring history proves that many a top-notch boxer with a brilliant future has been shunted into the background as the result of one punch. Take the case of Jimmy Slattery, the Buffalo middleweight. Jimmy looked like a champion in his first few battles in the old Garden in New York. Experts spoke of his chances against Jack Dempsey.

Then Jimmy undertook to whip Dave Shade, and the Buffalo lad walked into one blow. Much to the astonishment of his admirers, Jimmy was stopped. True, there were many good fights left in Slattery, but he never could again be the fighter who defeated the great Jack Delaney twice.

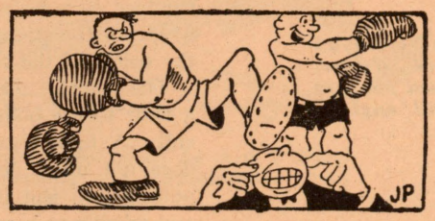
That one blow put a crimp in Slattery's future and no matter how much Jimmy would try there was something in his makeup which prevented him from ever reaching the top rung.

Still more notable examples of boxers whose careers were practically ended through the medium of one punch were Jim Corbett, Ritchie Mitchell, Luis Firpo and Jack Dillon. The case of Corbett was extremely interesting. In his encounter with Jim Jeffries at Coney Island on May 11, 1900, Corbett came within four minutes of regaining the world's heavyweight championship, a thing never before or thereafter accomplished. Unfortunately for Gentleman Jim, his feet became a little

(Continued on page 49)

THE REFEREE:

IN Madison Square Garden; Watching Billy Conn beat Bob Pastor; well the crowd is a lot better than I figured. Some 14,000. . . . The papers didn't give this thing much ballyhoo. Well, it didn't deserve any more. . . Why get excited about Conn and Pastor. . . . There's Leo Durocher, manager of the Dodgers. . . . Who's the man behind him? . . . Why, Jimmy Walker. . . . Walker and Jimmy Johnston are old friends. . . . There is little here tonight for either of the Jims to cheer over. . . . The Webb and Tucker preliminary is about as bloody a fight as has been seen around here in a long while. . . . Webb and Tucker and blood. . . .

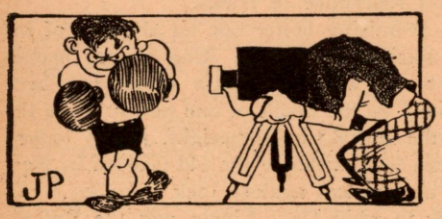


The semi-final is on. Fernandez from Chile and Ferrara of Mount Vernon. . . . There's a radio announcer right at my left giving the whole yarn to the South Americans over the short wave. . . . They are all excited over fights in South and Central America. . . . But not enough to make it possible for Joe Louis to travel down there and make any dough. . . . The final. . . . Conn with a plaster on one of his legs, a smile, a drawn face, a thin waist line, spindly legs. . . . Pastor looks fat. . . . His appearance is not so hot. . . . They get started. . . . Conn is the same old story. . . . Fiddling around, and letting the veteran carry the fight to him. . . . In the third round Conn hits low. . . . In the eighth, ninth, tenth, twelfth and thirteenth Conn hits low. . . . Pastor tires. . . . Conn is clearly the better fighter, but why does he have to beat Bob with low punches? . . . What a sucker to minimize his victory with so many fouls. . . . Pastor tires, he goes down, later down and out through the ropes, then in the thirteenth, with six seconds left, he is counted out. . . . Sometimes an interesting fight, never a wow.

* * *

WHAT is the story left behind by the Conn-Pastor fight? In the first place, Pastor wasn't half the fighter he was the night he carried Joe Louis into the eleventh round at Detroit. Pastor to me looked as if he no longer could be rated even a good trial horse. Bob had better call it a career before he really is hurt.

As for Conn, he weighed 174 pounds. Billy is the greatest 174-pound fighter in the world. After that—well, keep him out of the same ring with Louis. Louis is too big and strong and heavy for Conn now, and I am afraid Billy is not going to become really heavy. He is not the type.



Conn starts so slowly. Louis might fool around with him for a round or two, and then it would be curtains. Conn is a fine boxer. Yet Pastor outboxed him until Bob got tired. Billy is very scientific, yet he can be hit with ease. His science is misleading. It is flashy, but not basically sound.

Conn whips that left of his with terrific force, and he would have whipped Pastor inside fifteen rounds even without the help of the low punches which tainted his triumph. Low they were, and Conn admitted they were. But, he insisted, they were not intentionally low. Now, what drival that is! A low punch is a foul, and a fighter who gets into the habit of hitting low is a foul fighter.

The low blows once again made the New York rule nauseate.

* * *

ONCE upon a time, New York boxing ran into a succession of fouls, unintentional and deliberate, claims of fouls, innocuous fouls, painful fouls. In short, there were a lot of fouls, and the public got sore. It was being prigged out of its dough. So the Boxing Commission made over the Marquis of Queensberry rules, and said no fight could be lost on a foul. In New York, if you kick a man in the groin, they just take the round away from you.

Now, you come into the ring with a clean fighter whom you know you cannot beat fair and square. So in the first round you hit him five times below the belt. That takes the round away from you.

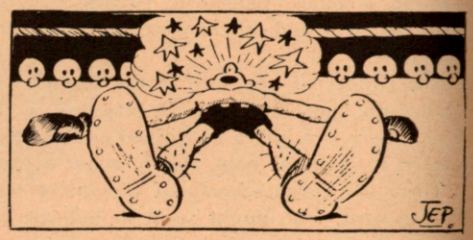
In the second heat, you gouge your man in the eye, and wallop him with a rabbit punch. You also administer terrific beating with foul kidney punches. You lose the round.

Comes the third and you deliver six low drives to the body. By this time, your opponent has scored three rounds. But when he comes out for the fourth he is in terrible shape. You lose the fourth, fifth and sixth for fouls. But by that time your man is finished. In the seventh you knock him out—either with a foul punch or a fair—it matters little.

Your victory, so-called, raises a stench to high heaven. But under the rules of the New York Commission, you have won the fight. Now, what type of sportsmanship is embodied in that sort of legislation? Where is there any justice in a rule which permits a foul fighter to win with foul punches?

The New York Commission might do well to go over this question again and put boxing back on a clean basis. T'Hell with the New York foul rule if it reacts as it did in the Pastor fight. The referee should be permitted to disqualify a fighter who fouls more than once, or even once, if that is deliberate. I am for the rules as they are strictly enforced in England—a foul fighter loses the fight.

* * *



SOME time ago, Mr. Ray, the manager of Conn, introduced the fighter to Joe McCarthy, manager of the Yankees. McCarthy is an ardent ring fan. Years and years ago he was a manager of fighters in Philadelphia. He knows the fight game all the way through, and likes to talk to fighters. Ergo, the confab with Conn.

Before the interview Joe McCarthy said something to Ray about Billy Conn's resemblance in size and style, as well as looks, to Jimmy Slattery, from Buffalo. Jimmy had everything before him. But he blew it all through sneering at training rules.

"Yes, Conn does resemble Slattery," said Ray—and he sighed. Ray said something to McCarthy, and it was noticed that Joe went right into a sermon on the evils of the things that made Slattery a failure.

Conn has more before him than Slattery had. Conn might grow bigger and stronger, as Tunney did. Though I don't think that Conn can give the job the concentration and determination which Tunney developed once he went after something.

Tunney made up his mind he could be the champion. From that moment on, he stuck to a plan which called for Spartan living, hard work, more hard work, and the resistance of every temptation that comes to a young man, from ice-cream sodas to diverse varieties of cream puff.

Conn is not endowed by Nature to be a heavyweight fighter. If he wants to be one, he must furnish, himself, the help which he has not been graced with lavishly by Lady Nature herself.

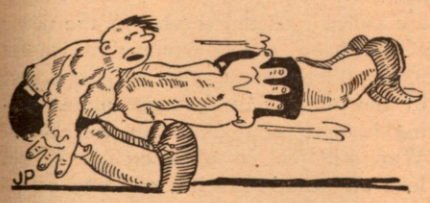
Square Decisions on a Variety of Situations that Present Themselves to the Fistic Devotee.

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

RECENTLY I met Artie Dorrell, Dallas welter, in THE RING office, and from him heard a most interesting story. When Dorrell came to New York he applied at the offices of Eddie Meade. Meade turned him over to his partner, Eddie Walker. The two had a falling out, and then Dorrell found himself under the legal management of Walker. It so happened that the fighter wanted Meade as his manager.

Ordinarily a youngster cares little who runs his affairs. All he wants is a manager who can get fights for him, as Walker has proved he can do for all the boys he manages, who will not take too much and who will be good for an occasional advance. But Dorrell is a strange hombre. You discover that as soon as you have met him.

Dorrell refused to go on with Walker as his pilot. He wrote to Bob O'Donnell, down in Dallas, and Bob flew to New York. Bob discovered that the New York Commission had upheld Walker's title to the Dorrell contract. It was on file. Eddie was his manager, said that contract.



O'Donnell is a motion picture magnate down in Texas, with plenty of do-re-mi, and a paternal interest in Dorrell. O'Donnell listened and then advised Artie to quit the ring and go back to college. That's what the welter has done. He had had two years at Southern Methodist University, and now he will either pick up there again, or go to U.C.L.A.

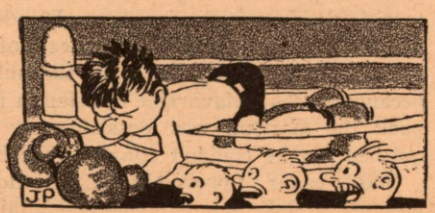
Dorrell started out to study agriculture and soil erosion. Now he wants to be a sports writer. More power to the youngster. If he goes to Los Angeles, the movies may snatch him. He is a handsome, clean cut lad. It is to be regretted that Dorrell has moved out of the fistic picture as he might have developed into real trouble for Henry Armstrong. But as Dorrell has gone back to educate himself, and prepare himself for his life work—good luck to the lad from Dallas.

* * *

ON the Conn-Pastor card was a Negro heavy named Bobby Moore. If you attended the Garden fights, you saw Moore only briefly. He jumped between the ropes, answered the bell, let loose a few assorted belts of varying styles and sizes, and quickly had Mr. Johnny Sionas of Fairview, New Jersey, on the floor. That was Mr. Moore, Golden Gloves champ, new pride of Harlem, the coming heavyweight king, if you wish to listen to Edward Webster Borden, the new language spiller of the firm of Meade and Borden—our own versatile Eddie.

Mr. Borden is not to be confused with the man who milks the cows and brings the liquid to your door around four in the morning. Mr. Borden of Meade and Borden, Managers of Fighters De Luxe, would not know a cow if it ran smack into him in the subway, yet I dare venture Borden would lay heavy odds that I'm wrong. But Mr. Borden insists he knows all about fighters. Of course, those with whom he lays an occasional wager will laugh at this, but nevertheless, Mr. Borden is an excellent judge of fighters but a terrible picker of winners.

"Tab this Moore guy," Mr. Borden advised. "He is a comer. Dynamite. T.N.T. He is that new explosive they have been throwing from bombers on the other side. Aggressiveness is his middle name. Fear he never heard of. He has noble technique. He is a fighter way back to his great-, great-, great-uncle, who was Tom Molineaux."



The writer halted Borden, who almost had run out of gas. "Is this Othello the Moore, or just plain Moore?" Borden was asked.

"I don't know this other guy," countered Borden. "I don't see any Othello in THE RING ranking for the month. I musta overlooked him. But this is plain Moore. He goes back to Peter Jackson on his niece's side. By the time this Moore becomes ready to fight Louis, Louis will not be in the same class with him. Watch out for Moore."

For all I know, this Moore may be as deadly as an onion breath in a kissing game. It is true, doubtless, that by the time Moore is ready for Louis, Joe will be retired, enjoying his vast wealth on a 50,000-acre plantation.

But watch out for Moore, just the same. And if you see Mr. Borden coming—watch out, too!

* * *

THE Conn-Pastor fight was part of the Mike Jacobs build-up of the Pittsburgher for a fight with Louis. As I said long ago, Mike was banking too much on Conn and putting all his eggs in the Billy basket.

I have a suspicion that the Louis connections are not sold on Conn. I believe they are sore that Mike has let Pat Comiskey get away from him. Pat is the chap who fought Max Baer for Jack Kearns, in Jersey City.

Comiskey is big, strong, Irish, colorful, a hard hitter—grand material for the abilities of a Rickard. Regardless of the outcome of the Baer fight, Comiskey remains a good prospect.

Here is a $500,000 gate man all ready to be worked into a second Firpo. A better Firpo. Because Firpo was raw and fistically uncouth, while Comiskey really has the makings of a good, colorful fighter.

The Louis connections are tired of taking chicken feed. They told Mike as much when they threatened to send Joe to South America on a tour. They never were serious about the tour. But they are serious about Mike's not building up an intriguing fighter for some fancy dough.

It is conceivable that Comiskey will not develop as many experts believe he will. But if I had my pick right now between Pat and Conn, for the future against Louis, I would take Comiskey, 2-to-1, no matter how he fares against Baer.

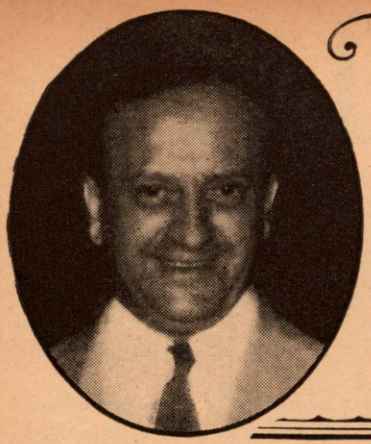
Comiskey has the basic essentials for an attractive gate. He is well liked in New York, they go nuts over him in Jersey. Conn has not yet made any powerful appeal to the customers around the big city.

Rickard knew how to do things with a fighter like Comiskey. Tex saw to it that Jack Dempsey, his ace, did not fight too often. There's a mistake Mike has made with Louis. He has used Joe too often, cheapened his wares, and made the defense of the world's heavyweight championship so common as to merit little excitement in the newspapers.

Mike, tell Joe Louis to go home until next May. In the meantime, get some husky guy like Pat, and go to work on him.

* * *

THE defeat of Bob Pastor by Billy Conn, bolstered the stock of Conn, but as already remarked in these pages, Billy must eliminate several other contenders before he is given consideration by the public as a threat for Joe Louis' heavyweight title. If Conn wants to make certain that the public will support a fight between him and Joe next summer, he should take on Red Burman and Arturo Godoy, each of whom has earned such a shot. Max Waxman, manager of Burman, has offered all kinds of inducements but has gotten nowhere.



Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

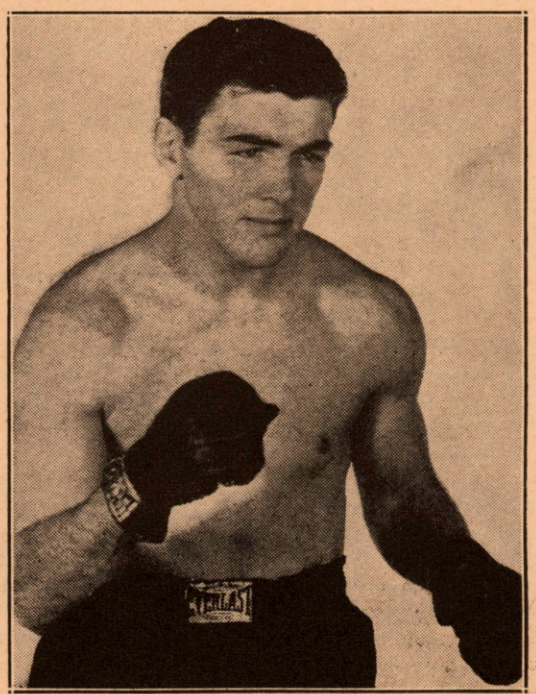
Boxing a Big Factor in the Life of Service Men
U.S. Conscript Army Will Develop New Talent
Webb Best Prospect Among the Light-Heavies

THE action of President Roosevelt in turning over to Great Britain fifty battle cruisers in return for American air bases, brings to mind a statement of President Theodore Roosevelt when he greeted the American athletes who were his guests at Oyster Bay upon their return from London where they won the international competition. "Teddy" as he was generally referred to, was a great boxing enthusiast. He not only loved to don the mitts with the late Prof. Mike Donovan and with Prof. Cooper, who still continues to conduct a gymnasium for business men in New York City, but was a frequent visitor at boxing matches.

When he was Police Commissioner of New York, he had a ringside seat at every fight of importance in the old Garden and when the minions of the law attempted to halt a fight and arrest the principals, Commissioner Roosevelt saw to it that the fight went on to its completion and that no one was molested. So long as a match was on the level, there was no interference by the Commissioner.

At the time of Roosevelt's reception, boxing in New York was at low ebb. The blue law agitators were solidly against it and at every session of the State Legislature, the condemnation of boxing was heard. This got under the skin of President Roosevelt, and he showed it when he defended sports in general and boxing in particular in a short talk that was a masterpiece.

I was among those present at the Oyster Bay meeting which I reported for my paper, the New York *Press,* and in clearing a trunk recently, I came across Roosevelt's little speech. At this time of world strife, when the European conflagration threatens our own shores, the words of one of the most beloved Presidents this country has ever had, Theodore Roosevelt, are worth reprinting.



Jimmy Webb, most promising light-heavyweight. Likely successor to Billy Conn.

"I have been a boxing enthusiast from the time I was knee high," said Teddy. "Boxing is a great sport. I followed it as a schoolboy, took to it in college, and still am pretty handy with a pair of gloves. I enjoy seeing a man knocked down in a fair stand-up fight.

"The nations that stand up in that way, are not the nations that stab men in the back with daggers and poniards. They are the nations that meet the enemy face to face, and as it has been in the history of England and this country, so long as these young men take athletics in the right way, they cultivate a spirit that goes abroad throughout the whole country, that makes the individual felt, that makes the nation great. A nation is as strong as is its people, and athletics build up that strength.

"No branch of athletics does more to strengthen a people for combat service when such service is required, than does boxing. God grant that there shall not come again to us, war, but if at any time it does come, it will be our youthful athletes, the boxers, the track and field men, the tennis and golf enthusiasts, the oarsmen and the polo players—that will carry our flag with honor and with glory to the front."

That speech was only one of many Theodore Roosevelt made on behalf of the Manly Art of Self-Defense during his great public career. What he said more than thirty years ago, is just as true today as it was then.

When our young men are called into the service in the newly created conscription, they will have an opportunity to indulge in all branches of athletics, as athletic competition will form part of the military camp programme. Boxing in particular, as in the last World War, will find its place on top. It will lead all other branches of camp activities and the lads who will be able to show their skill with the gloves, are the ones who will find advancement right up their alley.

As one who saw what boxing meant to the army in the last camp life during the last war, I urge all who are awaiting the call or are now in the service, to follow boxing, not necessarily as a profession, but as a form of recreation and preparedness. It will lead to quick advancement.

Even while waiting to be called into service, the boys should become thoroughly familiar with the art of self-defense.

* * *

THE folly of preventing champions and other top-notchers from performing in various parts of the country against good opponents in shows conducted by others than the man who has such top flight talent under exclusive contract, has been proved in the case of Billy Soose. A few weeks ago Billy won a split decision in Scranton over Ken Overlin, New York's middleweight champion, and a howl went up by the New York scribes that the verdict was a home town decision. Mike Jacobs, who holds first call over Overlin's services, was considerably upset over the verdict. In fact he was riled and pointed to the defeat as ample reason why he should refuse to grant permission to any fighter held under contract by his organization to fight elsewhere than under his jurisdiction.

Chris Dundee, manager of Overlin, was bitterly assailed by Uncle Mike for having accepted the Soose match for Ken, and Mike vowed that he would not permit those under option to him to risk their prestige elsewhere. Dundee, smart manager that he is, glowed over the defeat. Instead of asking for sympathy, he went about to prove that with the publicity Overlin had gained because of the unfavorable decision, a new match, one that would pack the Garden, was possible now between victor and vanquished but he couldn't convince Jacobs.

Soose, eager to prove that his questionable victory over Overlin was not a fluke nor a hometown affair, went out to Chicago to

Babe Hunt, veteran heavyweight, who has captured the Texas and Southwestern heavyweight titles in comeback role.

mitting champions and top flight boys to show their wares against all comers in all parts of the country and thus, win or lose, build up new talent, new boxing enthusiasm in the sport. Billy Soose's victory over Overlin received wide publicity. A new interest in him and therefore the middleweight division was launched. It was a tonic to the sport that in the past six months has been at low ebb, the lowest in many years—absolutely at a standstill.

Then came the victory over Zale. Soose's name was on the lips of all fight followers. What for days had been a dead sport, suddenly came to life.

A new, lucrative match was in the making, a Ken Overlin-Billy Soose championship mill or a Soose-Zale title tilt. Either is now a natural.

Though Chris Dundee refuses to accept it, and prefers to take on the winner of the Garcia-Belloise contest, the one outstanding middleweight bout other than that for the championship between Overlin and Zale, is an Overlin-Soose return affair with the crown at stake. Then the winner against Zale to settle world supremacy. There you have two great contests on tap for the winter, and all because Dundee refused to keep Overlin idle and pitted his champ against Soose in Scranton, Pa.

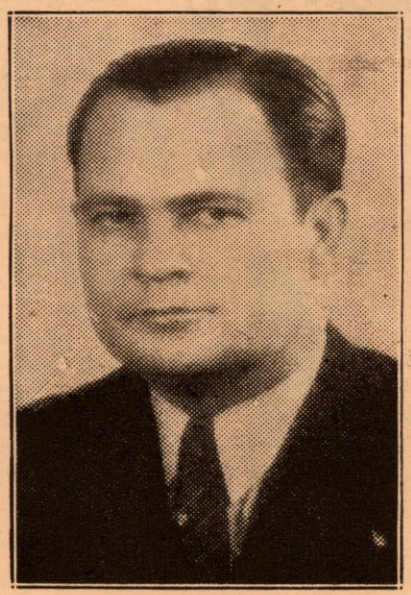
Until now Soose was an unknown quantity in New York so far as Mike Jacobs was concerned, but not to RING readers. He has been touted high by this magazine on several occasions, but it took the Soose-Overlin match to get Billy into the New fight in the lair of the N.B.A. middleweight king, Tony Zale, recent victor over Al Hostak, and there, in an over-the-weight mill, Soose gained additional publicity by scoring a clean cut triumph. He received the unanimous decision of referee and judges and thus, almost overnight, pressed himself into the No. 1 contender's post, with wins over both the N.B.A. and the New York champion, for after all, only the official decisions count.

* * *

WAS Chris Dundee vindicated? Was Mike Jacobs' policy proved a failure? Did boxing gain?

The answer to all these is absolutely yes.

Chris proved that the best policy is the old-time boxing policy, the tried and effective one of per-



Pup Thomas, wealthy business man from Lubbock, Texas, who is putting the Lone Star State on the fistic map.

York spotlight. Just another proof that the policy of keeping boxers sewed up to one promoter is killing the goose that laid the golden egg in boxing. The promoter should see the light and give those under option a chance to increase interest in their division and in boxing by fighting more often and in spots outside of New York and for other promoters. This would encourage outside promoters in cities smaller than New York to invest money and build up the game in their locality. With such build up, would come new talent and it is the new talent that eventually brings big money to the big time promoter. Mike Jacobs should realize that. I have often been asked "what's wrong with boxing." There is your answer, mates.

* * *

UNDER the watchful eyes of little Pinky George, Lee Savold is making fine strides in his comeback. If he continues to show progress, he will be rated among the leading heavyweight contenders before the winter season is over. Lee has a powerful wallop. He can give and can take it and is also a good boxer. With those assets, Savold, who like Pat Comiskey, is a colorful fighter, should be in great demand throughout the indoor season.

Lee, who since his defeat at the hands of Johnny Whiters some months ago, has been regaining prestige, did a nifty job in knocking out Bob Nestell in the third round in their Des Moines battle. It won't be long now before Savold is brought back to New York by Mike Jacobs to resume his Eastern campaign, as Uncle Mike has first call on him in the East.

* * *

THE report that Joe Louis is anxious to make a tour of South America and engage in exhibition bouts, has revived the discussion relative to a heavyweight king's risk when fighting in exhibitions. One reader has written, asking why it was that in the contest between Jack Munroe, the Butte miner, and Jim Jeffries, Jeff didn't forfeit his title when he lost the decision in four rounds, and if, should Joe Louis go to South America and meet an opponent in an exhibition, the Bomber would drop his title were the verdict given against him.

My answer to the last part of this query is that Joe Louis would lose his title if he met with defeat in an exhibition, provided a decision were given. He would also lose the title if he were knocked out. I disagree with those who say that if a champion engages in an exhibition he cannot lose his crown. He can if a decision is rendered by the official or officials if there is a referee and judges.

In the case of Jim Jeffries, he was on an exhibition tour and Jeff and his manager posted a forfeit of $500 with the management of the theater, for anyone to stand four rounds against the champion. Munroe, a brawny California miner, accepted the challenge. At the end of four rounds, Munroe was still on his feet and the referee awarded him the decision and the $500. The miner was the Pacific Coast amateur heavyweight champion when he fought Jeffries. Jeffries was sorely chagrined at the outcome and offered to stop Munroe in a return engagement, and he later did.

There was a nationwide discussion as to the right of Jeffries to continue to wear the crown, but the argument that Jeff's followers put up and which was backed by the referee, was that the fight was not a championship fight. "It was a limited four-round exhibition," said the referee, and he went on to explain that the decision which he rendered was simply one entitling Munroe to collect the $500. That explanation was accepted universally and Munroe likewise accepted it and never laid claim to the crown.

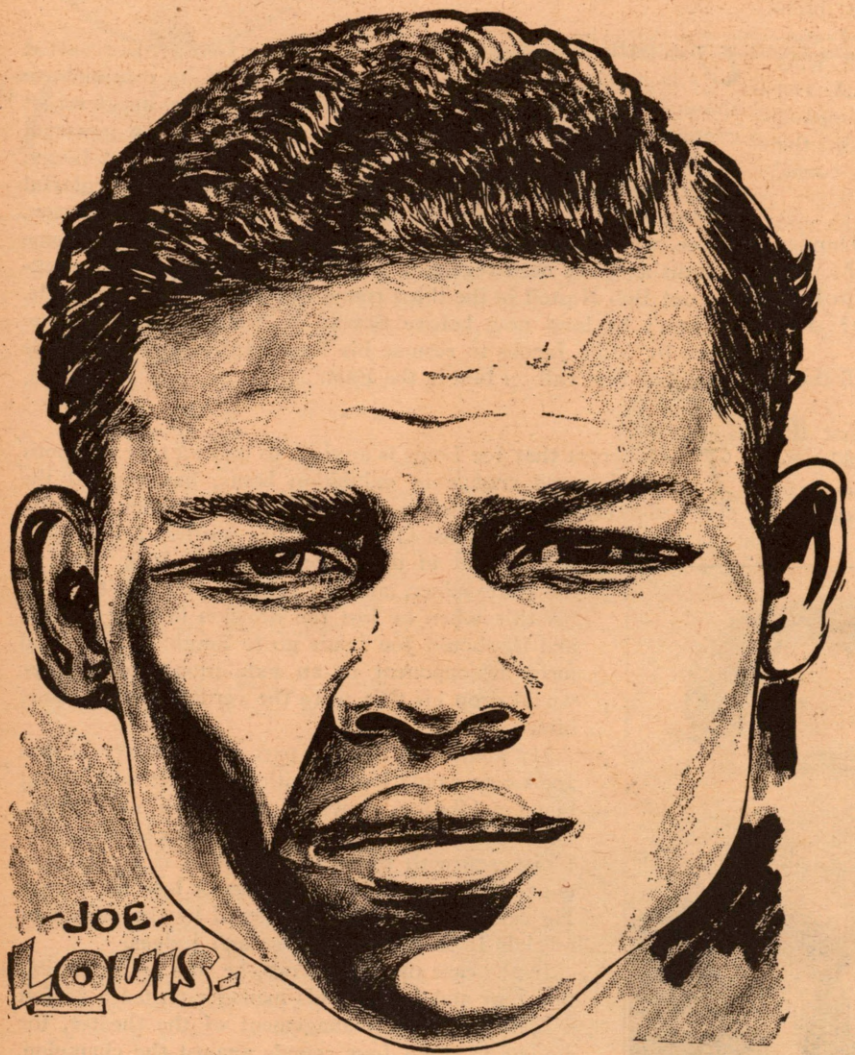
* * *

MY dear friend, Doc Almy, dean of boxing writers in New England, where he holds forth as boxing columnist on the Boston *Post*, informs me *(Continued on page 44)*

YOUTH *vs.* EXPERIENCE

Most of the World's Greatest Pugilists Didn't Make Good Until After They Had Reached the Age of Twenty-Three—Fitzsimmons Started His Climb When He Was Past Thirty

By HARVEY THORNE



Joe Louis, the youngest heavyweight to win a world title.

FROM time immemorial, one of the pet axioms of prize ring has been, "youth will be served," but the time-honored tradition receives an awful jolt when one puts it to the acid test. When a great match is on tap, you read expert opinions as to why one boxer should win because "he has youth in his favor."

While there are many instances on record where boxers have won great battles, and even championships between 19 to 21, it is the exception rather than the rule. Benny Leonard won the lightweight crown from Freddy Welsh when Benny was only 21 and Terry McGovern whipped George Dixon for the crown when Terry was only twenty.

Pancho Villa was 22 years old when he won the flyweight championship from Jimmy Wilde. Joe Louis, at 23, was the youngest fighter to win the world heavyweight title. Mickey Walker won the welter crown from Jack Britton at the age of 21.

Among the top-notchers who had made the grade before they reached the age of 23 were such stars as Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross, Jimmy McLarnin, Billy Petrolle, Willie Jackson, Johnny Dundee, Lew Tendler, Sammy Mandell, Charley Phil Rosenberg, Joe Lynch, Bud Taylor, Al Davis, Steve Belloise, Mike Belloise, Fidel La Barba, Pancho Villa, Pat Comiskey, Billy Conn, Teddy Yarosz, Georgie Abrams, Georgie Latka, Jackie Wilson, Harry Jeffra and Bob Pastor, among others. Pastor made the grade at 22 and Conn at 20.

John L. Sullivan, Jim Jeffries and Jack Dempsey won the world heavyweight title at 24; Sullivan, Tommy Burns, Max Schmeling and Max Baer at 25; Jim Corbett at 26; Primo Carnera at 27; Gene Tunney at 29; Jack Johnson, Jack Sharkey and Jimmy Braddock at 30 and Bob Fitzsimmons at 35.

* * *

WHEN a boxer has youth in his favor, he must necessarily be at a disadvantage so far as experience is concerned, and experience in the ring is far greater an asset than youth, provided, of course, the age difference is not too great. Experience means the possession, if a fighter is worth anything, of science, cleverness and ring generalship, the last named including the power to manoeuvre an opponent in a manner that will bring best results to the manipulator.

Experience begets science, naturally, and no matter whether a man is flashily clever like the great Jim Corbett, or his successors, Tommy Loughran, Gene Tunney, Joe Gans, Benny Leonard among others, or like the marvelous George Kid Lavigne, possesses that sterling quality technically known as "fighting cleverness," it is experience that gives it to him and that is what wins many important battles.

A great fighter isn't settled as a rule, nor does he strike his true form until he gets along in his twenties. Sometimes he doesn't reach his peak until close to thirty. On the other hand, there are many pugilists who showed promise in their youth, but who at the age of 27 were all through.

In the past, prior to the advent of State Commissions with their ten and fifteen rounds limit on title bouts, the records prove that the world's best fighters did their finest work after they had reached 30 and many continued to show skill up to forty. Here and there, in what were termed the "good old days," a youngster sprang into fistic fame and Terry McGovern and George Dixon had accomplished wonders long before they reached the voting stage, but ring history shows that to be the exception.

If you glance over the records of 100 of the outstanding fighters from 1890 to the present day, you'll find this to be founded on rock-bottom fact.

* * *

WHEN Jim Jeffries won the championship from Bob Fitzsimmons at Coney Island he was 24. He was 28 when he beat Jim Corbett in San Francisco, and it scarcely need be said that he was rather "spry for a young fellow," when he took the ex-bank clerk's measure.

Jeff was 30 when he publicly announced his retirement at Reno, Nevada, the day Hart and Root fought for his relinquished title.

That grand old warrior, Bob Fitzsimmons, the greatest fighting machine for his poundage in heavyweight circles, was 20

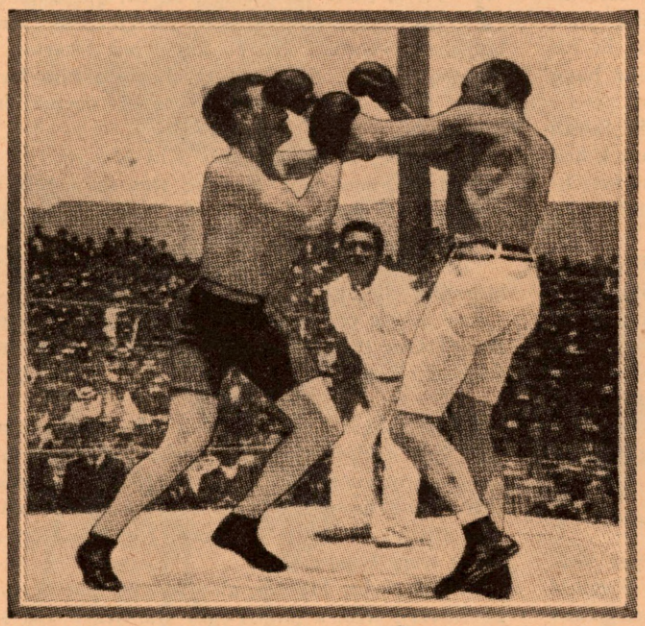
before he boxed in public for a remuneration. He was almost 30 when he won the middleweight championship from Jack Dempsey at New Orleans; he was 35 when he won the heavyweight championship from Jim Corbett, at Carson City; he was 41 when he captured the light-heavyweight title in 20 rounds at San Francisco, from George Gardner, and to cap the climax, he was 45 years old when he met Jack Johnson, in Philadelphia.

Take the mighty John L. Sullivan. He was 24 when he took the title from Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City; at 31 he defeated Kilrain, at Richburg, and when he lost the championship to Corbett, at New Orleans, the big fellow was 34.

* * *

WHEN Jack Johnson won the championship of the world at Sydney, from Tommy Burns, he was within a month or two of his thirty-first birthday. He still is spry, straight and looks quite youthful at the age of 69.

Peter Maher, the incontrovertible Irish champion who died a few months ago, was 27 when he knocked out Paddy Slavin and Joe Choynski. He was 31 when he put Steve O'Donnell away in one round at the old Broadway. A. C. He was 36 when he handed Joe Butler the sleep pellet in one round at Philadelphia, and at 39 years of age, he still was fighting.



Bob Fitzsimmons, the oldest to win a heavyweight crown is seen here fighting Bill Lang at the age of 47. Fitz was stopped in the twelfth round.

Tom Sharkey was another who did some real fighting after he passed the juvenile stage. At 26 he fought Jeffries the toughest battle the latter ever took part in, and at 31 Sharkey boxed Munroe in Philadelphia. It was after this, he retired. The fight with Jeff also was the latter's toughest.

Jim Corbett was 26 when he won the championship from Sullivan at New Orleans. He was 31 when he lost the title to Fitzsimmons, at Carson City, and when he boxed Jeffries in San Francisco, Corbett was a spring chicken of 37.

* * *

JAKE KILRAIN never was a "young blood" at any stage during his fighting career. When he was 28, he fought Jem Smith those 106 rounds in France. At 30, he went 75 rounds with Sullivan at Richburg, Miss., and when he was 37, he boxed Paddy Slavin at Baltimore.

The Barrier Champion, old Joe Goddard, furnishes another true exemplification. He was 31 when he stopped Peter Maher in three rounds at Coney Island. At 36 he stowed away Mick Dooley, at Johannesburg in two rounds, and when he fought Tom Sharkey in Philadelphia, Goddard was 39.

Although Peter Jackson was 25 when he wrested the Australian championship from Tom Lees at Sydney in 30 rounds, it really was the beginning of this truly great boxer's career. He was 28 when he beat Jem Smith in two rounds at the Pelican A. C., London. He was 30 at the time he boxed that historical sixty-one-round-"no-contest" battle at San Francisco with Jim Corbett, and when he was defeated by Jeffries in California—his first reverse in 15 years—the great Jackson was then 37.

He bore the proud distinction of being the only heavyweight glove fighter in ring history who went along for a decade and a half, meeting all who would meet him, without being defeated.

* * *

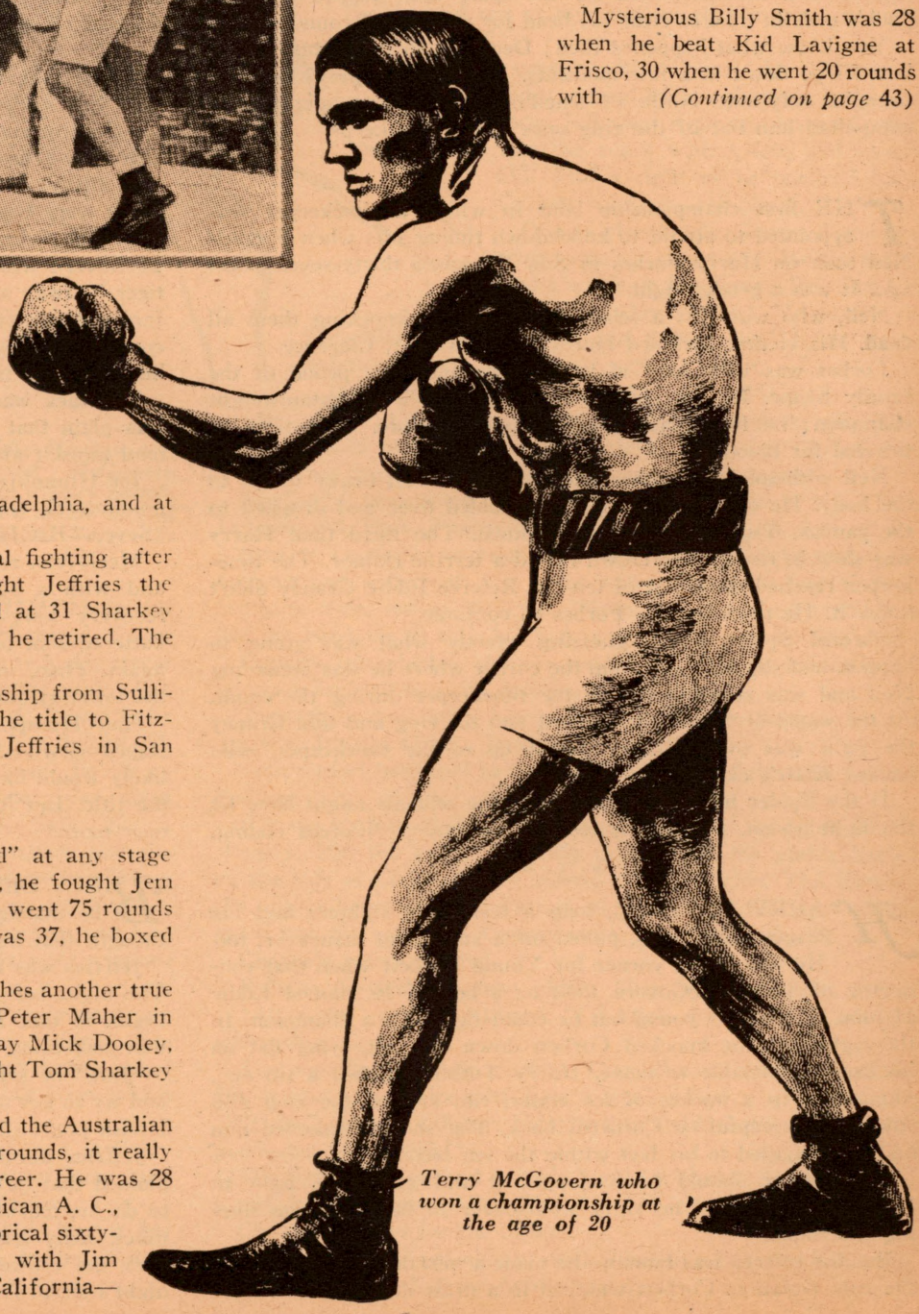
PADDY SLAVIN deserves a high rank in the "age" Hall of Fame. The Sydney Cornstalk was 27 when he fought Jem Smith at Bruges, Belgium. He was 29 when he defeated Kilrain at Hoboken, and he was 45 when he fought Nick Burley in Victoria, B. C. That is pretty near the limit.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was 29 when he fought Tommy Burns at Los Angeles. George Godfrey was 35 when he fought Jackson in California, 37 when he defeated Patsey Cardiff and Denver Ed Smith, and when he met Peter Maher at Coney Island, Godfrey was 41.

Dan Creedon was 26 when he fought Fitzsimmons for the middleweight championship at New Orleans: 32 when he beat Al Weinig at Buffalo, and 35 when he knocked out Bill Doherty in Australia.

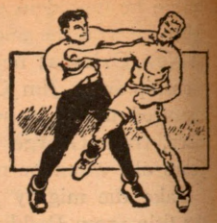
George Dixon was 27 when he defeated Frank Erne, 30 when he lost the championship to McGovern, and at 34 he defeated Spike Robson in England in 11 rounds.

Mysterious Billy Smith was 28 when he beat Kid Lavigne at Frisco, 30 when he went 20 rounds with *(Continued on page 43)*



Terry McGovern who won a championship at the age of 20

SMART SECONDS



THERE have been many big fights where the seconds made the difference between winning and losing. Jack Dempsey once benefited by smart forethought in his corner, when there was no telling what might have happened to him if his handlers had been only ordinary.

The time Jack fought Luis Firpo, as you remember, the South American dropped him to one knee with the opening punch and really had Jack out on his feet. All the time Dempsey was knocking Firpo down and getting knocked out of the ring himself, he didn't know a thing about it.

He came back to his corner badly in need of help. Benjamin and Jerry Luvadis had each brought a bottle of smelling salts. In the excitement of the first round, one bottle had been dropped and broken. Kearns yelled for the spare and clapped it under Jack's nose in time to clear his head for the second round.

You know what happened then; Dempsey, in full fighting trim, beat Firpo down in a few moments. But had Dempsey's seconds brought only one bottle of smelling salts—Firpo might have catapulted him out of the ring once more—for keeps.

* * *

THE first championship bout in which a timekeeper was appointed to attend to knockdown timing was when Frankie Neil took on Harry Forbes in San Francisco thirty-seven years ago. It was a grudge fight.

Neil, who was just a schoolboy, had been knocking them all dead. His victims included Harry's own brother, Clarence.

Forbes was very fond of his brother and very proud of the family honor. He was out to get Neil. He was bantamweight champion; he had beaten Neil the year before. This time he thirsted for blood.

Neil withstood his rushes and countered with heavy blows to the body. He could punch. Forbes doubled over and dropped to the canvas. Twice more he went down. The third time Harry was slow in rising. The crowd raised a terrific clamor. The timekeeper reached the count of ten but Referee Eddie Graney didn't know it. He motioned for Forbes to continue.

Shrewd Spider Kelly, guessing exactly what was going to happen, had slipped away from the corner where he was seconding Neil and was standing behind the timekeeper during the count. At the sound of "Ten!" he jumped into the ring and told Graney the fight was over. Graney put it up to the timekeeper, who backed Kelly's claim.

If the Spider hadn't been so smart, the officials might have let the fight go on. Possibly it would have had a different ending.

* * *

HARRY TUTHILL, long a trainer of fighters and big league ballplayers, pulled off a successful maneuver, too. He was in the corner for Young Corbett when that conqueror of Terry McGovern took on a boy of 16, named Eddie Hanlon. Eddie was young but he could fight like a champion. In the eighteenth, he knocked Corbett down and out, lying flat on his face and unable to move. Harry Tuthill grabbed a tin cup, plunged it in a bucket of ice water, ran around the ring and splashed the cupful on Corbett's back. The shock awakened him and he struggled to his feet within the ten seconds.

The referee should have stopped it and given the fight to Hanlon. Tuthill had no right whatsoever to help his man during the round.

But the referee was human—he made a mistake. He overlooked the rule violation. Corbett went on to a draw decision.

THEN there was Jack Munroe, the Butte miner and bouncer, who twice tangled with Jim Jeffries. Munroe was powerful but inexperienced. He fought Tom Sharkey a wild battle. In the first round, Sailor Tom dropped him hard. Munroe barely lasted it out. When he came to his corner, he needed help and he got it.

For there, as second, was Kid McCoy.

McCoy knew that Munroe was only fair at boxing but had been a great football player. So he talked language that the miner could understand.

"Let him come at you, Jack," he advised, "and straight-arm him. But close your fist."

Jack came out like a ball-carrying halfback. Tom charged in. Bang! Out shot Munroe's straight arm. Sharkey landed on the back of his neck.

* * *

THE same Eddie Hanlon who was victimized by his opponent's clever second in the fight with Young Corbett was involved in another odd one with Terry McGovern.

In those days Joe Humphreys—with Manager Sam Harris—was always in Terry's corner. Joe was part manager of Terry. They were bosom pals.

In this fight, Hanlon also fought like a champion. He caught McGovern with a punch over the heart that spun the little Irish tiger halfway around, and for a moment paralyzed him. He stood facing away from Hanlon with his eyes turned upwards for a couple of seconds before he fell. On the floor, he rolled over on his knees and made desperate efforts to crawl to the ropes.

His back was to the referee. He didn't hear the count, and it was plain that he wouldn't make it to the ring edge in time to haul himself afoot before the count of ten.

Joe Humphreys leaned through the ropes, and in his tremendous announcer's voice, roared the numbers as the referee said them: "Seven—EIGHT—NINE!"

McGovern recognized his friend. The blank look left his face, and with a sudden effort, he beat the count. His powers of recovery were amazing. He rushed Hanlon against the ropes, battered him to the canvas. In a moment, he had Hanlon down again. Then, in the same fourth round he draped Hanlon over the lower strand, helpless and beaten.

Had Humphreys not shouted the count, Terry might have stayed down—Hanlon would have fought Corbett again, and likely would have won. He would have been on the high road to the title. But it wasn't to be. Smart seconds had frustrated him once more.

* * *

BILLY DELANEY, who was always in Jeffries' corner while he managed the big boilermaker, once showed some forethought that helped win the title.

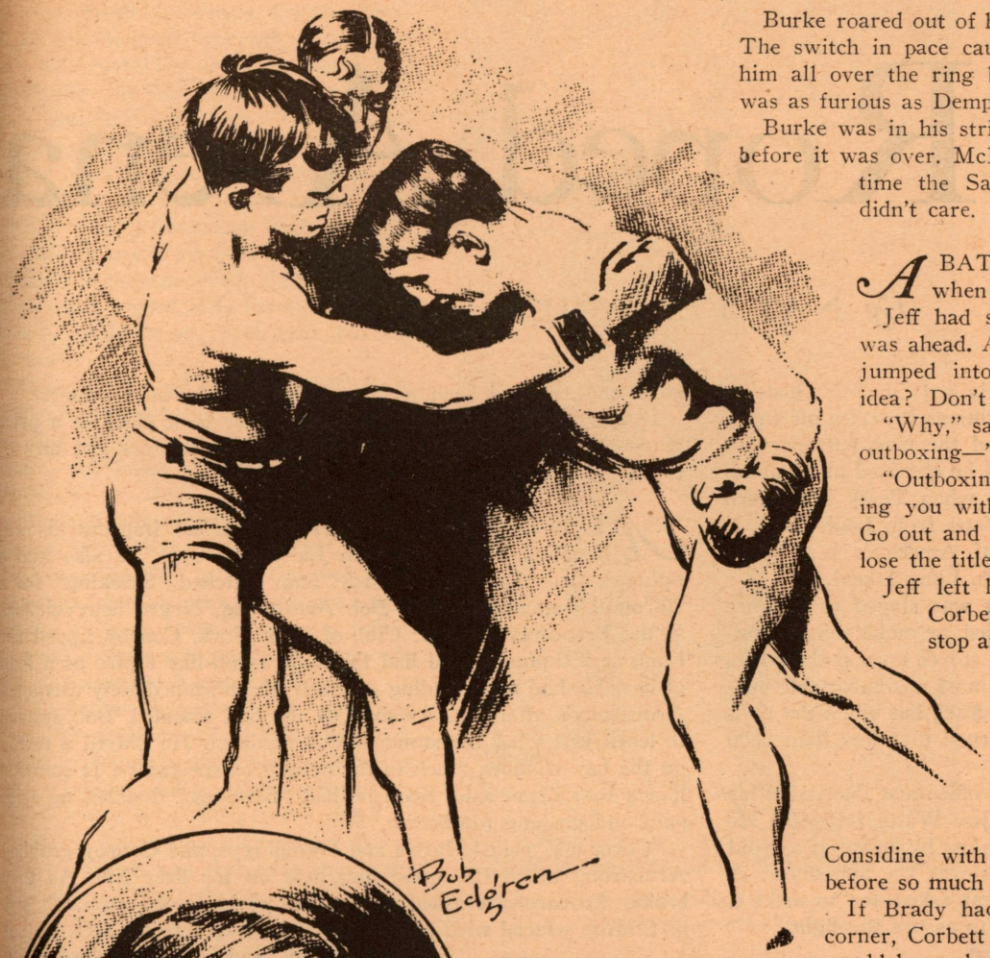
Jeffries was to meet Fitzsimmons. He was practically a novice. The night before the fight a crowd gathered at Jeff's camp and began to talk fight. Billy knew that his man was on edge and that something had to be done quickly.

"Jim," he said, "we're going to need some fresh orange juice and we've got to have some oranges that nobody else has handled. I wish you'd slip out and help me find some."

Jeffries agreed. They slipped out a side door and Billy explained that he'd like to dodge the crowd and find a quiet place to do his marketing. They took a leisurely walk of four or five miles, Billy telling funny stories all the way. When they came back the crowd had gone and big Jeff was ready for a sound night's sleep. He awoke refreshed and won the title.

Quick-Thinking Handlers Have Saved Fistic Stars in Many Tight Spots—Often Have Turned Certain Defeat Into Victory

By ROBERT EDGREN, JR.



Frankie Neil kayoed Harry Forbes, yet it took a clever second to prove it to the referee.

Eddie Hanlon paralyzed McGovern with a body punch, but a smart second snapped Terry out of it.

WHEN in his prime, Sailor Burke had a clever handler named Bob Clark. It was lucky for him that he did, because he was erratic; one night he'd fight like a champion, and the next he would run into some proposition that stumped him and he'd get discouraged.

Burke fought Bearcat McMahon, one of the roughest and best of the light-heavies. McMahon was at his best. He went to work on the Sailor like a butcher on a steer.

In the first round, he knocked Burke down half a dozen times. Burke was game. He kept coming up. But he was dazed, disheartened, and stopped fighting back. The last punch of the round was a smash that bowled him down so hard he didn't know which way to stagger to get to his corner at the bell.

Bob Clark stood in front of his man and glanced over at Bearcat McMahon. He saw the seconds tying up a bit of loose tape which was sticking out from under the Bearcat's glove.

"Look quick, Sailor," he whispered. "McMahon busted his wrist with that last punch, and they're tryin' to tie it up! You're a cinch now. Jump him when the bell rings."

Burke roared out of his corner like an express out of a tunnel. The switch in pace caught McMahon napping; Burke knocked him all over the ring before he got set. For several rounds it was as furious as Dempsey-Firpo.

Burke was in his stride. He gave McMahon a savage beating before it was over. McMahon's wrist wasn't broken. But by the time the Sailor found it out, he was winning and didn't care.

* * *

A BATTLE of two clever seconds occurred when Jeffries defended his title against Corbett.

Jeff had somehow fooled himself into thinking he was ahead. After the twenty-second round, Bill Brady jumped into his corner and snapped: "What's the idea? Don't you know you're losing the decision?"

"Why," said Jeff in surprise, "Tommy tells me I'm outboxing—"

"Outboxing nothing," snapped Brady. "He's painting you with left hands and making a joke of you. Go out and run at him and knock him out—or you'll lose the title."

Jeff left his corner with a snarl. He plunged at Corbett, who stepped back, expecting Jeffries to stop and box. Jeff went right on, pushed Corbett into the ropes with a left, and caught him with a right as he bounced back. Corbett was out—completely.

One of his seconds, George Considine, tried to pull a smart one. He started to throw water on Gentleman Jim. But Jeff was thoroughly aroused. He turned on Considine with a growl and kicked the bucket flying before so much as a drop reached Corbett.

If Brady hadn't sharply changed Jeff's plans in the corner, Corbett might have danced through to win. That would have changed the pugilistic map—for Corbett was too cagy to take another chance with a slugger.

Not only champions have good seconds. There was Pete Lobianca of York, Pennsylvania. Last year Pete showed up for a fight in Lancaster without even the traditional light training—a shave and a haircut. His locks were so long he had to keep brushing them out of his eyes. His opponent waited until Pete put his hand up to tidy his hair and socked him on the chops.

Between rounds his seconds gave him a quick haircut—and he came back to win the decision in the fourth.

Then there are times when seconding gets to be too sharp a practice. It's apt to be a boomerang.

That's what happened to George Chaney in a fight with Johnny Kilbane.

Kilbane started off fast. He whipped in a right hand, but landed sloppily. His fist wasn't properly closed, and the punch landed on the side of Chaney's face instead of on the chin. The force of the impact drove Kilbane's thumb right through the glove and it stuck into the corner of Chaney's eye, making a little cut.

Chaney's seconds raged.

Kilbane demanded a new glove. They wouldn't stand for it.

"All right," replied Kilbane. "I'll stick my thumb in his eye every time, then."

The seconds saw their mistake. They allowed him a new glove. But it was an oversize mitt. Like a small pillow.

"Huh!" snorted Kilbane. "Maybe they think that'll do 'em some good—but watch this!"

The fight went on and he held back his overstuffed right until a wide opening showed up. Then he shot it.

Chaney dropped for the count.

He might have been able to stall along to a decision if his seconds hadn't made Kilbane fighting mad.

Twice-Told Tales From Roped Arena

By NAT FLEISCHER

NEGROES have played a big part in fistic history. Some have reached the heights and carried off world titles; others have furnished the ring patrons with more laughs than could be obtained at a vaudeville show. Years ago, when Terry McGovern was in his prime, a Negro named Jim Watts from Louisville was matched to meet Tommy West, one of America's best light-heavyweights and the scene was Maspeth, Long Island.

It was a bitter, cold night. The fight was staged in a dance pavilion and though the management tried to make things comfortable for the spectators by placing oil stoves around the room, fighters and patrons alike experienced a most uncomfortable evening. The fighters were each guaranteed $500, but when the fight was about to get under way, it was learned that less than $800 was in the house.

Tommy West walked over to the box office and demanded his $500 before he got into the ring. Then Jim Watts followed. He likewise insisted that he wouldn't fight unless his money was paid over to him in advance. Joe Humphreys was the announcer. A consultation was held and the management asked Joe to make a plea to the patrons for the sum required to assure the fight.

Joe entered the ring. The crowd booed because the fight had not gotten under way on scheduled time and the cold was making all hands jittery.

"Quiet, please," Humphreys pleaded. "I have been asked to make a special announcement. The fighters have been guaranteed $500 each. The gate receipts tonight are short about $250 of the required sum. It's biting cold here, boys, and I'm sure that you don't want to go back to the city without seeing a fight. Let's all chip in. We'll pass the hat and get the dough."

In 15 minutes more than $500 was collected, enough to pay the fighters and give the promoters a few pennies for their work. Then the fireworks began and the spectators were treated to a great scrap.

Jim Watts had a large mouthful of glittering gold teeth of which he was very proud. In the course of the fight, West kayoed Jim with a blow to the mouth which sent the golden molars flying all over the ring in full view of the spectators. While Jim Watts' handlers were trying to coax the colored boy back to consciousness, a gang of fans clambered into the ring and scrambled for the gold teeth.

Finally Jim came to and missed his cherished ornaments and although his pronunciation was pretty well shot for the loss of them, he set up a howl. Joe Humphreys had to slip him the sad news that his fancy steak-chewers had been picked up by the fans as souvenirs.

It was the only real gold rush that ever took place in a prize ring—at least the only one in which the spectators got any of the gold!

* * *

AT the time Sam H. Harris, theatrical impresario, was handling McGovern with Joe Humphreys, he also had a fighter called "Stocking" Conroy. Sam matched "Stocking" for a 20-round engagement with Bob Armstrong, Negro heavyweight, at the Broadway Athletic Club of New York. Conroy tipped the beam at 280 pounds and had the same sylph-like figure as a load of hay. He had a protruding stomach which immediately attracted Armstrong's attention. As soon as the bell sounded, Bob started to learn just what the stomach was made of. He played a tattoo on the bay window, much to the delight of spectators. It sounded like a bass drum solo. Soon he had "Stocking" doubled up with pain and gasping for breath.

"Cover up," yelled Harris and Humphreys, and Conroy grabbed Armstrong about the waist and held on for dear life. As they broke, Armstrong crashed a beautiful right to the stomach and as Conroy winced with pain, a spectator leaped to his feet, let out a shriek and fell head first to the floor, dead.

Everyone got up to see what had happened. They all forgot the fight, because that shriek was a gruesome, weird thing. Conroy, seeing the commotion, forgot his pain and rushed to the edge of the ring to see what had happened.

Pointing in the direction of the dead man, "Stocking" started to upraid him for what he thought was abuse hurled at Conroy, only to have Sam Harris yell back at him:

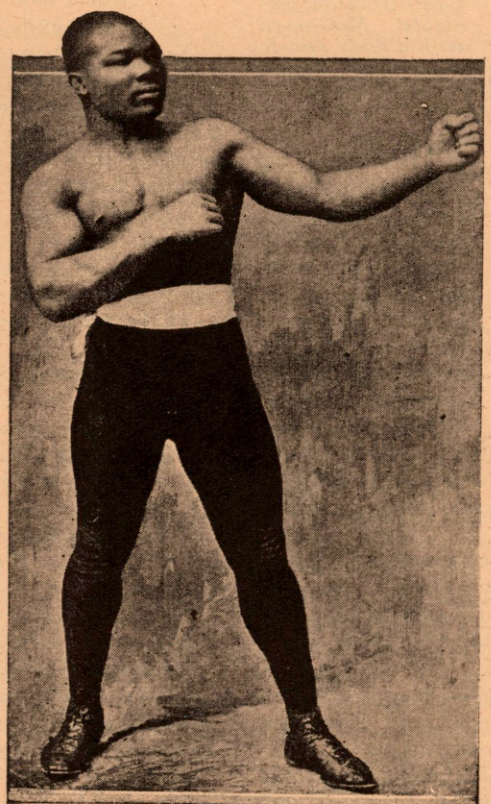
"You idiot, shut up. Don't you see the man died from a heart attack."

"I don't care if he did," fired back Conroy, "he's got no business hollering like that at me."

* * *

EVER hear of an arm that could be shattered and still not broken? Well, Joe Walcott, the old Barbadoes Demon, once discovered such could be the case. It was less a scientific revelation than a purely personal inconvenience, however. Nate Lewis, manager of Leo Rodak, tells the story:

"I signed Walcott and Frank Childs to fight for a Chicago political organization called the County Mayo Cuckoos. The members were all Irishmen—'salt-water Irishmen' they called themselves. A 'salt-water Irishman' is one who was born in Ireland, not in another country, of Irish parents.



Joe Walcott, who figured in a peculiar affair in Chicago.

The other kind they referred to as 'narrowbacks,' a way of saying they were all right, but not quite the real article.

"I was the only Jewish member of the club and I had to watch my step. They were a rough-and-ready bunch, liked knocked-down-and-drag-out fights, and wouldn't stand for anything else. They didn't like the idea of two colored fellows fighting for them. They feared 'business' might be done, and for some reason were especially suspicious of Walcott.

"However, I convinced them it ought to make a great scrap, explaining that Walcott would probably flatten Childs. And it was a good fight for almost three rounds, with Childs more than holding his own.

"Toward the end of the third Walcott suddenly stopped fighting. He held up his left arm, the while groaning, 'It's broke. Ah kaint fight no mo', Mistah Ref'ree!'

"Immediately there was an awful bedlam with Walcott the target for all sorts of abuse. The raging Cuckoos were convinced Joe had quit. They laid rough hands on him. Finally one, a fellow named Connors, was appointed to parade Joe to a hospital for an examination.

"A doctor inspected the arm and promptly declared it had been shattered. That convinced everybody, including Mr. Connors, who crisply remarked: 'So-o- that's it, iz it! Ver-r-y well!'

"Mr. Connors then picked up a phone, called the club, and bowled with wrathy conviction:

"'Shure, he quit. Th' arm wasn't broken a-tall, a-tall. It was just SHATTERED!"

* * *

JIMMY JOHNSTON, manager of Bob Pastor, tells this one about Jabez White, one-time lightweight champion of England. "White was a very smart and clever boxer," submits Jimmy. "He came here years ago to fight our then illustrious Jimmy Britt and he might have won except for his superstitious nature.

"White played up to a peculiar hunch. Whenever he got into a ring, the first thing he did was to tie a pair of shoes belonging to his baby to the rope in his corner. The idea, of course, was to bring him good luck. White brought the shoes into the ring with him when he fought Britt and for 15 rounds Jabez made a grand fight of it.

"Then, for the first time, he noticed the tiny shoes were missing. One of the slickest handlers in the world, Spider Kelly, was behind Britt. In the excitement of the battle the wily Spider had snaked into White's corner and stolen them. The discovery of the theft upset Jabez completely. He became a mark for Britt's blows and was knocked out in the 20th and last round.

"And while White sat in his corner, crying bitterly, Kelly walked over, grinning, and replaced the baby's shoes on the ropes. He was a tricky fellow, that Kelly."

* * *

DO you remember Herr Plaacke, who was imported from Holland to fight Kid McCoy in Philadelphia?

That was some time ago, but Plaacke was well advertised and the show created a great amount of interest.

Plaacke was a giant, and it was said that he'd beat Jeffries, the champion, in a round or two after he finished with McCoy.

Well, he met the Kid, and it ended disastrously for the gent from the country famous for cheese.

Tommy West, whose guarantee was made up by collecting from the fans.

McCoy, fearful of the huge mass of beef before him, boxed carefully in the first round, jumping away from every move by his antagonist and making the latter miss by a mile.

In the second round, having picked up his courage some, he stabbed the Dutchman a few on the kisser and then got down to talking turkey.

He jabbed and jabbed and then suddenly some one blew a fish horn in Plaacke's corner. The latter turned to inform the fish man that they didn't want any today when suddenly Bang!—something hit him in the stomach, and bow—something else hit him in the eye.

Plaacke started to fold, and then gradually settled on the floor, holding his right hand over his big black eye while tears were streaming down his cheeks. At the count of five Plaacke was on the verge of arising when suddenly there was heard music in the rear of the hall.

It was the Holland Sweet Singers, who had come over to cheer for their hero. YAH DOO DEE DAH OH HO, they sang. Plaacke got one earful, and, sitting upright, joined the sweet singers, doing his yah doo dee dah oh ho, going right along with it as the referee finished the count.

* * *

PROF. BILLY McCARNEY, a specialist in barnstorming trips, was handling one for Jack Dempsey and Jack Kearns. It was his business to go around the country and pick up live spots and furnish the sparring mates for Dempsey. The Manassa Mauler was rough on his sparring partners and seldom did one remain for more than a few days at most. More than once the tour suffered because of the lack of good men.

Dempsey was in Syracuse and McCarney was in Montreal, where he was preparing for the Dempsey invasion when word was flashed to the professor by Jack Kearns that he must have one good man immediately as Dempsey was short of spar mates. There was no one in Montreal who could stand the gaff against Dempsey and McCarney, after hustling around the city without finding a man to fill the bill, walked into a tavern for some refreshments.

Into the tavern walked a rough customer, Jack Sullivan, a local fighter, who had a chip on his shoulder and didn't mind if the world knew that he was a professional. McCarney had never heard of him nor had the boisterous Sullivan ever heard of the newcomer, Jack Dempsey.

"Boil down," said McCarney to Sullivan as he kept up a constant line of gab on his greatness.

"You're not looking for trouble, are you?" answered Sullivan.

"No, I'm just looking for a good fighter who is willing to make himself $75 a week easily and see America. I don't know but you're the very man. Shake and let's have a drink."

This line of talk curbed the aggressive Sullivan. It worked.

"Doing what?" asked Sullivan.

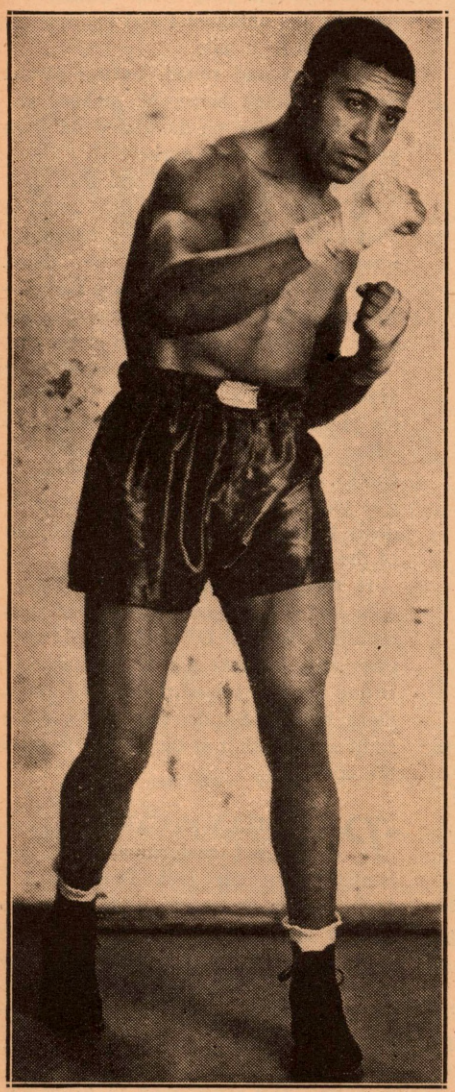
"Oh, just sparring with a young kid who has some vaudeville engagements and needs a sparring partner. His name is Jack Dempsey. All you'll have to do is spar twice a day, two, two-minute rounds."

* * *

SULLIVAN became interested. He agreed to go with McCarney.

The scene now shifts to Syracuse where Dempsey and Kearns were stopping for four *(Continued on page 45)*

MAKING THE GRADE



Buddy Walker, heavyweight menace from Ohio. A fighter who is coming up rapidly.

By FRED EISENSTADT

A husky looking chap stood outside the Arena in Columbus about fifteen months ago, waiting in line to purchase a ticket for the fights to be held that night, when he was tapped on the shoulder and asked if he would like to be a fighter. A fighter who was to appear failed to show up, and they needed someone to take his place, and with his powerful physique, the promoter figured the newcomer would make a good substitute. This chap jumped at the idea. In he went and stopped George Kirsch of Akron in three rounds. Thus Jack "Buddy" Walker entered the fight game.

In the fifteen months that he has been fighting up to this writing, he has never lost a fight and is improving with every bout. This colored boy is twenty-six years old, stands six feet and weighs one hundred and ninety-seven pounds.

In his second fight, he met the well known Oscar Toles and stopped him in one round. Then came Jack Lowe, whom he put away in one.

Then Ed Tipperary Murray, who was kayoed in two; Tommy Carter over whipped by a T.K.O. in five and Bob Thomas who was finished off in five.

Young Harry Wills was put out in six; Paul Favors lost the decision in ten, Charlie Belanger was beaten in ten; Young Floyd Gibbons lost via a T.K.O. in six and Smokey Maggard was stopped in three. Then in the final bout of the year he stopped Wild Bill Boyd by a T.K.O. in eight. Quite an impressive record for a newcomer.

Walker opened his 1940 campaign with a victory over Eddie Simms in ten, stopped Sandy McDonald in three, Bob Nestell in three, won over Eddie Simms again over twelve rounds, stopped Ed Murray again in seven, fought Patsy Perroni a draw in ten, stopped Tom Kenneally in three, Lou Thomas in four, Eddie Mader in four, won over Jack Wofford in ten, beat Johnny Whitters twice in ten and in his last fight he stopped Wild Bill Boyd in two. Thus up to this writing Buddy Walker has been fighting but fifteen months and has never lost a fight, which no other heavyweight fighter can say.

He is the only fighter-drum major in the world. He is the drum major for the Bloce Post American Legion drum and bugle corps and leads the corps in a parade when he fights in Columbus, his home town.

In all of his fights, Walker was the underdog, sometimes as much as one to five. Bob Nestell, the California slugger, was three to one over him, and Buddy knocked him out with a clean left hook to the jaw in the third. Against Floyd Gibbons, Walker was one to five, but Walker stopped Gibbons in six.

Jack "Buddy" Walker has that rare trait to be found in all great athletes, be they fighters, wrestlers, baseball or football players—the knack of rising to the heights in the pinch. In the past, Walker has always been at his best in the tough spots, when the chips are down. In at least a half dozen of his more important fights, Buddy climbed through the ropes and upset the dope decisively.

Like Tunney, Walker is very fast for a heavyweight. He steps about the ring, always on balance, shooting punches from any angle and always ready to counter a mistake on the part of his opponent. He is not the puncher of the deadly type, like Dempsey or Louis, but is a sharp hitter and his blows bruise and cut an opponent like a lash. Walker punches equally as sharp with both hands. He is perfectly capable of knocking out any man if he hits him flush on the jaw.

Much of Walker's success and sensational development is due to Whitey Morrett, who was a great bantam and featherweight at one time. He fought such men as Johnny Buff, Frankie Mason, and Bud Taylor. Through his teaching, Morrett has developed Walker into the finest infighter in the heavyweight division. Jack "Buddy" Walker is the sensation in the heavyweight ranks today. He is a real menace to Joe Louis. His complete record follows:

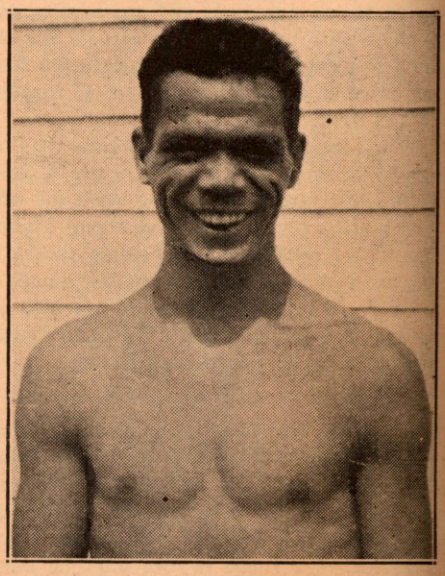
1939—George Kirsch, Columbus, K.O. 3; Oscar Toles, Columbus, K.O. 1; Jack Lowe, Columbus, K.O. 1; Ed "Tipperary" Murray, Columbus, K.O. 2; Tommy Carter, Columbus, T.K.O. 5; Bob Thomas, Columbus, K.O. 5; Young Harry Wills, Columbus, K.O. 6; Paul Favors, Won 10; Charlie Belanger, Won 10; Floyd Gibbons, Columbus, T.K.O. 6; Smokey Maggard, Columbus, K.O. 3; Wild Bill Boyd, Columbus, T.K.O. 8.

1940—Eddie Simms, Columbus, Won 10; Sandy McDonald, Columbus, K.O. 3; Bob Nestell, Columbus, K.O. 3; Eddie Simms, Columbus, Won 12; Ed "Tipperary" Murray, Cincinnati, K.O. 7; Patsy Perroni, Columbus, Draw 10; Tom Kenneally, Columbus, K.O. 3; Lou Thomas, Columbus, K.O. 4; Eddie Mader, Columbus, K.O. 4; Jack Wofford, Columbus, Won 10; Johnny Whiters, Columbus, Won 10; Johnny Whiters, Columbus, Won 10; Wild Bill Boyd, Baltimore, K.O. 2.

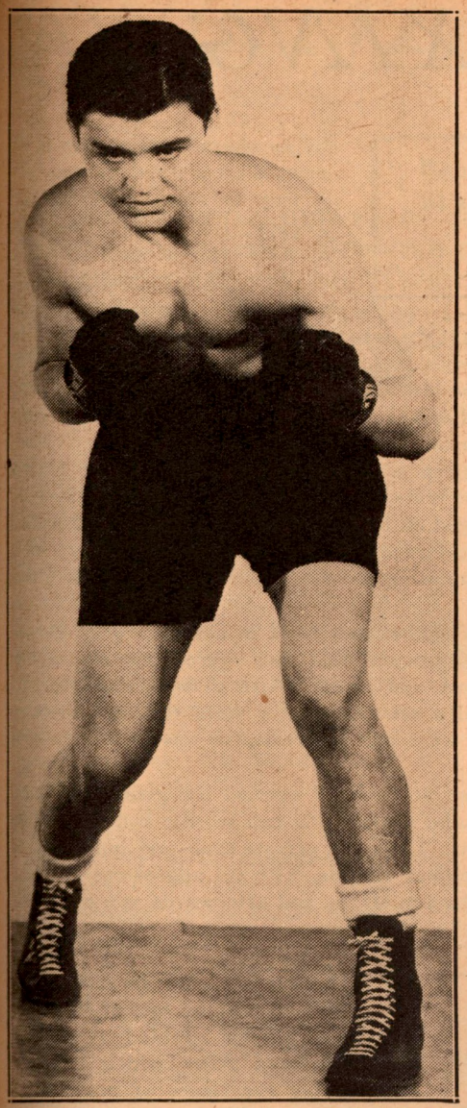
* * *

THE fight fans of the Lehigh Valley are telling the world that a new welterweight star is rising in the fistic firmament. The name is Johnny Rivers. Remember that name, because it is going to loom large in the annals of boxing, in the opinion of many ringwise fight veterans in Pennsylvania.

Johnny Rivers is a South American Indian. However, he is thoroughly Americanized and has discarded all of his savagery



Johnny Rivers, South American Indian who is fighting out of Pennsylvania.



Angelo Radano, Connecticut's lightweight prospect.

ambitious and patient. He was willing to work endlessly at tedious exercises.

Many months passed before Rivers entered his first amateur fight. This he won by a K.O. Long intervals passed between bouts and during these intervals he was drilled on fundamentals which he would put into practice in his next fight. This went on for two years. All of his opponents were top notch performers.

As a result, Johnny Rivers has emerged from the amateur ranks with more fundamental skill and polish than many of the Hard Coal Region's best semi-wind-up fighters. He is progressing slowly but impressively.

In his first pro fight he scored a T.K.O. over Calloway Clay, a veteran whose best days are behind him. It was generally believed Clay's experience was more than enough to offset the youngster's stamina. However, Rivers gave Clay such a severe beating that the fight had to be stopped.

In his second bout, Rivers handed out a terrific pasting to Carl Moss, a clever lad who has been fighting wind-ups in the vicinity of Atlantic City. Rivers' third bout was the acid test. He was pitted against the durable and hard-hitting Rocky Luciano, of Harrisburg. Luciano had made a tremendous hit with the fans at Allentown and the experts complained that Rivers was being save during those intervals when he enters the ring.

Rivers is now twenty-one years old. Three years ago he made his appearance at the Bethlehem Boys' Club, Bethlehem, Pa., and sought out the boxing instructor. The instructor, a former Pittsburgher named Lew Brown, years ago learned the art of hitting from Joe Choynski and grew up with a now forgotten crop of the Smoky City's leather slinging youngsters, not the least of whom was Harry Greb.

Something about the Indian lad appealed to Brown. Rivers was both pushed along too fast when the Luciano bout was announced.

However, the experts were wrong. Rivers' victory was one-sided. The Indian handled himself like a veteran and gave the game Harrisburg Italian the worst beating of his career. Luciano told Rivers after the bout that he didn't know it was possible to hit as hard as Rivers had hit him.

Johnny Rivers is one of those fighters who can both box and hit. He is in and out, is fast and receives but little punishment. His punches are very short. And they are hard. He is very effective with a straight left that carries far more power than anyone ever looks for in a left jab. He has a fine left hook.

But enough for the present. The future will speak for itself. Just remember Johnny Rivers. It's a name you'll be hearing. Rivers can be reached care of Bethlehem Boys' Club, Bethlehem, Pa.

* * *

THE nearest likeness to Justo Suarez, the South American lightweight champion, who came to this country several years ago and made a profound impression among the various stars of that decade such as Billy Petrolle and Joe Glick, is now in our midst.

Heralded as the welterweight and middleweight champion of South America, comes Antonio Fernandez, a product of Santiago, Chile, seeking competition among our welterweight stars. Though a legitimate 147 pounder, Antonio has cleaned the field in all of the South American countries. He came here through the kindly offices of Arturo Godoy, who was so impressed with Fernandez on his recent trip to South America, that he urged him to come to this country.

Antonio has been campaigning for eight years and in that time has engaged in sixty-four contests. He is 26 years of age. He was beaten twice during his professional career but reversed the decision in both instances with his erstwhile conquerers.

Antonio Fernandez, a product of Santiago, Chile, a good welterweight.

In his only American start he won an eight-round decision over Al Franklin in Paterson. He has been looking forward to making his New York bow and started off auspiciously on the Pastor-Conn program with Tony Ferrara as his opponent. He was brought to this country by Sammy Scheer, well known New York manager, who expects to have him fighting feature events in this country before the year rolls out.

* * *

IN New England the fight fans are singing the praises of lightweight Angelo Radano by name, who they think, will make a bigger hit with the boxing fraternity than did Bat Battalino when he was the Connecticut sensation. Angelo, boxing only seven months, already has made the grade. He is a classy lad, an Italian who is only eighteen, but in fistic development he is the equal of a veteran. He has had sixteen fights and won them all. Jack Delaney, former world light-heavyweight champion, taught the boy for one year before Angelo turned pro under the management of Jimmy Voccola of Bridgeport, Conn.

Radano has decided to make New York City his winter home.

From Obscurity *to* Fame

Unknown Hamlets Have Been Brought into National Prominence Through the Pugilistic Rise of a Native Son

By TED CARROLL

A FEW months ago, the town of Elwood, Indiana, slumbered peacefully under a mantle of obscurity, its citizens reconciled to live the life of an ordinary inhabitant of a small mid-western city. Today the name of Elwood is a household word throughout the country because of the blinding glare of publicity that has been focused upon the erstwhile Hoosier hamlet through the nomination of Wendell Willkie for president of the United States. It is the birthplace and was the scene of the acceptance speech of the Republican presidential candidate and the citizens of Elwood have taken on a new lease of life.

Many a small town has enjoyed a like experience through the sudden rise to prominence of a native son. It is not necessary for the son to become a political or business man of eminence for the old home town to hit the headlines. It is doubtful that any field of endeavor has lifted more obscure cities, towns and villages into the spotlight than the sport of boxing.

In the past few weeks a conspicuous example of the part a pugilist can play in putting the most obscure of hamlets in the public eye, has been in evidence. Until the meteoric rise and brilliant ring achievements of young Billy Soose, the number of people who had heard of Farrell, Pennsylvania, was limited practically to those who lived there. On the wings of the handsome Hungarian home towner's successive victories over the two recognized middleweight champions, Ken Overlin and Tony Zale, the mining community has soared to a prominence in the public mind it has never known.

* * *

BOXING followers have a way of communicating their knowledge to the less sports minded of the populace and frequent mention of the town of Farrell by them, is rapidly making the general public aware of the existence of such a place, something they probably never realized before.

The case of Billy Soose and Farrell, Pa., has been duplicated many times in the past. All time classic example of a fight famous small town is Manassa, Col., and Goldfield, Nev. As the Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey, made the Colorado hamlet one of the most celebrated towns in the country. Who hasn't heard of Manassa? Goldfield was an unknown hamlet until Tex Rickard brought the Gans-Nelson fight there.

Another recent illustration of a small city's escape from oblivion through the prowess of a local boxer is in the case of the town of Beacon, N. Y.

"Bring back the bacon to Beacon, Bettina!" was the war cry when the good folk of the Hudson Valley metropolis descended upon Madison Square Garden en masse for Melio Bettina's bouts with Tiger Jack Fox and Billy Conn.

Bettina did not let his exuberant neighbors down. They jammed the Garden—bands, buttons, pennants, noisemakers and all—for his title match with Tiger Jack Fox on February 3, 1939. He won New York's light-heavyweight title by stopping the dangerous Tiger, and the next morning, millions throughout the world had discovered the town of Beacon, N. Y.

* * *

AS the Herkimer Hurricane, Lou Ambers hauled the New York state town into a prominence that was something entirely new for the "appleknockers," a term the more blatant Broadwayites of New York City apply to up-staters. In Lew's case, he had left home, with few tears shed over his departure, the "Peck's Bad Boy" of his home town, an impishly mischievous youngster, with an incurable penchant for disturbing the even existence of most of the city's citizens. He was to return idolized, and acclaimed the best advertisement Herkimer, N. Y., ever had.

Sweetwater, Tex., had already experienced the fame a nationally known athlete brings to his birthplace, as a result of the good right arm of Slinging Sammy Baugh, the All-American footballer. But Sammy had been more closely identified with Texas Christian University than the old home town in the national mind, and the southwestern city had been receiving left over helpings from the fame brought on by the gridiron exploits of Baugh. In the case of Lew Jenkins, a scribe tagged the lightweight champion the Sweetwater Swatter, and the ex-cavalryman's home town became familiar to millions, through the medium of the sports pages.

* * *

ORANGE, N. J., just a suburb of the Jersey metropolis of Newark, today it enjoys a fame unique among suburban communities because of Tony Galento's antics plus his left hook. Just a hop skip and jump away from the stamping ground of the Gargantuan Galento the village of Cliffside, N. J., basks in the reflected glory of the ring activities of Gus Lesnevich.

In the same area, the hamlet of North Bergen, N. J., takes pride in the prominence brought to it by the deeds of Cinderella Man, Jim Braddock, former heavyweight champion of the world.

Hopping three thousand miles across the country, Livermore, Cal., should be grateful for the advertising it has received through the colorful career of Maxie Baer who as the "Livermore Larruper," made this town known to almost every man, woman and child in these United States. Many Chambers of Commerce campaign for years without getting the results in free publicity that top-notch boxers bring the old home town.

Out around the same territory, the village of Alameda, Cal., rose in public attention along with Lou Nova's rise to heavyweight prominence, and declined as Lou did.

* * *

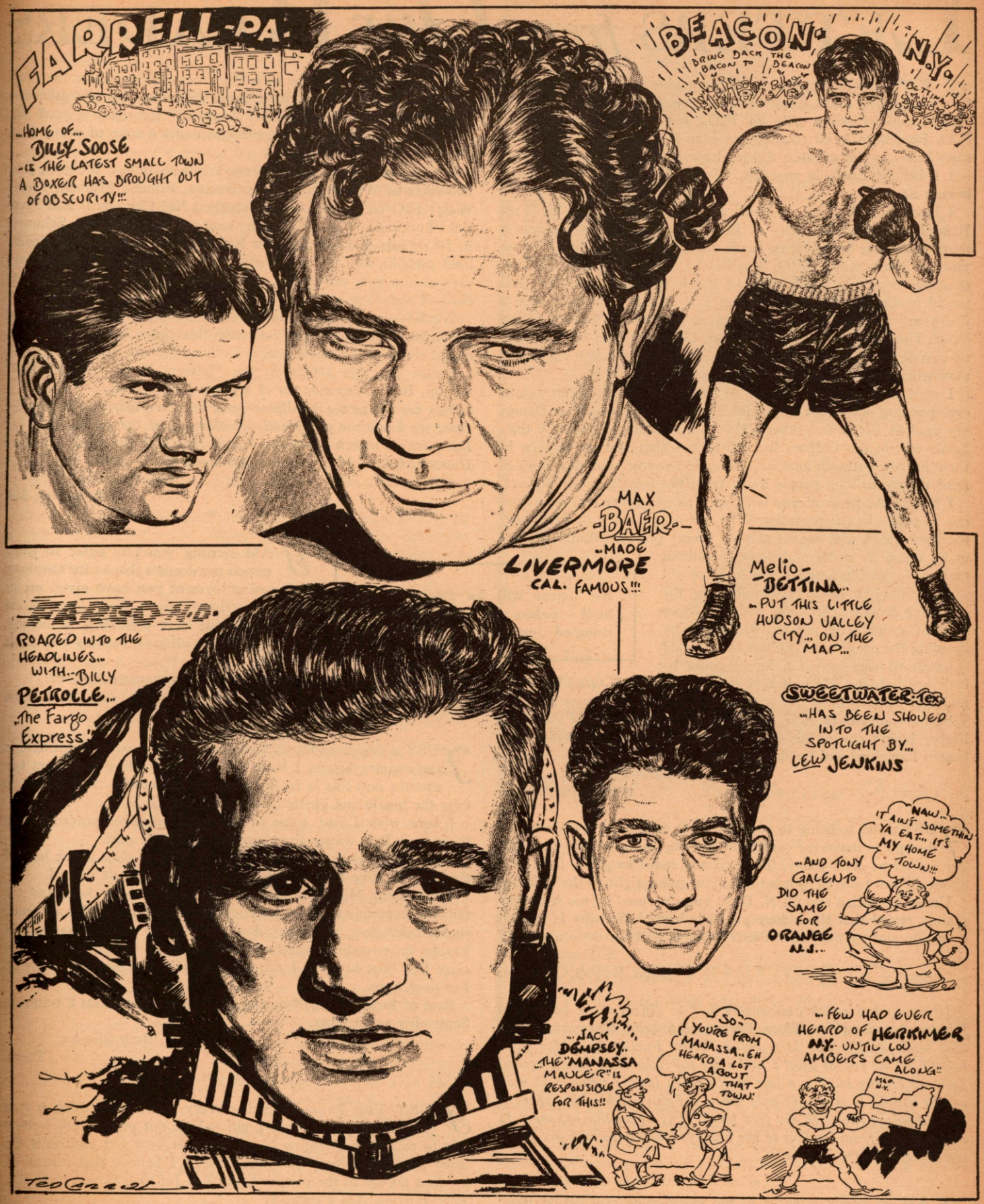
MANY of the small places from which famous fighters sprung, have remained fresh in the public mind, long after their fighting prides have come to the end of the fistic trail.

Mention of Terre Haute, Ind., always brings to mind flashbacks of the Terre Haute Terror, Bud Taylor, a 200-pounder today, who rated among the best bantamweights of the past twenty years in his boxing days. As the Pueblo Fireman, rough, tough Jim Flynn kept the Colorado town in the headlines, with his battles with Dempsey, Johnson and the rest of the heavyweight leaders years ago. Pueblo's other claim to fame is that it owns Damon Runyan as a native son, but unlike the Fireman, Runyan was unable to herald the fact like a heavyweight fighter could.

Since the passing of Sammy Mandell from the pugilistic stage, the town of Rockford, Ill., has been a stranger to public interest, but is still recalled as the home of the "Rockford Sheik," former lightweight champion of the world.

The whole town of Meriden, Conn., made merry the night Louis Kid Kaplan won the featherweight championship of the world from hard hitting Danny Kramer in the old Garden, and why not? The son of the town's leading junk man was the greatest advertisement the town ever had.

The citizens realized it, too. There have been few greater demonstrations of home town loyalty than the Merideners' parade from the station, preceded by a brass band, to the old Garden, where they rooted the hustling Jewish boy into his greatest effort and returned rejoicing to the Nutmeg city. The "Meriden Mauler" Kaplan was a civic pride for many years because of his personality and fighting ability.



BILLY PETROLLE wasn't born there, but the "Fargo Express" kept the North Dakota city in an unaccustomed spotlight for many years.

Even today, any mention of the town of Saginaw, Mich., brings up memories of the "Saginaw Kid," Kid Lavigne, who made the Michigan city famous for the first time.

Ad Wolgast did the same for Cadillac, Mich., and as the "Streator Cyclone," Billy Myers, whose 64-round battle with Jack M'Auliffe 51 years ago, is one of the epics of the ring, brought a certain distinction to the *(Continued on page 45)*

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I HAVE been reading your magazine now for 10 or 12 years but must disagree with you in your article about Sam Langford being able to K.O. Joe Louis. Sam couldn't K.O. Blackburn in 60 rounds, nor even beat him, and Blackburn says Louis is the greatest fighter he ever knew. Sam was great but I believe Louis is superior. Weight and power would have beaten Sam.

I have the life story of Louis and Langford written by THE RING Editor. In your story of Louis you say there never was a more punishing fighter than Louis except possibly Ketchell. Now you say Sam would K.O. Ketchell. I think Joe Louis is the greatest fighter in the history of the heavyweight division and would beat any other heavyweight. You said in your magazine a few years ago that Louis was without peer in the history of the game. I still believe that to be a fact. Of course you have a right to change your mind now that Louis has had many more fights than when your life story of him was written.

I read with supreme disgust, Hype Igoe's article about Louis' eyes popping out a foot when Galento hit him. I insist that Dempsey against Firpo and other fighters was nearer to a K.O. than Louis was in the Galento fight. I believe that newspaper men in their narrow attitude against Louis, and the present day crop of fighters, are driving people away from the fight game in droves.

I believe the present crop is as good as any other and defy anyone to prove to the contrary. Why not all get back of Louis and the fight game, and not let the old timers put something over on us by trying to make us believe something that we never liked, unless we saw the old timers fight? I have been following the game for 30 years. Men are better in other lines of sport, why put the brakes on by shouting the present day fighter is no good?

Langford was beaten a lot of times by ordinary fighters. He quit to Fred Fulton, was K.O.'ed by Wills and Bill Tate. I know he was around 30 before he was K.O.'ed. Johnson would have K.O.'ed him early in his career if the timekeeper hadn't slowed his count. Johnson says Louis would have beaten Langford and he should know.

GLUM PHILLIPS,
Syracuse, N. Y.

* * *

JUST a line to bring to your attention one of those little things that go to make for confusion and unpleasantness in the fight racket as it is today. Turn on the radio to get a fight and about all you hear is "a left to the jaw and a right to the kidney."

Under Canadian and all N. B. A. rules perused by me it is very plainly stated that the kidney punch is barred. So why is it used so much, and so well advertised? Why is nothing done about it?

F. S. DOUGLAS,
Hope, British Columbia.

[*Because too many announcers fail to differentiate between a fair punch and a kidney blow. They seem to think that every punch that lands to the side is a kidney blow. Furthermore, for your benefit, let me repeat what I said after the Schmeling-Louis second fight—a kidney blow is a fair punch when landed while both men are in action. It is a foul only when a fighter holds his opponent and pounds away with his free hand. It is up to the opponent to stop a punch from landing to the kidneys when both men are fighting freely.*—EDITOR'S NOTE]

* * *

I AM an ardent admirer of the world-wide publication RING Magazine. But please give me the satisfaction of knowing why that colorful, hard-hitting bantamweight Battling Dundee, isn't mentioned in any of the fighting books I have read?

Dundee, a brother of ex-welterweight champion Joe Dundee, had it not been for a sore running leg, would have been the world's bantamweight champion.

This great little warrior of a few years ago, possessed the talent and fighting ability of a truly great ringman. His sharpshooting left and crushing right, spelled "curtains" for many a good boy.

His stout courageous heart brought many a song of praise from the lips of his admirers.

He had met and defeated Patsy Wallace, Bobby Wolgast, Joey Schwartz of Washington, Andy Devine, Frankie Murray, Danny West; K.O.'ed Mickey Darty; stopped Kid Cole; beat Kid Fredrick; knocked out Kid Richman; won and lost to Benny Schwartz in 10 rounds and lost to Zulu Kid in 10. But soon each ripping fight took its toll. The once sturdy rippling legs that might have carried him to a world title, wore down slowly, but surely due to the bad right leg.

What is the trouble of the "ardent" boxing fans of today? Has the fight world completely forgotten this clean, hard-fighting star, a real credit to the noble art?

Please put this article in the "Letters From Our Readers" section. It also reminds me of a poem I once read.

"Once we know the headlines—and once we marched to fame—
Once we knew the glory and the glamour of the game—
But now we march amid the crowds that seek the latest score,
Unnoticed on the battle front that hears the thunder's roar."

JOE CUSIMANO,
Baltimore, Md.

* * *

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

I AM writing you this letter to show to you my deepest thanks for the many hours of enjoyment you have given me by your magazine. Honest, THE RING is the finest magazine ever published on boxing, and I know that all your readers will agree with me.

CHARLES SWEETY,
A Reader.

* * *

JUST a few lines to say hello to you from away down here in the country below. I have been here wrestling for about two months and this is really a wonderful country. But I sure do miss the hustle and bustle of the good old U. S. A.

I sure wish I had some of the good sunshine you're having there now. It is winter time here and is a little cold.

I am doing very good here. So far I have won about half of the matches I've had, so batting .500 per cent isn't so bad.

Your RING Magazine is certainly popular over here and the fans and certainly the sports writers keep them on file for authentic sports references, when any doubt is in their minds about a past boxing or wrestling match. I look forward for each new issue since I've been here, so I can keep up with the sports there while I'm over here.

Best of luck to you, Nat, and hope to see you when I return in September or October.

BILL SLEDGE,
Texas.

* * *

I GET THE RING Magazine every month and think it is a wonderful publication. I get a kick out of it. I am writing this to call your attention to an error in your cut caption in the story by Hype Igoe, "Ballyhoo Aides." I believe that instead of the first person in the picture being Jim Jeffries, as you state, it is Jack Jeffries. Am I correct?

I believe that in Billy Conn, the heavyweight division has the best prospect and successor to Joe Louis. All he needs is some weight. I hope he meets Louis. You'll see a clever lad who will make Joe miss quite often.

AVERY SCOTT,
Toronto, Canada.

[*You are correct. The caption is wrong. It should have read—Left to right—Jack Jeffries, Tommy Ryan, Jim Jeffries, Pat Daly. Sitting—Billy Delaney. Thanks for calling this to our attention.*—EDITOR'S NOTE]

* * *

I AM an old and faithful reader of THE RING and enjoy its contents monthly. I wouldn't miss a copy for anything. I think that your staff puts out a great book, one appreciated by your readers. It does wonders for boxing. Can I obtain photos of famous fighters from your office? I own a bar known as the Sport Club and want them to decorate the walls of my tavern. Incidentally, the referee of the Hostak-Steele fight was Jack Dempsey.

GEORGE REGER,
Calistoga, Cal.

[*Yes, you can get the photos of famous fighters from us. We have supplied the photos for Dempsey's, Walker's and other famous taverns and also for Madison Square Garden, and other clubs throughout the country.*—EDITOR'S NOTE]

* * *

ALTHOUGH Johnny Hutchinson, Alabama Kid and Young Gildo are in the Dominion at the present time, boxing activities in New Zealand are rather slack and the war is beginning to have an effect on all associations outside of the courageous Auckland Association which stages regular fortnightly tourneys at the Town Hall.

The wrestling boys are still pulling in the cash. Earl McCready has been deposed from his pedestal as British Empire champion. The lucky man—lucky in the money sense—was Jack Katan who resembles Ray Steele in many ways.

I recently completed your story on the life of Young Griffo, the amazing "Will o' the Wisp" of the ring. It was a very interesting and instructive little volume, I assure you. The references to Billy Murphy's encounters with Griffo would be of particular interest to New Zealanders.

Johnny Hutchinson's two appearances in the Auckland ring have caused much favorable comment among veterans of the sport here. One old timer compared his speed with that of Jimmy Clabby. Praise indeed.

DAVE BALLANTYNE,
Auckland, New Zealand.

* * *

I WROTE this letter as a medium of letting you know how much one of your many RING addicts appreciates your editorial efforts. One of your recent editorials, "The Forgotten Man," delving on the ring career of Sam Langford, shows you to be truly impartial in your opinions, regardless of race, color or creed. Such a tribute, coming from an internationally accepted authority on boxing, is indeed something to be proud of. I'm quite sure Sam Langford will get a greater thrill when he hears about it, than he got after many of his ring victories. I'm not a colored person, as you might gather from the contents, but I just can't help expressing my appreciation of your conspicuous impartiality. In conclusion, I'd like to receive your opinion through THE RING'S "In Our Question Box" feature, of the following: Do you think Young Kid McCoy of Detroit will ever be welterweight champ; was the Warrington-Pastor fight a close one; did Warrington floor Pastor? Wishing you continued success with THE RING.

NEIL MACDONALD,
Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.

[*Thanks for your message, I appreciate same. I doubt he has sufficient ability to reach the top. Pastor won unanimous decision. He forced the issue after the fifth round. Warrington opened a cut above Pastor's eye in third and in eighth, a short right dropped Warrington to one knee but he was up before a count was started. Pastor was not dropped.*—EDITOR'S NOTE]

* * *

IN Buffalo, N. Y., they are talking about a young man who as an amateur scored 20 consecutive K.O.'s and who as a professional looks like a great prospect. His name is Leroy Evans and he is under the management of the Miles brothers, Buffalo's ace sportsmen, and is trained by Jack Latrobe.

Evans is 21 years old and weighs 205 pounds. In his last three professional fights he has scored K.O.'s over Jarl Johnson, whom he knocked out in 44 seconds of the first round in Madison Square Garden, also over Jack Downey and Jack Woodford. After these three K.O.'s the promoters are finding it hard to bring in any good fighters to fight Evans.

Evans has a fine stablemate in the person of "Battling Monroe." Monroe is 22 years old and weighs 175 pounds. He is rated as the best light-heavyweight in western New York. In his last four fights he has kayoed King Kong Matthews; decisioned Lou Presto; Larry Kellum and lost a split decision to Charley Eagles, who refused to give him a return match. Watch these two boys.

A BUFFALO READER, Buffalo, N. Y.

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JOE LOUIS

Heavyweight Champion of The World

Born May 13, 1914, Lexington, Alabama.
Managed by Julian Black and John Roxborough
Weight 200 pounds.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
1934			
July 4	Jack Kracken	Chicago	K.O. 1 rd.
July 11	Willie Davis	Chicago	K.O. 3 rds.
July 29	Larry Udell	Chicago	K.O. 2 rds.
Aug. 13	Jack Kranz	Chicago	Won 6 rds.
Aug. 27	Buck Everett	Chicago	K.O. 2 rds.
Sept. 11	Alex Borchuk	Detroit	K.O. 4 rds.
Sept. 25	Adolph Wiater	Chicago	Won 10 rds.
Oct. 24	Art Sykes	Chicago	K.O. 8 rds.
Oct. 30	Jack O'Dowd	Detroit	K.O. 2 rds.
Nov. 14	Stanley Poreda	Chicago	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov. 30	Charley Massera	Chicago	K.O. 3 rds.
Dec. 14	Lee Ramage	Chicago	K.O. 8 rds.
1935			
Jan. 4	Patsy Perroni	Detroit	Won 10 rds.
Jan. 11	Hans Birkie	Pittsburgh	K.O. 10 rds.
Jan. 22	Lee Ramage	Los Angeles	K.O. 2 rds.
Mar. 8	Donald (Reds) Barry	San Francisco	K.O. 3 rds.
Mar. 28	Natie Brown	Detroit	Won 10 rds.
April 13	Roy Lazer	Chicago	K.O. 3 rds.
April 24	Biff Benton	Dayton	K.O. 2 rds.
April 27	Roscoe Toles	Flint	K.O. 6 rds.
May 3	Willie Davis	Peoria	K.O. 2 rds.
May 5	Gene Stanton	Kalamazoo	K.O. 3 rds.
June 25	Primo Carnera	New York City	K.O. 6 rds.
Aug. 7	King Levinsky	Chicago	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 24	Max Baer	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
Dec. 13	Paulino Uzcudun	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
1936			
Jan. 17	Charley Retzlaff	Chicago	K.O. 1 rd.
June 19	Max Schmeling	New York City	K.O. by 12
Aug. 17	Jack Sharkey	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Sept. 22	Al Ettore	Philadelphia	K.O. 5 rds.
Oct. 9	Jorge Brescia	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Dec. 14	Eddie Simms	Cleveland	K.O. 1 rd.
1937			
Jan. 11	Stanley Ketchel	Buffalo	K.O. 2 rds.
Jan. 27	Bob Pastor	New York City	Won 10 rds.
Feb. 17	Natie Brown	Kansas City	K.O. 4 rds.
June 22	James J. Braddock (Won the Heavyweight Championship of the World)	Chicago	K.O. 8 rds.
Aug. 30	Tommy Farr (TITLE)	New York City	Won 15 rds.
1938			
Feb. 23	Nathan Mann (TITLE)	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Apr. 1	Harry Thomas (TITLE)	Chicago	K.O. 5 rds.
June 22	Max Schmeling (TITLE)	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
1939			
Jan. 25	John Henry Lewis (TITLE)	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
Apr. 17	Jack Roper (TITLE)	Los Angeles	K.O. 1 rd.
June 28	Tony Galento (TITLE)	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
Sept. 20	Bob Pastor (TITLE)	Detroit	K.O. 11 rds.
1940			
Feb. 9	Arturo Godoy (TITLE)	New York City	Won 15 rds.
Mar. 29	Johnny Paychek (TITLE)	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.
June 20	Arturo Godoy (TITLE)	New York City	K.O. 8 rds.

BOB PASTOR

Born January 26, 1914, New York City.
Nationality, Jewish, Scotch.
Managed by James J. Johnston. Weight, 190 pounds.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
1935			
Jan. 26	Julius Vigh	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Feb. 9	Lou Kieswetter	New York City	W. 6 rds.
May 4	Freddie Panico	New York City	W. 6 rds.
June 12	Frank Lobianco	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
July 1	George Turner	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Sept. 24	Terry Mitchell	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Oct. 5	Tony Celli	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Nov. 1	Max Marek	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Nov. 29	Eddie Simms	New York City	D. 6 rds.
1936			
Jan. 17	Steve Dudas	New York City	L. 8 rds.
Jan. 24	Al Delaney	New York City	D. 6 rds.
Mar. 13	Steve Dudas	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Apr. 15	Art Sykes	Chicago	K.O. 6 rds.
May 15	Terry Mitchell	New York City	W. 8 rds.
May 29	Frankie Simms	New York City	K.O. 7 rds.
June 15	Ralph Barbara	New York City	W. 8 rds.
June 19	Steve Dudas	New York City	W. 6 rds.
July 14	John Anderson	Jersey City	K.O. 4 rds.
Aug. 1	Unknown Winston	Milford	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 3	Billy Ketchell	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Oct. 6	Jimmy DeSola	Jersey City	K.O. 2 rds.
Oct. 19	Louis LePage	White Plains	K.O. 2 rds.
Nov. 17	Izzy Singer	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 18	Ray Impellitiere	New York City	K.O. 7 rds.
1937			
Jan. 27	Joe Louis	New York City	L. 10 rds.
May 28	Bob Nestell	Los Angeles	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 26	Nathan Mann	New York City	L. 10 rds.
1938			
Jan. 17	Hans Haverlick	Syracuse	K.O. 8 rds.
Jan. 24	Buck Tracey	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.
Jan. 31	Buck Everett	Washington, D.C.	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 7	Al Ettore	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 22	Lou Nova	San Francisco	W. 10 rds.
May 10	Lee Ramage	Los Angeles	K.O. 9 rds.
May 24	Chuck Crowell	Los Angeles	K.O. 1 rd.
June 20	Al McCoy	Boston	W. 10 rds.
June 30	Freddy Fiducia	Newark	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 5	Maxie Rosenbloom	Hollywood	D. 10 rds.
Oct. 31	Big Boy Brackey	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
Nov. 14	Mickey Dugan	Scranton	K.O. 2 rds.
Dec. 12	Gus Dorazio	Philadelphia	L. 10 rds.
Dec. 21	Tony Schucco	Boston	W. 10 rds.
1939			
Jan. 19	Tiger Warrington	Boston	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 10	Al McCoy	Boston	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 31	Maurice Strickland	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
May 19	Roscoe Toles	Detroit	W. 10 rds.
June 12	Freddie Fiducia	Newark	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 20	Joe Louis (For the Heavyweight Championship of the World)	Detroit	K.O. by 11
Dec. 15	Buddy Scott	Dallas	W. 10 rds.
1940			
June 28	Charley Eagle	Buffalo	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 6	Billy Conn	New York City	K.O. by 13

MAX BAER

Former Heavyweight Champion of The World

Born, February 11, 1909, Omaha, Nebraska.
Nationality, German, Jewish.
Managed by Ancil Hoffman. Weight, 220 pounds.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1929		
.....	Chief Cariboo	.....	K.O. 2 rds.
.....	Tillie Taverna	.....	K.O. 1 rd.
.....	Sailor Leeds	.....	K.O. 1 rd.
.....	Al Ledford	.....	K.O. 2 rds.
.....	Al Ledford	.....	K.O. 2 rds.
.....	Frank Rudjenski	.....	K.O. 3 rds.
.....	George Carroll	.....	K.O. 1 rd.
.....	Chief Cariboo	.....	K.O. 1 rd.
.....	Alec Rowe	.....	K.O. 1 rd.
.....	Tillie Taverna	.....	K.O. 2 rds.
.....	Chet Shandell	.....	K.O. 2 rds.
.....	Tony Fuente	.....	K.O. 1 rd.
.....	Benny Hill	.....	W. 4 rds.
.....	Benny Hill	.....	W. 4 rds.
.....	Natie Brown	.....	W. 6 rds.
.....	Jack McCarthy	.....	L.F. 3 rds.
	1930		
Jan. 15	Tiny Abbott	Oakland	L. 3 rds.
Jan. 29	Tiny Abbott	Oakland	K.O. 6 rds.
Apr. 6	Jack Stewart	Oakland	K.O. 2 rds.
Apr. 22	Ernie Owens	Los Angeles	W. 10 rds.
May 7	Tom Toner	Oakland	K.O. 6 rds.
May 28	Jack Linkhorn	Oakland	K.O. 1 rd.
June 11	Buck Weaver	Oakland	K.O. 1 rd.
June 25	Ernie Owens	Oakland	K.O. 3 rds.
July 15	Les Kennedy	Los Angeles	L. 10 rds.
Aug. 11	K.O. Christner	Oakland	K.O. 2 rds.
Aug. 25	Frankie Campbell	San Francisco	K.O. 5 rds.
	(Campbell died after the fight)		
Dec. 19	Ernie Schaaf	New York City	L. 10 rds.
	1931		
Jan. 16	Tom Heeney	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Feb. 6	Tommy Loughran	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Apr. 7	Ernie Owens	Portland, Oregon	K.O. 2 rds.
May 5	Johnny Risko	Cleveland	L. 10 rds.
July 4	Paulino Uzcudun	Reno	L. 20 rds.
Sept. 23	Jack Van Noy	Oakland	K.O. 8 rds.
Oct. 21	Jose Santa	Oakland	K.O. 10 rds.
Nov. 10	Johnny Risko	San Francisco	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 23	Les Kennedy	Oakland	K.O. 3 rds.
Dec. 30	Arthur DeKuh	Oakland	W. 10 rds.
	1932		
Jan. 29	King Levinsky	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 22	Tom Heeney	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 11	Walter Cobb	Oakland	K.O. 4 rds.
Apr. 26	Paul Swiderski	Los Angeles	K.O. 7 rds.
July 4	King Levinsky	Reno	W. 20 rds.
Aug. 31	Ernie Schaaf	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 26	Tuffy Griffith	Chicago	K.O. 7 rds.
	1933		
June 8	Max Schmeling	New York City	K.O. 10 rds.
	1934		
June 14	Primo Carnera	New York City	K.O. 11 rds.
	(For Heavyweight Championship of the World)		
Dec. 28	King Levinsky	Chicago	Exb. K.O. 2 rds.
	1935		
Jan. 4	Babe Hunt	Detroit	Exb. 4 rds.
Jan. 10	Dick Madden	Boston	Exb. 4 rds.
Jan. 21	Tony Cancela	Tampa	Exb. 4 rds.
Jan. 28	Jimmy Malone	Miami	Exb. 4 rds.
Apr. 10	Ed Will	Grand Rapids	Exb. 4 rds.
Apr. 23	Eddie Simms	Cleveland	N.D. 4 rds.
June 12	James J. Braddock	New York City	L. 15 rds.
	(Lost Heavyweight Championship of the World)		
Sept. 24	Joe Louis	New York City	K.O. by 4 rds.
	1936		
June 15	Tony Souza	Salt Lake City	W. 6 rds.
June 17	Bob Frazier	Boise	K.O. 2 rds.
June 24	Wilson Dunn	San Antonio	K.O. 3 rds.
July 2	Buck Rodgers	Dallas	K.O. 3 rds.
July 13	Jimmy Merriott	Oklahoma City	K.O. 2 rds.
July 16	Junior Munsell	Tulsa	K.O. 5 rds.
July 24	Bob Williams	Ogden	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 19	James J. Walsh	Vancouver	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 29	Al Franksco	Lewiston	K.O. 2 rds.
Aug. 31	Don Baxter	Coeur D'Alene	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 1	Cecil Myart	Portland	W. 6 rds.
Sept. 2	Al Gaynor	Twin Falls	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 3	Soldier Franks	Provo	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 8	Sammy Evans	Cheyenne	K.O. 3 rds.
Sept. 14	Bearcat Wright	Des Moines	W. 6 rds.
Oct. 6	Tim Charles	Evansville	K.O. 4 rds.
Oct. 8	Art Oliver	Platteville	L. 6 rds.
Oct. 19	Dutch Weimer	Toronto	K.O. 2 rds.
	1937		
Apr. 15	Tommy Farr	London	L. 12 rds.
May 27	Ben Foord	London	K.O. 9 rds.
	1938		
Mar. 11	Tommy Farr	New York City	W. 15 rds.
Oct. 27	Hank Hankinson	Honolulu	K.O. 1 rd.
	1939		
June 1	Lou Nova	New York City	K.O. by 11 rds.
Sept. 4	Ed Murphy	Omaha	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 18	Babe Ritchie	Lubbock, Texas	K.O. 2 rds.
	1940		
July 2	Tony Galento	Jersey City	K.O. 8 rds.

LEW JENKINS

Lightweight Champion of The World

Born Dec. 4, 1916, Brownwood, Texas.
Nationality, Irish, American.
Managed by Hymie Caplan. Weight, 134 pounds.

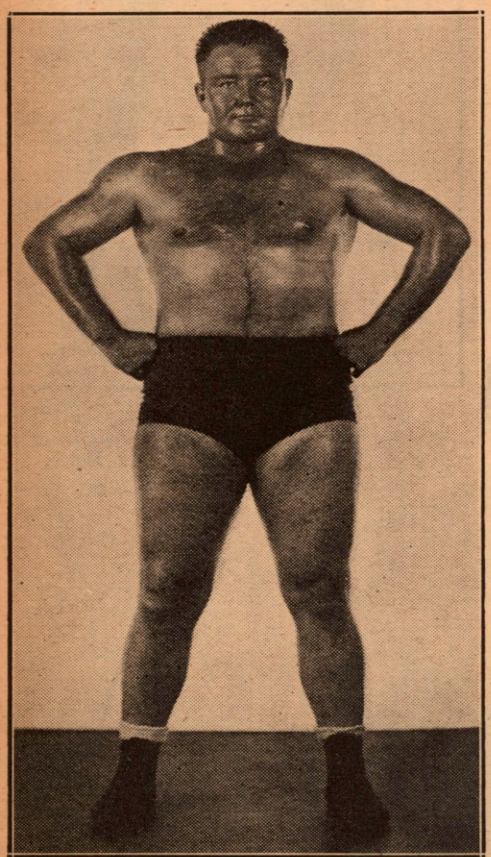
Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1938		
Apr. 1	Jackie Sharkey	Dallas	K.O. 2 rds.
Apr. 8	Lew Feldman	Dallas	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 28	Wesley Ramey	Dallas	L. 10 rds.
May 27	Bobby Britton	Dallas	K.O. 7 rds.
June 17	Evening Thunder	Dallas	K.O. 3 rds.
July 29	Chino Alvarez	Dallas	K.O. 8 rds.
Aug. 23	Zeke Castro	Los Angeles	W. 6 rds.
Sept. 30	Don Eddy	Dallas	K.O. 8 rds.
Oct. 20	Carl Faust	Dallas	K.O. 8 rds.
Nov. 17	Lew Feldman	Dallas	L. 10 rds.
Dec. 2	Sammy Musco	Dallas	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 16	Wesley Ramey	Dallas	L. 10 rds.
	1939		
Jan. 20	Willie Joyce	Chicago	D. 10 rds.
Jan. 31	Sam Scully	Houston	K.O. 10 rds.
Feb. 17	Willie Joyce	Chicago	L. 8 rds.
Feb. 24	Willie Joyce	Chicago	L. 8 rds.
Mar. 24	Pete Lello	Chicago	K.O. by 7 rds.
June 19	Jorge Morelia	San Antonio	W. 10 rds.
July 18	Bus Breese	Long Island	W. 8 rds.
Aug. 1	Joey Fontana	Long Island	W. 8 rds.
Aug. 15	Bus Breese	Long Island	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 5	Ginger Foran	Long Island	K.O. 4 rds.
Sept. 12	Primo Flores	Long Island	K.O. 4 rds.
Oct. 10	Primo Flores	New York City	K.O. 5 rds.
Nov. 21	Mike Belloise	New York City	K.O. 7 rds.
Dec. 15	Billy Marquart	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
	1940		
Jan. 24	Chino Alvarez	Dallas	K.O. 1 rd.
Mar. 8	Tippy Larkin	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
May 10	Lou Ambers	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
	(Won Lightweight Championship of the World)		
July 17	Henry Armstrong	New York City	K.O. by 6 rds.

Wrestlers *in the* Spotlight

By EDDIE MERRILL

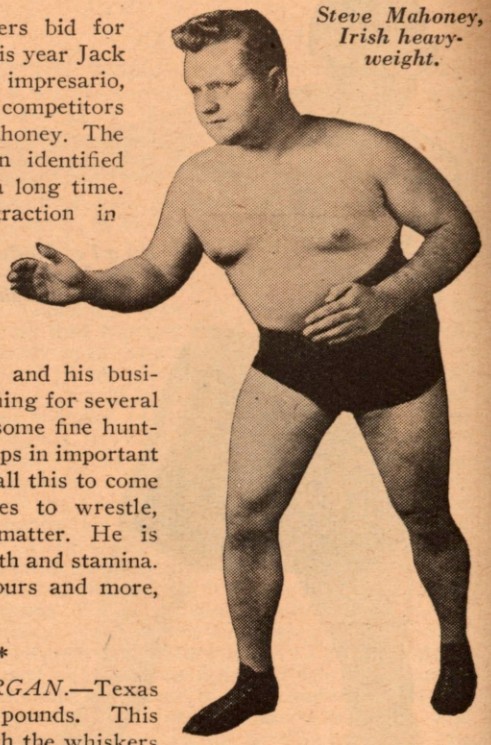
Jack Marshall, of Oklahoma City.

THE wrestling invasion has started. The heavy tread of the behemoths can be heard everywhere. This season's wrestlers are mostly in the heavier class, men ranging from 280 pounds right down to the 190 pound light-heavies. Of course world conditions make it such that few foreign invaders will be seen this season, but big men have been recruited in this country and the wrestling fans will see big fellows from Texas, Arizona, Nebraska and other States making a bid for top recognition in Eastern circuits. With them will be a few foreigners. Among those who are showing their wares in and around New York are the following:



Sheriff Tom Hanley, a tough Oklahoman heavyweight.

Steve Mahoney.—Steve is a real big fellow. He weighs 240 pounds, stands nearly six feet and is tough. He has a pleasant Irish brogue, blue eyes, curly hair, and has been the big noise among matmen in Ireland for several years. Irish wrestlers have always been big attractions here. Every year promoters bid for their services, and this year Jack Pfeffer, New York's impresario, got the jump on his competitors to secure Steve Mahoney. The big fellow has been identified with wrestling for a long time. He was a big attraction in Ireland.



Steve Mahoney, Irish heavyweight.

His pastime outside of wrestling is breeding horses for local tracks. Steve is an expert trainer and his business has been flourishing for several years. He has bred some fine hunters, has won many cups in important meets, so to forsake all this to come to the United States to wrestle, was not an easy matter. He is known for his strength and stamina. He has gone two hours and more, in mat matches.

* * *

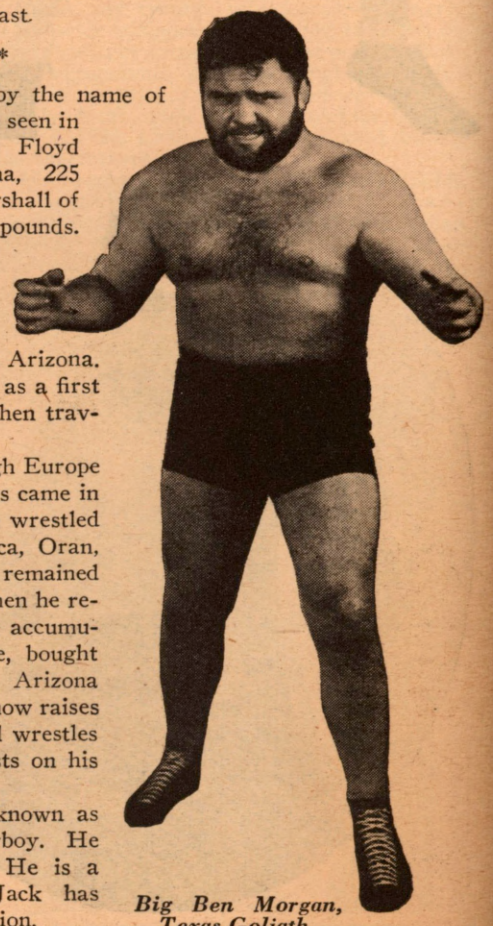
BIG BEN MORGAN.—Texas goliath, 260 pounds. This gigantic wrestler with the whiskers is one of the real sensations in the country. This is the first season he will appear under the Pfeffer banner. Big Ben Morgan is a big attraction in his native State and in the mid-west. The bewhiskered giant will find real competition around the East.

* * *

TWO wrestlers by the name of Marshall will be seen in the East. They are Floyd Marshall of Arizona, 225 pounds, and Jack Marshall of Oklahoma City, 215 pounds. They are not related, but both of them are well known all over the country. *Floyd Marshall* was born in Arizona. He won a reputation as a first rate wrestler there, then travelled abroad.

He wrestled through Europe but his biggest success came in Northern Africa. He wrestled in Algiers, Casablanca, Oran, Fez and Tunis and remained for three seasons. When he returned home, he had accumulated a small fortune, bought himself a ranch in Arizona with his savings and now raises prize livestock. Floyd wrestles every season, and rests on his ranch in the summer.

Jack Marshall is known as the Oklahoma Cowboy. He weighs 215 pounds. He is a tremendous eater. Jack has done well in competition.



Big Ben Morgan, Texas Goliath.

Juan Lopez, Spanish light-heavyweight.

BENNY CRUSHER FELDMAN.—Gigantic red-bearded Hebrew. He stands six feet four inches, weighs 240 pounds and is 29 years old. Before he took up wrestling professionally, he wrestled with the men under him in the gasfields of Louisiana, where he was foreman. He has terrific strength.

He introduced pancake landing in wrestling. This attack consists of tossing an opponent around time and time again until Benny has him in what he considers the right spot, then falls on him for a pancake crash.

* * *

JUAN LOPEZ.—He weighs 190 pounds and is called a light-heavyweight. Juan Lopez is a true Spaniard. He was the top man in Spain and then invaded South America where he won several important wrestling tournaments held in Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro and Santiago, Chile.

Lopez is the acrobatic type of wrestler. He is catlike on his feet, is a contortionist and slippery as an eel. He turned professional wrestler when the sport became Spain's national pastime. He is one of the fastest matmen in the game. Last year in South America, sports writers raved about him, and rated him as the best Spanish wrestler to come to South America. His début here is certain to attract much attention.

* * *

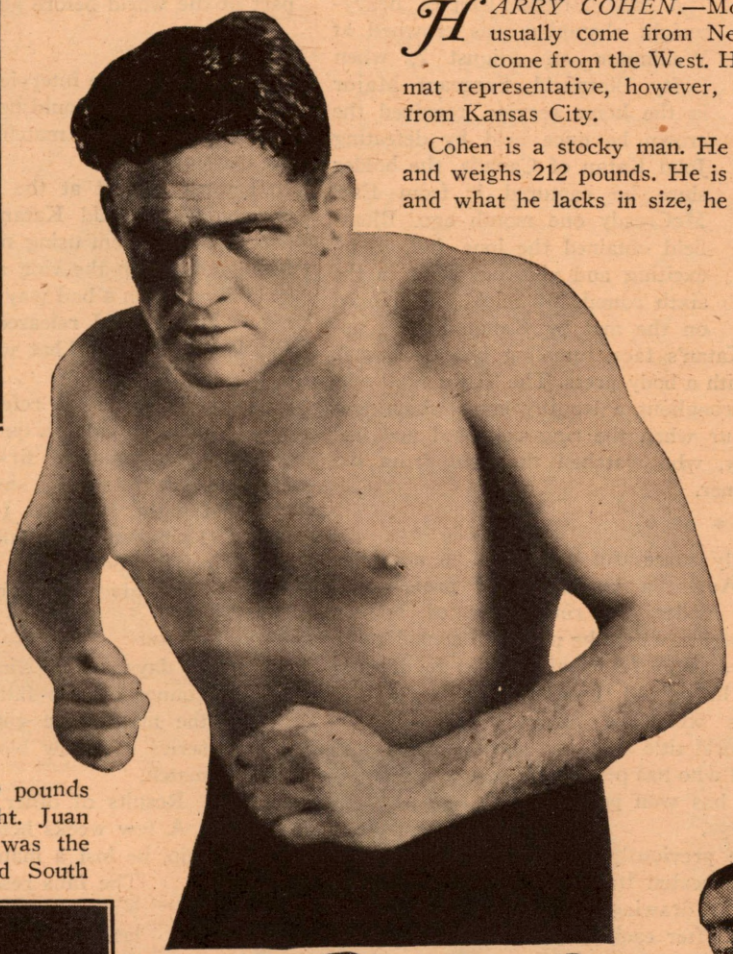
HARRY COHEN.—Most of the Jewish wrestlers usually come from New York. It is seldom they come from the West. Harry Cohen, the new Jewish mat representative, however, is an exception. He comes from Kansas City.

Cohen is a stocky man. He stands only 5 feet 7 inches and weighs 212 pounds. He is well proportioned, however, and what he lacks in size, he sure makes up in strength. Cohen is a college graduate. At college he played football, basketball, baseball and was a track star. He also captained the college's wrestling team and remained in the amateurs for three years after he quite college.

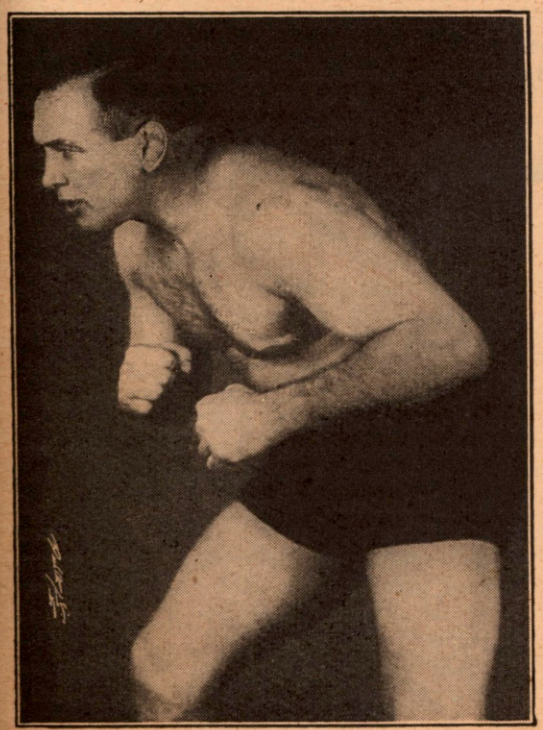
* * *

JACK PFEFFER is not the only promoter who has garnered good material for the indoor wrestling season. Throughout the country, the promoters have been busily engaged in seeking either foreign talent or bolstering their strength with the addition of young college boys

(Continued on page 41)

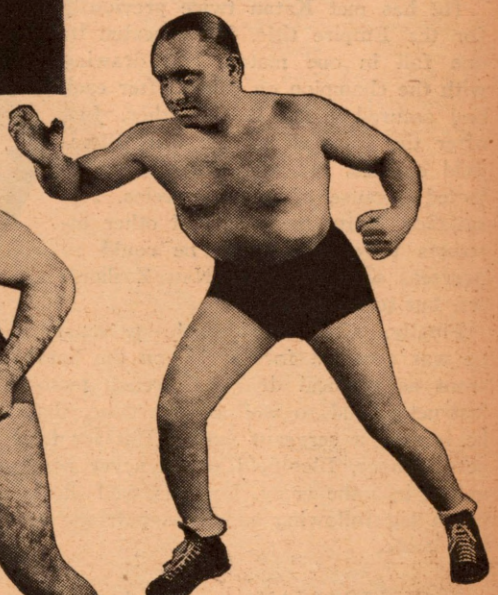


Floyd Marshall, Arizona heavyweight.



Rudy Dusek, who has signed new talent.

Frank Marconi, young Ohio heavyweight.



Harry Cohen, one of the best of the Jewish heavyweight wrestlers.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By NAT FRANK

Earl McCready, one of the most active wrestlers in the world. The Canadian ranks with Lofty Blomfield as the leading attraction in New Zealand where the game is going as big as ever.

PERCY ROBINSON, our New Zealand correspondent, sent the following timely news and gossip by Clipper, the news arriving here before any of the New Zealand papers could reach America.

A new British Empire heavyweight champion was crowned at Wellington on August 7, when Lofty Blomfield, Sergeant Major in the home service, regained the crown he once held by defeating John Katan of Canada, the holder since he captured it from Earl McCready one month ago. Blomfield obtained the lone fall, in an exciting and vigorous bout in the sixth round. Blomfield was pinned on the mat by Katan, kicked upward and connected with Katan's face, tumbling him backward. Blomfield then took a fall with a body press. The Town Hall was packed, and many stood throughout a lengthy bout, which was interrupted, for half an hour when the ring collapsed and had to be re-erected. McCready, who watched the bout from the ringside, challenged the winner.

* * *

FOLLOWING a highly successful career as an amateur, Blomfield went to Australia in search of professional experience, wrestling under the ring name of Walter Browning. Two visits to America, where he met with considerable success against leading overseas professionals, helped to develop his skill and physique, and he gained recognition as one of the world's foremost wrestlers when he forced Bronko Nagurski to a draw in a world title bout in 1938. Blomfield, an aggressive exponent who has perfected a winning hold in the octopus clamp, has won popularity in New Zealand rings for his displays.

He has met Katan twice previously for the Empire title, being beaten by one fall in one match, and drawing with the champion on points after each had secured a fall in the other. Just after the outbreak of the war, Blomfield enlisted. He was immediately rejected because of varicose veins. Not satisfied, Lofty made several other attempts to enlist so that he could go overseas with the other New Zealanders, but to no avail.

Finally, after considerable persuasion, he was accepted for service on the home front as physical drill and trench motor instructor, and so well has he done, that he is now a sergeant major. But for his perseverance, Blomfield would never have gotten into the army. Lofty is well liked, has a big following and is as patriotic as they come.

* * *

AUSTRALIAN promoters have been taking a big interest in the New Zealand season. Requests have been received for the services of Dan O'Connor and Joe Corbett, and there is also a strong demand for John Katan to visit the Commonwealth in September. Evidently the Australians expect that there is no chance of securing Katan while the New Zealand season lasts and are anxious to engage him afterwards. This is an indication of the regard held overseas for the quality of the men in this country. The many friends these men have made in New Zealand will be pleased to learn of the opportunities their wrestling here has brought them to secure more matches in this part of the world before going back to America.

Sergeant Major Lofty Blomfield, who defeated John Katan of Canada at Wellington, New Zealand, to regain the British title.

* * *

IN an exclusive interview to THE RING correspondent, Katan stated that he would not meet any other wrestler until he had been given a return match against Blomfield. He did not think the decision fair.

"I must protest at the manner in which Blomfield won the championship," said Katan. "First the ring collapsed and this prevented me from using my superior speed. I had to watch that I did not smash the ring and finish on the floor. Then, when I had Blomfield in a bad way in the sixth round, the referee ordered me to break. As I released Blomfield, I was kicked in the face and knocked back. That was when Blomfield took the only fall of the match.

"What is more, the referee did not give the usual three taps on the floor. He gave a quick fall. I am wanted by the wrestling people in Australia, but first I consider I am entitled to a chance of regaining the title. I sincerely believe the better man did not win last night, and that I was not given a fair deal. For that reason I challenge Blomfield to meet me in a championship match. If Blomfield is the sportsman New Zealanders claim him to be, he will give me my chance."

* * *

TWO days after winning the title, Blomfield beat Dan O'Connor by one fall, in the sixth round, the only fall of the match. He got the fall with a press, following a series of elbow blows. It was a fine, straight wrestling match.

Results of other important matches in New Zealand: A few weeks before Blomfield regained the championship, he lost a match to Katan at Auckland in one fall. The fans resented the verdict as they thought that Katan had made illegal use of the ropes. Five days later, July 20, Katan again retained his title by drawing with Blomfield. Then came the next match in which Lofty turned the tables and won the laurels.

Earl McCready, former champion, was a busy fellow. At Wangani he beat Dan O'Connor on points after each gained a fall. At Christchurch he beat Dick Raines, two falls to one. At Wellington he drew with Katan, neither gaining a fall, and Katan retaining his crown. It was a tense, lively mill.

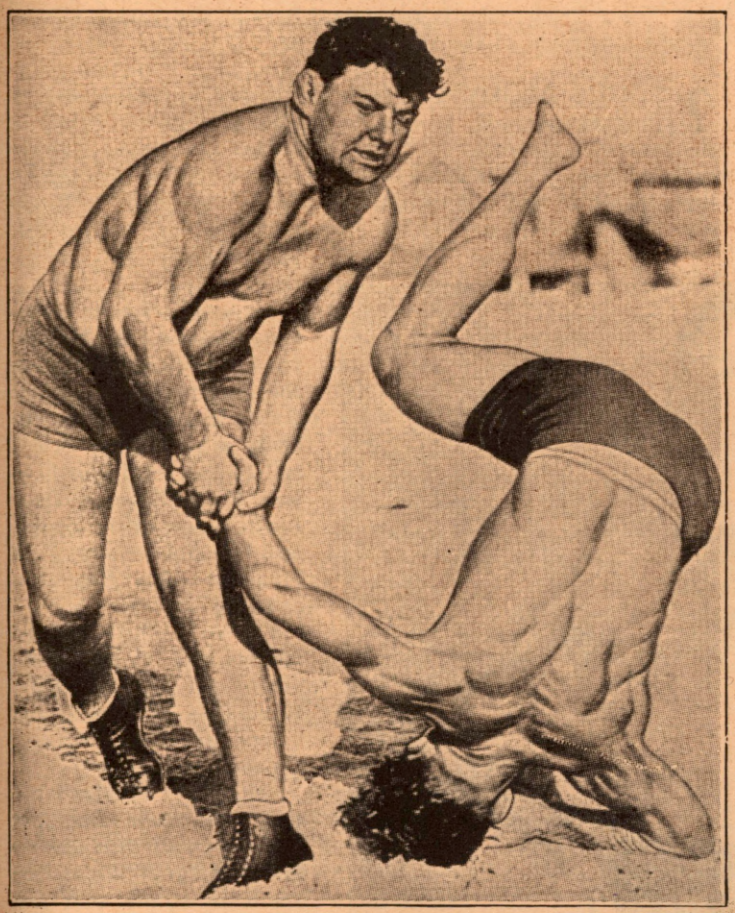
In the same city, Earl McCready beat Dan O'Connor by a single fall. McCready's showing was excellent. In fact, his work in New Zealand has drawn much praise from the dyed-in-the-wool wrestling fans who know a good matman when they see one in action.

McCready repeated the victory over O'Connor at Christchurch, two falls to one, then took on Joe Corbett and whipped him at the Palmerston North Town Hall on points.

On August 12, Earl went after Katan and in a keen tussle, *(Continued on page 41)*

Wrestling in California

By BERNICE SANDBOE



George Zaharias, who has taken over the reins in California wrestling promotion.

WITH the passing of another California month of sunshine, the wrestling situation here has definitely received a shot in the arm and is showing encouraging signs of recuperating from its recent "double-cross disease."

The convalescent period has been a long one. For a while, it appeared as though the patient, never exceedingly strong to begin with, would completely succumb. However, at the psychological moment, in stepped Dr. George Zaharias with his test tube of new ideas and now all looks exceptionally cheery in the world of human pretzels in California.

George is going to take over the promotion of matches for the Olympic, the major arena here in Los Angeles. Little did we imagine as we spent many evenings booing this mat meanie, that one day he would rise and shine thusly. We feel that wrestling has lost a true roughneck and acquired a real friend, and we are sure that wrestling fans the world over join me in wishing George the best of luck. As someone sagely put it, a sport like wrestling is only as good as the men who run it, and with real fellows like George Zaharias, Nick Lutze and Hughie Nichols (all ex-wrestlers incidentally) behind the California mat scene, we should look forward to a bright future. Take a tip and look for some really good matches from California —especially those promoted by Zaharias.

THE major note at the Hollywood Legion Stadium, which features light-heavies, last month was the transferring of the light-heavyweight title from Jesse James, the Greek Idol, to Wild Red Berry, who fits his name. This was a spectacular match that shall undoubtedly call for a rematch in the near future. Danny McShain returned briefly to amuse and enrage his public, and Billy Raburn turned in the classiest job of real scientific wrestling that we've seen in some time. That the fans like honest-to-goodness wrestling, was evident from the manner in which they greeted the Raburn acrobat in feats on the mat, though spectacular, do not catch the eyes as does scientific grappling.

* * *

IT is seldom that we take up our pen and proceed with such enthusiasm on a wrestler's biography, as we do this one of our good friend and that grand guy, Rowdy Rudy LaDitzi. Because the phrase is so horribly over-used, we hesitate to point out that Rudy is the original Jekyll-Hyde of wrestling, but what else can we say—except that Rudy is tops as a meanie in the ring, and as a gentleman outside the ring.

Let's paint the darkest side of the picture first. The Rudy of the ring is a sinister villain if there ever was one. Despite the fact that Rudy has acquired during his 10 years or more of wrestling, much purely scientific ability, he is much happier when he enters the ring to completely demolish his opponent with his wide repertoire of villainous tricks. He is probably one of the most ruthless, bruising types of matmen that we have in the game today his record of victories contains many noted names.

Although Rudy was born in Roumania and raised in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., he has been considered more or less a son of the middle west. Since beginning his wrestling career, he has always been in demand in such cities as Omaha, Kansas City, Des Moines and Topeka and it is only a few years ago that he invaded Australia, Hawaii and is now one of the best wrestling attractions in California. Rudy is frank and thorough in everything he does, whether it is in the ring or out, and because of this, he has gained innumerable friends.

Rudy LaDitzi, a big favorite in Pacific Coast wrestling.

The Mat Sport in Kansas

By DICK CARTER

KANSANS pride themselves upon their wheat, their sunflowers, their Mr. Landon, and their Orville Brown. Latest returns on the popularity race have Brown only a neck behind wheat and several lengths ahead of the decorative sunflower and the decorous Mr. Landon.

Orville's popularity out here is founded largely on the fact that he is one of the most capable American grapplers of the past quarter-century—perhaps the best native-raised matster since Frank Gotch. And the home folks know it.

A few months ago when Brown deposited the battered bulk of Bobby Bruns in the resin dust at Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas, to capture Bruns' heavyweight championship, Kansans weren't the least bit surprised. They always knew that the 228-pound Wallace buster could do it. They think that Orville will hold on to the title until senility sets in forty or fifty years from now. They are aware of the existence of two or three wrestlers who claim that Brown's title is a synthetic one, and they are ready to wager their farms, their livestock, and their very existences on Orville should one of the "title" claimants decide to risk life and limb in a match with the Kansas bonny boy.

Brown, too, is anxious to clear up the confusion in heavyweight matdom, but so far has been unable to lure any of the other champs into a ring. This, we think, speaks volumes, and gives a pretty good picture of who is actually Heavyweight Wrestling Champion of the World.

* * *

WHEN Orville Brown steps into a Kansas ring to defend his diamond-encrusted championship belt, there isn't a soul at home for miles around—they're all either at the rasslin matches or standing outside the hall waiting for the good news. And the news is always good.

Among the recklessly brave heavyweights currently bidding for local title matches with Orville are Dorv Roche, Dick Shikat, Ralph Garibaldi, Dick Lever, and Bobby Bruns, who still thinks he can lick the champ. Other leading gripsters in this vicinity are Jack Hader, Cal Rees, Earl Wampler, and a bounding broth of an Irish boy, Steve Brody, who is recognized here as the Junior Heavyweight Champion of the World.

* * *

YOUNG BRODY, a colorful mug if ever there was one, is subordinate only to Orville Brown and Bobby Bruns in the hearts of Memorial Hall fans. The fans don't know whether to love him or hate him, so they content themselves with throwing popcorn at him and then asking for his autograph. If Brody ever adds a few pounds to his current 202, he and Brown will sell out any hall in the state.

Steve Brody, a hot favorite in Kansas City.

Promoter George Simpson of Kansas City, Kansas, has brought the best men in the game to his comfortable auditorium this season. In addition to Brown, Bruns, and Shikat, local fans have seen Karol Krauser, Dave Levin, a few of the Zbyszkos, Gus Sonnenberg, Juan Humberto, Ray Schwartz, and Abe Kashey.

The writer believes that Kansas, or to be more precise, Kansas City, Kansas, is at present the hottest wrestling center in the country.

Out in the Middle West they take their wrestling more seriously than they do in the East. While the acrobatic stunts that are practiced by the grappling gentry in Eastern circles are not entirely eliminated in this hotbed of wrestling, the majority of those who take part in the sport in the Middle West show more of the finished product, the finesse of the mat stars of a few years ago.

The wrestling game is picking up much of the popularity it lost within the past two years. Unfortunately, however, there is not sufficient new talent for a big build-up. The veterans are O.K., but the fans are eager to get an eyeful of newcomers.

Unlike boxing, in which the new talent comes from amateur clubs, as a rule, professional wrestling is dependent on collegians or foreign importations for its competitors, but the college students are going in less for the mat sport now than heretofore. That is why the promoters are falling back on the veterans.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 38)

beat the ex-champion. Blomfield was scheduled to wrestle, but an infected hand prevented his appearance. McCready wound up his activity for August with a fine victory over Dan O'Connor at Whangarei, on points in the eighth round.

* * *

THE Original Angel, Maurice Tillet, of France, who has caused many other wrestlers to assume the "Angel" name, drew overflow crowds at Wildwood and Atlantic City. Considering that the shore resorts booked him for their final shows of the summer season, his drawing powers have proved beyond doubt that the wrestling fans like him.

After being idle for the entire summer, Gino Garibaldi, the Larruping Latin, is now back doing his bone bending chores. Gino, always one of the top notchers of the profession, expects to bask in the spotlight for many years. Gino's three other grappling brothers are also in the spotlight, but while Gino is in the East, they are in other sectors. Ralph is wrestling in the Midwest and Tony is doing his torso tossing on the Pacific Coast. Chick, the youngest of the quartet, has recovered from his fractured leg, and will soon start wrestling again. Chick is located at Lyndenhurst, L. I., living with Gino on the latter's estate.

The Golden Terror, mask or no mask, still continues to be one of the Ace bad men of the sport. This grappler, true name Robert Weatherly Stewart, is a riot provoker. Nothing suits him better than when he starts dodging all sorts of missiles hurled at him by irate spectators.

Chris Zaharias and Babe Zaharias, brothers of the famous George, are in this part of the country, and making things rather uncomfortable for their rivals. Fans and critics are of the opinion that the younger kin of the "Cry Baby George" are surpassing their eldest brother in supplying the thrills.

Vic Christy may show his wares before Eastern fans soon. He has been an absentee from these parts for quite a spell and his return to the Eastern wars will be welcomed.

Warren Bockwinkle, the handsome St. Louis star, continues to please the fans. Bockwinkle has demonstrated time and again, with few exceptions, that an orthodox gripster can easily master a rough and tumble, devil-may-care, pier six brawler. He wrestles according to Hoyle and is well liked.

Another legal type wrestler who is more than making good is Tommy O'Toole. A master of many grips, Tommy also relies on speed and headwork to outmaneuver his opponents.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS FROM HAWAII by Theodore Yamachika follows: What mysterious charm attracts the parade of wrestlers to Hawaii? Every week Al Karasick, the only wrestling promoter in the Islands, receives quite a number of letters from wrestlers all over the world who are mighty eager to climb a cocoanut palm or dance the "hula hula." And those who already have been here, a group which includes such stars as Jim Londos, Joe Savoldi, Gus Sonnenberg, Strangler Lewis, George Zaharias and a whole flock of others, are also wanting to know when they can return.

Surely it can't be that the Honolulu wrestling fans attract them. The people here are rabid fans but also very critical. And they have a right to be. They have seen the very best performers and they have set a high standard. Any grappler who only shows sub-par form is quickly given a return ticket. That is why false counts, freaks and the likes of them don't survive in Hawaii.

Perhaps it is the climate here which gives the matlers an itch for the Islands. Honolulu has a perfect climate all year round except for a short spell of warm weather during the summer and as one wrestler puts it, "It's no trouble keeping in condition. Just live practically naked, put on a coat of tan either swimming or surfing, climb a mountain or a cocoanut tree and you are all ready to go on Tuesday night." And if you're a wrestler with some following your financial worries are like snakes in Hawaii. They do not exist.

Current rage of Honolulu is Mike "Whiskers" London, light-heavyweight champion of the world. His stock took a leap when he announced to the public that he'll be willing to stake his title against any man, including "Rubberman" Higami if and when a suitable opponent appears. Everyone's been clamoring for a title bout with the champion but those who seem to have the inside track are Joe Parelli, Higami, Kimon Kudo and Billy Venable.

Bobby Coleman, recent arrival from Los Angeles, made it two straight when he won a decision over Billy Venable. His debut was against Dynamite Joe Parelli, whom he defeated, two out of three falls.

It won't be surprising if a wrestling champion should emerge from the personnel of the U.S. fleet. For several weeks now we have been having several sailor boys tangling with one another trying to decide the fleet championship. And their performances have been classy affairs, in fact they have shown class worthy of the full-fledged professionals whose only business is to tie the other in knots. Take Sailor Sam Sims of the U.S.S. *Colorado*, for instance. A huge 237-pounder with lots of class, a little more experience added to his bulk would make him a man hard to beat.

Wrestlers in the Spotlight

(Continued from page 37)

or graduates from the amateur ranks of this country.

Many of the veterans of the past campaigns are still in the field and are rated among the favorites. While in California wrestling was at a standstill for the past two months, the indoor season will find many of the stand-bys back in action under new management.

In the East, Rudy Dusek, leader of the famous Dusek clan, has not been idle. The Dusek boys, rated among the greatest drawing cards in this country, have been busy throughout the summer months and now that the indoor season has got under way, they are being booked by Rudy as headliners in shows conducted under his management in many parts of the East. Rudy, who knows showmanship, realizes the value of new talent and he, like Pfeffer, has added to his list a number of newcomers who will be booked on the same card with several of the Dusek boys throughout the fall and winter months.

Two outstanding wrestlers garnered by Rudy Dusek are Frank Marconi and Sheriff Tom Hanley. Each has made the mark during the past six months and with the opening of the new indoor season, they will be booked with the headliners throughout the East by Dusek. Marconi is 21 years old. He is an Italian-American who just completed the outdoor season with a clean slate. Whether he can duplicate this feat during the fall and winter, remains to be seen.

Marconi wrestled 37 matches since he turned pro last spring season. Thirty-one resulted in victories and six in time limit draws.

Born and raised in Ohio, Marconi became a weight lifting star when a mere boy. He developed his perfect physique with weights and by constant training. A few years ago he moved to the Pacific Coast where he became the greatest young heavyweight in the amateur ranks. He won 207 amateur bouts without a defeat.

Marconi stands five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 224 and is built like Jim Londos. There is a striking resemblance between the young Italian and the great veteran Greek.

Under the tutorage of Frank Judson, former Harvard coach, Marconi has advanced rapidly.

* * *

TOM HANLEY, as the deputy sheriff of Garfield county, Oklahoma, is widely respected by its citizens. Tom as the wrestler, is one man that everyone has learned to hate.

Now the two characters are the one and same man. Hanley is the chap who has been upholding law and order when in civilian clothes. But once he is in ring togs, he is one of the meanest and roughest gladiators in the business.

Sheriff Tom Hanley stands six feet tall. He hits the Fairbanks at 290 pounds. He is a good looking chap, whose appearance belies his ill will toward his ring opponents. Due to his enormous size, plus the fact that Hanley, through his previous battles with criminals, drunks and petty law breakers, has found that torso tossing along the unorthodox lines would pay far better dividends than being strictly a legal gripster.

Hanley has been wrestling since he was fourteen years of age. He grappled for his high school team. Upon graduation, he entered Oklahoma A & M in 1933. It was there at the time that Hanley made history both as a footballer and wrestler. He captained the football squad in 1935 and he led the bone twisters in 1933, 1934 and 1935. His teams won all the events from the bantamweights up.

In 1936, Hanley became the runner-up for the 1936 Olympic wrestling team. He was just about ready to leave with the Olympic squad, when he was appointed deputy sheriff of Garfield county. Tom was born in Enid, Oklahoma, March 26, 1913.

The Real Tex Rickard

(Continued from page 12)

acquainted with Tex's personal tastes, was found in the fact that the latter didn't really care a cuss for prizefighting or any other form of athletics he sponsored. For sports in his case were merely a "means toward an end" the making of a fortune and prideful progress to the giddy altitude of a big shot in the role of purveyor of thrill-entertainment.

However, the insistent ballyhoo had the desired effect on a credulous populace ignorant of these things and used to emotional stimulation by boxing writers. The innocent come-ons goose-stepped to the journalistic trumpet-blares summoning them to idol-worship, as faithfully as voodoo celebrants in the jungle dance to the guttural roar of thudding drums before their High Priest at the sacrificial altar.

* * *

IT cannot be denied that Rickard gave the fans what they wanted. There is no disposition here to undervalue the successful exploits of a man who promoted five different glove contests that drew more than a million dollar gate at the box office on each occasion, something until then never accomplished by any other fistic impresario. But a protest against his elevation to a superman status is certainly in order for he was not in that category, by any means.

Backed by practically unlimited funds enabling him to reward fighters with purses of a magnitude never known before, and keep his faithful press-allies lined up behind him, with a rich crop of sensational battlers to draw upon at will, any promoter equipped with the keen business acumen possessed by Tex Rickard, could hardly have failed to make good under similar conditions.

There was no talk of a brain-trust, politically or otherwise, in what we are now inclined to view from a somewhat superior attitude, as those less sophisticated days. Yet in the slightly enigmatical person of Mike Jacobs, not officially, but closely associated with Tex Rickard in the new Garden, the latter found A grade counsel that proved of great value to him on more than one occasion.

It was Jacobs' advice that solved a complicated tangle into which Rickard had become involved with the New York Boxing Commission, and resulted in the Tunney-Dempsey battle where the former annexed the heavyweight title, being staged at Philadelphia. Again, it was Jacobs who foresaw a million dollar gate at Chicago, and induced Tex to name the Windy City as locale for the second encounter between the men. Jacobs was then only known to the public as a ticket speculator on a large scale.

But there is plenty of evidence that he was Tex's Man Friday, and a power behind the Garden promotorial throne in more senses than one. And in later years, long after Rickard had passed over to the great majority, it was this same Mike Jacobs who helped to lift boxing out of the dismal slump into which the sport had fallen, and brought back the Million Dollar Gate by exploiting Joe Louis, the sensational colored heavyweight.

* * *

IN Rickard's time the ticket-scalping evil existed pretty much as it does today. Every once in a while some New York newspaper would turn its heavy artillery on the gents who gypped the fight-customers thus, and such righteous outbreaks of journalistic virtue always came in for widely-quoted vocal support by the Garden boss. Tex even went further than that.

For before the Jack Delaney-Jimmy Maloney battle at the Garden arena, he declared that the bad ticket-scalpers were breaking his honest heart by their nefarious actions, and something must be done to protect his beloved patrons. In this St. George vs. the Dragon role, he descended upon the Collector of Internal Revenue and demanded punitive action, a feat of heroic endeavour for which he was given due credit by the hoorah-boys.

It was not made public, however, that while he was battling with his right mitt for the common folks' welfare, his left was engaged in dexterously passing out bundles of tickets for select ringside seats to selected scalpers. Incidentally, the Delaney-Maloney fracas broke all indoor records with its gate, which topped $200,000. For the soul solace of moralists who might be shocked by this sad disclosure, it may be surmised that Mr. Rickard was possibly influenced by the Scriptural injunction: "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth!" Or it may have been "smart business" all over again!

Anyway, Mike Jacobs and his Broadway contemporaries were fully satisfied. For the fuss kicked up in the papers was a splendid ad for the bout, and the ticket agencies were fairly stormed by stampeding human cattle determined to purchase tickets at any old price.

* * *

RICKARD had such an uninterrupted run of good luck during his career as promoter that it remains mere speculation as to how he would have acted if beset by ill-fortune. Von Moltke, the German military genius whose strategy was responsible for the decisive victories gained by the Teuton armies over their foes in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, interposed a gruff negative to the admiring comment of a friend who referred to him as a "great general!"

"No general," said the old martinet, "deserves the title of great unless he has fought a succesful rear-guard action. I was never compelled to do so. The genuine test of manhood lies in one's ability to combat disaster successfully!"

Like Von Moltke, Tex was never caught with his back to the wall, facing defeat and loss of prestige. No serious disasters menaced him throughout his entire career as a promoter, what little setbacks he encountered were too trifling to be mentioned in comparison with his numerous successes.

Perhaps the one heavy loss the Garden sustained under his guidance, incurred by the Gene Tunney-Tom Heeney battle, which went into the red for $232,000, would have marked the beginning of the bad luck trail for him, had it not been for his unexpectedly sudden death from an attack of appendicitis!

The supply of good fighting talent had dwindled away by that time, his greatest drawing-card, Jack Dempsey, with whom the million dollar gate first became an established fact was out of the running and retired from ring service. Tunney had also retired, refusing the most enticing offers to take on Sharkey in a final farewell performance. None of the remaining heavyweights possessed much in the line of class or color, and when public interest in the heavy brigade grows lukewarm, it's a chilly outlook for promoters.

Also the Garden stockholders were beginning to clip Rickard's wings a bit. The Tunney-Heeney deficit of $152,000 scared them, money was getting a little tight, the fat years of prosperity were nearing an end, and the lean years approaching.

Tex's up-to-the-limit gambling methods had always given some of his financial bosses uneasy moments, despite the many safe landings he made from the aerial heights of daring speculation. Only one crash, to be sure, but that was enough to create a mild panic, so they put the leash of restraining authority on him.

That was the reason why he invested in an estate at Miami, with the intention of establishing a sport headquarters in the Florida seaside resort, where he might reign as a king of huge amusement carnivals without interference by cautious gentlemen who no longer cared to shoot dice with their bank rolls. Secretly he had planned to double cross his millionaire backers by establishing a winter resort that would enable him to carry on in Florida as he had in New York.

* * *

IN association with Jack Dempsey, he had planned the holding of a 10-round fight at Miami Beach, but died following an operation there on January 6, 1929. Dempsey went ahead with the match, which brought Stribling and Sharkey together as principals. No million dollar gate resulted, as Rickard had confidently prohesied, but the receipts totted up $395,369, which represented a fair profit.

It is logical to conclude that Rickard had passed his success-peak when death intervened and spared him the actual shock of an anti-climax such as shattered many a high-blown reputation in the past. The depression would have hit him as hard as it did everyone else, and there is nothing in his career to indicate that he would have weathered the storm any better than the countless number of speculators who were wrecked by it.

When he passed away, his death, his lying-in-state at Madison Square Garden, and his funeral, were front-page stuff. No ballyhoo ever given the greatest of his undertakings equalled that trumpeted forth by the publicists for days after the news of his demise flashed over the wires.

The whole thing resembled a grotesquely glorified promotion stunt. Truly Rickardian in its blatant mob-appeal, it was yet peculiarly appropriate as a final salute to one who in life centered his ambition on attaining recognition as victor in the big-thrill game of spectacular promotion, and reveled in the adulation of the printed page and homage of the proletariat.

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Body Blows Whip Bob

(Continued from page 3)

eree in a state where they are more strict than in New York, and he won't find himself credited with the loss of a round, but will find that he has been disqualified. No British or Canadian referee would have permitted Conn to fight on after fouling his man, but in New York, the referee has no choice. The rules call only for the loss of a round. It behooves Billy and his mentor, Johnny Ray, to start now, before it is too late, to get the knack of shooting Billy's beautiful hook where it will do the most damage without endangering the status of the deliverer.

* * *

PASTOR, who had taken twenty-one rounds of Louis' best punches before he could be put out of the way, failed in his effort to check the rise of the Pittsburgh boy, because he couldn't take it in the midsection. It was after the sixth round, at which time Pastor had the margin on him, that Conn opened up. It took only a few seconds after the gong had sent them on their way in that session, for Conn to crash the right to Bob's face. Then as Pastor came forth to meet the attack, Billy tested his left to the stomach.

Bob winced. Billy noticed it and smiled. In fact, he winked to me as he saw the effect of this punch. That gave him his clue. He realized that he had found the weak spot and began to play for it.

But Pastor covered up too much in that round to give Billy the chance for which he was looking. So Billy played a tattoo on Bob's chin. The left landed there repeatedly in that round and worried Pastor not a little. Toward the end of the session, Billy's left caught Bob on the jaw and sent him back more than three feet. Thus did Conn prepare his opponent for what was soon to come—a weakening body attack.

The bell sounded for the eighth round. Billy rushed from his corner. With a sneer on his face, he let go his left. He hooked it. It landed in Pastor's right side. Back Billy drew that left and with a swish, he let go again. It crashed against Bob's chest. As Pastor retreated, Billy drew back his left and in a jiffy he again let go and this time he crashed with a thud squarely in the mid-section close by the solar plexus.

Pastor was hurt. He gasped for breath. He tried to clinch as his head fell forward. Conn sensed the kill and wasted no time. He became nervous and let fly the left again, but this time it landed just below the belt line and he was called to account by Referee Billy Cavanaugh and correctly so. The call disconcerted the light-heavyweight king and he was ineffective for almost fifty seconds before he again unleashed a heavy body attack, with the left doing considerable damage.

* * *

THOUGH he lost the round, I attribute the success of Conn to the left hooks landed in the seventh. Thereafter Billy knew where to strike. He was fully aware of the fact that Pastor couldn't take it in the stomach and he made that his target.

From the ninth round to the finish, left hooks kept Bob's body well plastered and every time one sank wrist deep into the belly, Pastor moaned and indicated he had been hit low. Only once after the eighth did I see a hook go below the belt line.

In the ninth, Billy spun his man around with a left to the chin and in the tenth, a left to the jaw, caused Bob to wince. His eyes became glassy and with speed gone, he proved a mark for his opponent who, realizing Bob's condition, laced it into him with lefts to the body and jaw.

A few seconds before the bell sounded, a hook to the solar plexus, the third perfect one Conn had landed in four rounds, doubled Bob with pain. Had the bell not sounded after Conn had connected with a right to the chin and a left to the jaw immediately after the solar plexus wallop, Pastor would have gone down.

Bob had been grimacing during each of the last three rounds and the gallery gods began to believe that every punch Conn landed was a foul. It was a noisily partisan gathering, mostly for Bob and that made the task a little more difficult. Referee Cavanaugh took the twelfth round away from Conn for a low hit as he explained it, though from where I sat, only a few feet away from the fighters, I thought the punch which brought the penalty was in fair territory, just above the belt.

* * *

THE finish came about 2.54 of the thirteenth round. Conn, now a fighting fury, realizing that the two lost rounds might cost him the fight though he outclassed his opponent, lost no time getting after his prey for a final reckoning. He was now a fighting devil. The boyish smile was gone. Determination was written over his face. He even frowned, something unusual for Billy, as he tore after his man.

Pastor, tired, could offer little opposition. He was ready to welcome a cessation of hostilities and he got his wish before the round ended. As a barrage of left hooks, one coming after the other, found their way into Bob's mid-section, he tried desperately to find a resting place against Conn's body but Billy wouldn't give him the opportunity. Relentlessly, tirelessly, with speed to burn, Billy sank blow after blow to the target. The body was exclusively the point of the attack and Pastor, unable to protect himself, looked anything like the fighter who had stood up before Joe Louis for eleven rounds in Detroit and for ten in New York.

A sharp left hook ended the fray. It crashed into the weakened body of Bob. As he surged forward, about to fall, a right to the chin put Pastor out for the evening. He dropped on hands and knees and as the referee counted, he fell face forward and in that posture, the bout ended.

* * *

CONN had won. The seconds of Pastor raised a howl of foul. The referee added to the turmoil by declaring that had Pastor gotten to his feet he would have penalized Conn a third round. But through it all, Conn laughed his boyish laugh. He was like a kid who had made good. He had promised himself a knockout victory and a chance to prove that he could mingle with the best of the heavyweights, even Joe Louis, his aim, and he felt he had won his point.

But the public was not satisfied. The fans left the Garden singing the praises of Smiling Billy, but shaking the head when it came to discussing the victor as a fit opponent at this stage for Louis.

The Irish Adonis, a great young fighter, may yet develop into such a challenger, and I personally hope he does, but it is best for him and the boxing game that Johnny Ray and Mike Jacobs keep him from Louis for at least another nine months. It would be a pity to deprive the sport of such a boxer-fighter as Willie, which would be the case were Conn to get his way and be matched with the Bomber at this stage.

As for Pastor clamoring for another fight with Conn, I doubt the public cares to see such an affair again. Foul or no foul, Bob was outclassed and as for the final wallop, it was as fair as any punch I've ever seen. Pastor was out on his feet and Billy made it a little easier for him by ending his misery with a left hook to the stomach.

The Ring's Quiz

Copyright, 1940—The Ring, Inc.

HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with three out of five you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—Name the lightweight champions from Benny Leonard to the present day.

2—What title did each of the following hold: Midget Wolgast; Willie Ritchie; Battling Siki; Paul Berlenbach.

3—What fight brought about the adoption of the no-foul rule?

4—Identify Johnny Gallagher; Dave Barry; Martin Julian; Prof. Mike Donovan and Pierce Egan.

5—Name the place where each of the following bouts were staged: Willard-Dempsey; Dempsey-Carpentier; Leonard-Welsh, when titles changed hands; Gans-Nelson fight that put Tex Rickard on the map; Jeffries-Fitzsimmons bout in which Jeff won the heavyweight title.

Youth *vs.* Experience

(Continued from page 19)

Tommy Tracey at Portland, Ore., and 32 when he was beaten on the Coast by Walcott.

Benny Jordon was 33 when he beat Pedlar Palmer in England in 15 rounds.

Tommy Ryan was 29 when he defeated Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, and at 34, he stopped Billy Stifft in four rounds.

Australian Billy Murphy was 27 when he and Young Griffo fought for the Australian championship at Sydney. At 33 he defeated middleweight Paddy Smith at Cincinnati, and at the ripe old age of 44 Murphy knocked out Tom Toohey at New Plymouth in one round.

Jimmy Barry, the peer of all 105-pounders, was 27 when he defeated Johnny Ritchie and Johnny Conners, and even when he retired, Barry was able to put up an interesting fight.

New York Boxing

(Continued from page 27)

Remember, the foregoing registered disagreement of experts was by no means an isolated instance. Instead of being an exception, it was rather the general rule. Unless a knockout occurred, there was almost sure to be one or more writers dissenting from the verdicts typed by their press stand contemporaries. How far political influence went toward the published bestowal of honors on the winners, there is, of course, no way of determining. In many instances, certain unscrupulous scribes were on the payroll of a fight manager to see that his fighter received the "newspaper decision."

Some newspaper decisions were palpably absurd. It is only natural to infer that not all of the ringside reporters were cast in such a Spartan mould of virtue as to be sternly irresponsive to the insinuating whispers of gamblers or men-higher-up who were interested in having a certain scrapper crowned with victory's laurel wreath by a newspaper decree.

That bribes were given and accepted was a matter of common knowledge.

* * *

THE small clubs were legion in number during the Frawley Law days. There were so many of these minor organizations that their show dates conflicted constantly, with the result that many of them lost money.

The bigger clubs ran against bad nights occasionally but usually contrived to lessen the possibility of such misfortunes by selecting different dates for their entertainments. Also, the big fellows chose none but tried talent for the preliminaries, and paid a fair price for their services. There, however, outside boxers were at a disadvantage, for the pairing off of local favorites was a familiar stunt with the matchmakers.

Athletic clubs sprang up in every corner. Many had but a limited existence, but lasted long enough to draw patronage from other clubs which might have made good had the smaller fry been fewer in number. One estimate shows twenty-five recognized boxing clubs catering to New York's fight fans, with others outside the city limits. There was one week in which fourteen clubs were in the local field with conflicting attractions. They were the Fairmount, Atlantic Garden, Roman A. C., Dry Dock A. C., Brown's Gymnasium, The Sharkey, New Polo, Irving, Broadway, Gowanus, Queensboro, Dexter Park and West Brighton.

Three played to fair houses, four broke even, and the rest were on the wrong side of the financial fence. There was no lack of fighters. On the contrary, scrappers were as numerous as rats in the Chicago Stock Yards. Every manager—and there were scores of them—had a rough-and-ready stock of glovemen on hand, each willing to take a hiding for any kind of money. The star boxers made out all right, but the large crop of unknowns and preliminary fillers-in underwent some melancholy experiences.

* * *

IT may be imagined that the financial rewards for minor sluggers were listed in skimpy figures. Some clubs went as high as seven dollars to the winner and four to the loser of a six-round argument, provided that the scrap was full of ginger and the box office receipts warranted such a reckless outlay. If the bout was poor or the attendance light, the luckless performers would wend their homeward way unprovided with money-balm for their numerous bruises.

The Frawley Law was not a brilliant success, viewed from any angle. But it did give boxing patrons legal protection, which was more than could be said for the club membership plan. For example, the matching of Sailor Burke and Billy Papke at the Harlem River Casino. Papke was then a star among the 158-pounders. Burke had a big following.

A large crowd was in attendance on the night of the contest. Suddenly a number of brawny bluecoats appeared, and a lieutenant announced there would be no fight. This declaration almost precipitated a riot. But quiet was restored when it was whispered around that the management would refund their money to all ticket-holders.

But presently the cops proceeded to clear the building and those who sought to tarry at the exits saw to their dismay that the box office was dark and deserted. For the canny promoter had suddenly departed for regions unknown—flown the coop—and taken the gate receipts with him.

There was no redress for the spectators, the bout having been declared illegal by the authorities.

How different is the present-day orderly conducted, legalized boxing under state commission rule.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 17)

that a few weeks ago Edward G. Holske died. That announcement may not mean much to the present-day fight fans, but to the veterans it signifies the passing of one more member of the old guard, a man who was a big shot in the sport during the transition periods of boxing—from the bare-knuckle to the skin tight and finally to the glove period.

Holske was 83 years old when the Grim Reaper put him to rest. In his prime, he was very much in the spotlight as athlete, promoter and trainer. He was one of those who, when Jack McAuliffe and John L. Sullivan were in their prime, kept the pugilistic pot boiling despite the many hazards that confronted a promoter at that time when the path was far from smooth and the anti-prize fight laws made it possible for an offender to serve long term imprisonments or pay heavy fines.

He was manager of "The Gymnasium," a private boxing club in Boston; handled the affairs of Jem Carney when the Englishman fought his famous 74-round draw with McAuliffe at Revere Beach, Mass.; was press agent for John L. Sullivan when the advance news was being prepared for the Sullivan-Mitchell fight at Chantilly, France, and gained fame on the cinder path as one of America's greatest "peds" and at one time held the toe-and-heel championship at from one mile to fifty.

Holske was born at New Orleans, September 10, 1857, and his first love in sports was walking. He competed in many New York toe-and-heel races, with marked success. He was just as well known in England as he was in America. He toured that land in the latter seventies and upon his return was invincible in his specialty in this country.

Among the famous affairs he handled were the Tug Wilson vs. Paddy Sullivan bout; Jack McGee vs. Paddy Duffy; Matt Cunningham vs. Joe Lannan; Ike Weir vs. James Fuhry; Jack McAuliffe vs. Billy Frazier; Jem Carney vs. Martin Snee; Billy Frazier vs. Mike Daly, and many others, in addition to having a part in the arrangements of the Carney vs. McAuliffe fight. He was very fond of both Carney and McAuliffe and through his initiative, he was able to get a belt for each. He handed one to Carney, the international lightweight belt, and one to McAuliffe, as holder of the U. S. lightweight title. He likewise was sweet on Ike Weir. He thought Ike the greatest of all fighters his weight and gave Weir a belt, emblematic of the 120-pound championship.

* * *

WITH Billy Conn graduated into the heavyweight ranks via his own choice; Gus Lesnevich likewise in the heavyweight ranks, the field of light-heavyweights who have sufficient ability to rate championship contenders is narrowed down to a mere handful of fighters. Melio Bettina has had his chance and is now on the downgrade. Solly Krieger is making a good comeback in the heavier division, but he likewise has seen his best days. Anton Christoforidis has proved his right to a high place in the division. Teddy Yarosz has had his ups and downs, but continues a top-notcher.

However, a youngster, Jimmy Webb by name, is the class of the division at this writing. The manner in which he took Tommy Tucker into camp on the night of the Conn-Pastor fight proved that he looms as the brightest prospect, the man who seems most likely to gain the top rung of the ladder.

* * *

THE return of Fred Apostoli to ring activity is welcome news to his army of admirers. Fred was a good fighter before he lost hold of himself after the loss of several contests and after a long rest, he has resumed where he left off prior to his knockout at the hands of Melio Bettina. The long layoff has done Apostoli a world of good. Whether he can climb to the top again remains to be seen. Under the able guidance of Larry White, he reached the heights and when White thought that Fred's days as a top-notcher were over, he handed the fighter his release.

Now Apostoli, under the management of Joe Niederost, has returned with much of his old-time vim. If he can continue to progress both the middleweight and light-heavyweight divisions will be better off. When Apostoli stopped Dale Sparr in San Francisco in two rounds, he scaled 162 pounds and for his ten-round victory over Boy Hogue the former claimant to middleweight honors tipped the beam at exactly 160 pounds.

Boxing fans throughout the country are rooting for Fred's successful comeback. He was well liked when in his prime because he could always be depended upon for square shooting competition. He and Larry White have been a credit to the sport and now that Fred is under new management, THE RING wishes him and his new mentor the success attained by the old combine.

Twice-Told Tales

(Continued from page 23)

days. The day after their arrival, Sullivan donned the gloves and made his first appearance in an American ring.

Turning to McCarney, Sullivan, weighing more than 200 pounds, remarked:

"I don't want to hurt the kid. I'm a tough hombre. When I hit 'em, they feel it."

McCarney, without batting an eyelash, in his usual soft, mild voice, replied:

"Glad you tipped me off, pal. Just be gentle with him. You know, it's only a sparring match. Don't try to kill him."

The gong sounded. Dempsey, as in the Willard fight, tore out of his corner, crouched, swung his right and it caught Sullivan squarely between the eyes. Both puffed to the size of an egg. He dropped like a log and the fight was over.

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At 11 o'clock on the morning of the contest Moran found himself a bit overweight and was forced to run around Golden Gate Park and then get a good rubdown.

At weighing in time he lifted the scales, which were set at 120, and Attell called the fight off, saying that Moran hadn't lived up to his agreement. He was still too heavy.

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Harvey put Moran on the scales again and found that he was EXACTLY ONE OUNCE OVERWEIGHT. His walrus mustache was as stiff as a broom. He refused to pay the $1,500 to Attell, declaring that his boy was not a pound overweight, but ONE OUNCE.

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From Obscurity to Fame

(Continued from page 29)

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The British Outlook

(Continued from page 9)

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IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

George Baker, Lynn, Mass.

Q.—Could you please tell me if THE RING Magazine ever published a front cover picture of Jake Zeramby? What is the price of a back number of THE RING?

A.—No. 25 cents to 50 cents, depending on the year.

Dale Sweit, Ridgewood, N. Y.

Q.—After Gene Tunney's retirement, Sharkey and Schmeling fought. What I want to know is was Sharkey champion before the fight or was the fight to decide who was the champion?

A.—There was no recognized champion after Tunney's retirement. The winner of that fight was to be recognized as the champion. They were the outstanding contenders.

E. R. Lewis, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—What is the date of birth of Cocoa Kid, Holman Williams and Steve Mamakos? How tall is Cocoa Kid and how long has he been fighting professionally?

A.—Cocoa was born January 17, 1913. No date records on Williams or Mamako. Cocoa is five feet 10½ inches tall and has been boxing about 10 years.

Frank Jamieson, Scotland

Q.—Did Jem Mace ever fight in America?

A.—Yes, he did. He fought Tom Allen in Louisiana and Joe Coburn in St. Louis.

Harvey Myrtle, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—How many times must a champion defend his title before he can win THE RING belt permanently.

A.—There are no strings attached to THE RING belt. When presented to a champion, it is his for keeps.

Sam Hamilton, Montreal, Can.

Q.—If a world championship were staged in Canada, would such a fight be recognized in the United States?

A.—Of course. There is no specially designated place to stage a title fight. If the bout is universally recognized, it may be staged anywhere.

Manny Trumbull, Portland, Oregon

Q.—When Jeffries fought Johnson, did the referee stop the fight or was it stopped by Jeffries' handlers?

A.—Sam Berger, in charge of Jeffries' corner, tossed in the sponge when he saw that Jeffries was hopelessly beaten.

Carl Simms, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Was Red Chapman ever world featherweight champion?

A.—No. He was the New England title-holder and received a belt in Boston to prove his right to such honors.

RING Reader, Port Clinton, Ohio

Q.—At what age is the best to take up amateur boxing? What are some of the best books that you handle on boxing? How much are they?

A.—Seventeen to eighteen is about the best time. "Training for Boxers," and "How to Box," are the most widely read. They sell for $1 each.

James F. Lynch, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Can you tell me what Jimmy McLarnin's weight was when he fought Sid Terris?

A.—Both weighed 133½ pounds each.

Bob Hawkins, Augusta, Maine

Q.—Would you please give me a short analysis of Kid Chocolate's boxing style? What was his pet punch? Where could I reach him? Does THE RING Book Shop have picture? Who did he fight last? Name in order the flyweight and featherweight champions.

A.—A very snappy and beautiful boxer who was a perfect picture of motion. A right hand uppercut at long range that resembles the Bolo Punch used by Ceferino Garcia today. Cuban Boxing Commission where he is an instructor. $1.25 each for photos size 8 by 10 inches. Nickey Jerome. A draw in Cuba. There is no flyweight champion recognized today. Harry Jeffra is the world's featherweight champion.

Charles Heming, St. Louis, Mo.

Q.—Could a heavyweight championship fight be staged with the challenger weighing only 160 pounds?

A.—Yes. No limit to weights in that class. Bob Fitzsimmons was a middleweight when he fought heavyweights. So were Sam Langford, and Charley Mitchell. Harry Greb often scaled close to middleweight limit in fighting heavyweights. There is no rule against it.

Cleveland Baker, Florence, S. C.

Q.—Who won the heavyweight title from Jim Jeffries? What is Jack Johnson's address? Who proceeded Gene Tunney as heavyweight champion? What is Tommy Farr's weight and height?

A.—Jeffries retired undefeated. He later fought Jack Johnson but Johnson was the champion at the time. Haven't his address. Title was open and Max Schmeling won it on a foul from Jack Sharkey in four rounds. Farr is six feet 1 inch and weighs 210 pounds.

Ernest L. Overby, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Q.—How tall and how heavy was Luis Firpo when he fought Jack Dempsey? It is rumored that Harry Greb was losing his eyesight prior to his championship fight with Johnny Wilson and that the night he won the title, he was blind in one eye. Is this true? If so and the N.B.A. had known about such a defect, would the fight have been prevented?

A.—Six feet two and one half inches and 224 pounds. Greb was fighting with one eye several years before he fought Johnny Wilson. The N.B.A. wouldn't have any power to do anything about it.

Mae Stanley, Riverhead, L. I.

Q.—In the old days were the fights staged on Long Island because that country permitted prize fights to be held?

A.—No. Boxing was illegal in all parts of the country. They were held on Long Island because it was easier to avoid police detection there than in the heart of New York City, close by.

M. Miess, Montreal, Canada

Q.—What state and what city has the record for turning out the most world's champions? How does Buddy Knox stand as a heavyweight contender? Has Canada ever had a heavyweight of any standing against the world's title? What chance does Dave Castilloux have against Lew Jenkins?

A.—I never took the trouble to compile that record. It would take too long. A very busy campaigner who may make the grade. Tommy Burns held the world heavyweight title. Castilloux would be favored to win.

Mike Beneventure, New Orleans, La.

Q.—Who was the timekeeper in the Sullivan-Corbett fight at New Orleans?

A.—I'm not sure but I think Mr. Burke was. He is the father of the man who was Louisiana's State Boxing Commissioner and a president of the N.B.A.

Thomas Headley, Roanoke, Va.

Q.—If two fighters trip each other, what procedure would the referee have to follow?

A.—Since neither knocked the other down, it would be unfair to count over the boys. The proper procedure would be for the referee to help each lad to his feet, wipe off the gloves and then have them resume the fight.

Archie Warren, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—Is every punch to the side of the body a kidney blow?

A.—No. Not unless the punch is actually striking the kidney. Unfortunately too many announcers call every punch to the side of the body a kidney punch.

Martin Chewaleski, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—Can a fighter be knocked down five times in a bout of 10 rounds, go the route and still win?

A.—He could. If the knockdown occurred in an early round and he then won each of the other nine rounds, or even seven of the nine rounds, all or most of them by very big margins, finished far stronger than his opponent and otherwise proved his superiority after those knockdowns, I would give him the fight. He would be entitled to it.

Art Heimlich, Seattle, Wash.

Q.—Didn't Dempsey referee the Hostak-Steele fight?

A.—Yes, he did. We erred in saying that Braddock refereed.

Fred Montelione, Slickville, Pa.

Q.—I am 18 years of age and am five feet five and one half inches and weigh 145 pounds. How much will I be when I am 21? Who would win between Louis and Conn?

A.—Five feet eight inches and 160 pounds in weight. Louis will be a big favorite to win.

Jimmie Murray, Walla Walla, Wash.

Q.—Please inform me as to the official weight of Billy Conn when he fought Henry Cooper?

A.—173½ pounds.

Clift Bell, Little Rock, Ark.

Q.—How is Bob Sikes rated now since he was knocked out by Pat Comiskey? Is he still heavyweight champion of the South? Did THE RING make a mistake when it stated that Dan Dowling holds a one round kayo over Sikes?

A.—Not too highly. Sectional titles don't mean anything. Dowling claims he scored the knockout while Sikes claimed it was someone else using his name.

Dave "Pop" Edwards, Wilmington, N. C.

Q.—There are quite a few names not rated in THE RING such as Ben Brown, Dave Clark, Lou Ambers and Al Davis. What has happened? Have they retired or fallen by the wayside?

A.—Brown and Davis have lost some prestige in their recent battles and may get back in the first ten. Clark and Ambers have retired at least temporarily.

Herman Schwartz, Long Beach, Cal.

Q.—Was Gene Tunney in danger of being dropped at any time in his fight with Dempsey in Philadelphia? In his "Information Please" program recently, he intimated he had a cinch, but I recall a story which said that Dempsey almost had him at one time? Is that correct?

A.—Yes, in the fourth round Dempsey clouted Tunney's chin with a left hook that caused Gene to stagger against the ropes. His legs were wobbly but he saved himself by holding.

Jenkins, Charlotte, N. C.

Q.—Was John L. Sullivan a recognized world's champion? If he held the championship under London prize ring rules, did he ever lose that title?

A.—Sullivan won the heavyweight championship of America from Paddy Ryan in 1882. He lost it to Jim Corbett in 1892. In the ten years Sullivan held the title, he never met a foreign champion in the ring. In the list of those eager to meet Sullivan was Peter Jackson, heavyweight champion of England and Australia. Jackson defeated Jem Smith, English titleholder, in two rounds and stopped Frank Slavin, Australian champion in ten rounds.

Sullivan drew the color line on Jackson and refused to fight Slavin, Goddard, Maher, Fitzsimmons and others. The heavyweight world's champion preceding Sullivan's entry of the ring was Jem Mace, who had won the honors by defeating Tom Allen, American titleholder. Allen lost his American title to Goss, who lost to Ryan, who lost to Sullivan.

The only English fighter Sullivan met in a bare knuckle contest was 160-pound Charley Mitchell, who held the Bostonian to a draw in thirty-nine rounds. Sullivan did not hold the world's championship. Although Sullivan won from Ryan under London rules, he lost to Corbett under Queensberry regulations.

The title that Sullivan won from Ryan in 1882 was the same that he lost to Corbett in 1892—the heavyweight championship of America.

Charles Neville, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—(1) What is the pivot blow? How is it used? On what part of the body is it landed? (2) What are the rules of the London Prize Ring? (3) What is the most important thing in boxing, speed, cleverness, gameness or hitting?

A.—(1) In delivering the pivot blow, the fighter extends his arm horizontally, holds it rigid and spins around on one foot, the fist landing on opponent's jaw or head. The man striking the blow whirls completely about and the momentum acquired makes the blow very dangerous. It is an illegal punch. It was with this blow that La Blanche knocked out Jack Dempsey, middleweight champion. (2) The London rules contain twenty-nine clauses and permitted wrestling, holding head in chancery and other brutalities. Men fought on turf with bare hands and wore spikes in shoes. The Queensberry code was adopted with the direct purpose of eliminating the brutalities of the London code. Under London rules a round ended when one or both men went to the ground either in wrestling or from hitting. The time between rounds was thirty seconds, and the man who failed to toe scratch in the center of the ring within eight seconds after the referee called time was disqualified. (3) Considered singly, neither of the above qualities is important. The most useful combination is that of gameness, speed and hitting. Cleverness and speed minus hard hitting has won few titles, Corbett being an exception. The ideal pugilist is one who possesses a reasonable amount of defensive and hitting power. Such were Dixon, Gans, Ryan, McCoy, Jack Johnson, Peter Jackson and many others.

Thomas Warner, Long Beach, Calif.

Q.—(1) What was place and date of fight between Dixie Kid and Joe Walcott? (2) Was Jimmy Wilde the first recognized world's champion in the flyweight class? If not who was? (3) When did Fitzsimmons relinquish the middleweight title? (4) Were there any fighters with a clear right to the title between Fitzsimmons and Ketchel?

A.—(1) San Francisco, April 29, 1904. (2) Yes. (3) 1896. Fitz could no longer make 158 pounds, the class limit. (4) Tommy Ryan and Kid McCoy.

Frank Stebbins, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—What were Joe Walcott's measurements and weight during his prime?

A.—He was 5 feet 2 inches and weighed around 142 pounds. He was short, but stocky. You'll find a splendid account of his fights, giving weights and other important data in my book, "Black Dynamite," Vol. 3. "The Three Colored Aces"—Gans, Dixon and Walcott."

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

The outstanding fights of the month and the ranking of the leaders in each division based on recent performances

BOXING took a turn for the better with the wind-up of the outdoor season and from now on, judging by the turnouts for the initial indoor shows, the sport should see a big revival. The last month of summer was devoid of exceptional ring activity. Few important bouts were staged, and those that were carded failed to arouse public interest as judged by big gate receipts.

By far the biggest events of the month were the Billy Conn-Bob Pastor fight and the Ceferino Garcia-Steve Belloise affair in this country, and in England, where the biggest battle in the history of modern civilization is taking place, with the fighting Britishers giving the brutal German hordes as much as the British have received, the boys took a little time out to take part in several important fistic engagements, of which the outstanding saw Tommy Farr back in harness against the Cornish champion, Zachary Nicholas, and Jock McAvoy pitted against Freddie Mills. Farr won by a knockout in the third but McAvoy got the surprise of his career when Mills outpointed him in ten, thus spoiling a contemplated match with Len Harvey for the light-heavyweight crown, with charity getting the receipts.

In this country, Conn added to his prestige by taking Pastor into camp via the knockout route and Belloise stepped into the middleweight division as the challenger for Ken Overlin's portion of the title, by beating Garcia in ten. Both bouts took place in Madison Square Garden.

It will be difficult to discount the performance of Billy Conn in putting Bob Pastor away in the thirteenth round no matter what is said about the fouls charged against him. He must be reckoned as a heavyweight threat, though not yet ready for Joe Louis. Billy, who heads the light-heavyweights, will have to remain as head of that class until he openly abdicates and announces his intention of going after Joe Louis' crown. It would be setting a dangerous precedent to have Conn listed in two divisions. Such action would cause confusion when other contenders compete in other divisions. Yet we must admit that Billy at this writing not only is the light-heavy king, but rates among the leading heavyweight contenders.

Aside from Conn's showing against Pastor, the work of Jimmy Webb in whipping Tommy Tucker on the same card was outstanding. This St. Louis youngster looks like the real goods and must be considered seriously when Billy Conn's next opponent is selected. He is the most likely successor to Conn as title-holder. Billy Soose added further to the middleweight confusion when he whipped Tony Zale in an overweight meeting in Chicago. Defeating Overlin and Zale within a period of two months speaks well for this ex-collegian.

In selecting notable achievements by various contenders, we find Jimmy Bivins, Cleveland youngster, among the leaders. He continued to pile up victories over strong opposition. Archie Moore turned in another victory over Ron Richards in Australia. Steve Belloise asserted himself in forcible fashion with his victory over Ceferino Garcia. Fritzie Zivic gained a title shot at Henry Armstrong through his decisive victory over Sammy Angott in Pittsburgh.

Rico Martinez and sometimes known as Chief Evening Thunder drove Baby Arizmendi right out of the ranks of lightweight contenders through an unexpected victory scored at Wilmington, Calif. Pete Scalzo overcame a strong featherweight contender in Jimmy Perrin by taking his measure in the latter's home town.

Others who have been removed from the rankings of the month for losses or inactivity were Bob Pastor, who suffered considerably in prestige when he was kayoed by Billy Conn, was taken out for the time being until he does something to redeem himself. Tommy Farr was installed because of his recent knockout victory while Tommy Martin stepped up a notch through a victory over Buddy Knox. Jimmy Webb made a tremendous gain through his impressive victory over Tommy Tucker. Tiger Warrington came through again due to a kayo over Lee Oma and took the place of Fred Apostoli, who is boxing middleweights again.

In the middleweight class Archie Moore continued to make ground with another victory over Ron Richards in Australia while Ron, due to his bad form, has been removed from the ranking contenders until he makes up in the future. Jimmy Bivins, young Clevelander, is another who is advancing in leaps and bounds. Georgie Abrams tumbled due to his defeat by Henry Chmielewski, who is also making his mark among the first ten.

Al Davis and Victor Dellicurti are back again among the welterweights and it is hoped that they remain active and impressive enough to remain there. Milt Aron has been troubled with making the 147 poundage and in the future will be listed among the middleweights. Phil Furr is also among those missing due to lack of activity.

Arizmendi along with Leo Rodak have been taken from the list due to recent defeats, Rodak losing to Ervin Berlier in New Orleans. Pete Scalzo took Jimmy Perrin's place as No. 2 man in the featherweight class. Joe Marinelli stepped ahead several notches through his win over Spider Armstrong. Bobby Ruffin is finished because of weight difficulties and will cast his lot with the lightweights. He is an excellent prospect and may make the grade among the heavier opposition. Bobby Ivy made his initial bow with a victory over Joey Archibald. No changes were noticed with the

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending September 13:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Billy Conn	Title Vacant	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Max Baer	Gus Lesnevich	Ken Overlin	Cocoa Kid
2—Arturo Godoy	Melio Bettina	Tony Zale	Charley Burley
3—Buddy Baer	Jimmy Webb	Billy Soose	Fritzie Zivic
4—Red Burman	Anton Christoforidis	Archie Moore	Izzy Jannazzo
5—Pat Comiskey	Teddy Yarosz	Steve Belloise	Holman Williams
6—Lee Savold	Jimmy Reeves	Jimmy Bivins	Mike Kaplan
7—Buddy Walker	Solly Krieger	Al Hostak	Maxie Berger
8—Tommy Farr	Turkey Thompson	Ceferino Garcia	Al Davis
9—Tommy Martin	Lloyd Marshall	Henry Chmielewski	Victor Dellicurti
10—Gunnar Barlund	Tiger Warrington	Georgie Abrams	Young Kid McCoy

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lew Jenkins	World's Champion Harry Jeffra	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	Chalky Wright	George Pace	Jackie Paterson
2—Jackie Wilson	Pete Scalzo	Tony Olivera	Little Pancho
3—George Latka	Jimmy Perrin	Lou Salica	Little Dado
4—Pete Lello	Joe Marinelli	K. O. Morgan	Enrico Urbinati
5—Bob Montgomery	Simon Chavez	Kui Kong Young	Manuel Ortiz
6—Dave Castilloux	Sixto Escobar	Kid Tanner	Jimmy Stewart
7—Ervin Berlier	Spider Armstrong	Chick Delaney	Tiny Bostock
8—Johnny Bellus	Bobby Ivy	Aurel Toma	Small Montana
9—Paul De Bello	Larry Bolvin	Tommy Kiene	Jackie Jurich
10—Billy Marquart	Joey Archibald	Johnny Juliano	Joe Curran

bantams and very few among the 112-pound men, who find it difficult to remain busy.

* * *

STARTING with the heavyweights, Red Burman whipped Steve Dudas and kayoed Jack Wofford in four to remain the most prominent active campaigner. Pat Comiskey disposed of Johnny McCarthy in two rounds. Lee Savold kayoed Bob Nestell in the third. Buddy Walker kayoed Bill Boyd in the second but Bill came back with a victory over Johnny Shkor. Tommy Farr required three rounds to finish Zachy Nicholas. Tommy Martin scored over Buddy Knox. Joe O'Gatty was beaten by Gunnar Barlund and Harry Bobo.

Junior Munsell kayoed Jim Merriott in two rounds. Larry Lovett won from Charley Eagle but was stopped by Nathan Mann in the tenth. Jack Tramell kayoed Joe Horvath in the second. Jim Thompson finished Ben Moroz in the fourth. Babe Hunt whipped Babe Ritchie and disposed of George Vallas in the third. Jack Marshall kayoed Maxie Doyle in one. Joe Matisi finished Joe Banovic in the fifth. Bob Sikes kayoed Clarence Miller in the first. Lee Oma disposed of Bert Hardy in two while Buddy Moore finished Johnny Sionas in the first.

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With this issue, THE RING MAGAZINE publishes the lifetime records of three great fighters every month. These are authentic, complete, thoroughly official and correct.

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For a time, the publisher of THE RING planned getting out a record book. This scheme grew out of the fact that in the last year boxing had been left without an adequate compilation of records. For example, a book purporting to be a complete record came out some three months ago—without the records of Joe Louis and Billy Conn, among others.

Instead of printing a book which would entail additional cost to you, THE RING will publish three records each month, for you to clip out and save.

The first set of records, in the November issue, will include Billy Conn, Bob Pastor and Joe Louis.

Do not fail to get THE RING every month, and save this new feature. In time, you will have the greatest boxing record book in the history of fistic publications.

BILLY CONN proved himself capable of mixing with heavyweights by the manner in which he disposed of Bob Pastor in the thirteenth round. Conn is with little opposition in the light-heavyweight ranks and may give up the title to mingle with the heavier fellows. Gus Lesnevich proved himself capable of mixing with heavyweights as did Melio Bettina. Lesnevich stopped Henry Cooper in the fifth while Bettina scored over Gunnar Barlund. Jimmy Webb proved himself in his victory over Tommy Tucker. Anton Christoforidis scored over Tony Bruno. Tiger Warrington kayoed Lee Oma in the sixth. Freddy Mills whipped Jock McAvoy in England. Billy Metcalf defeated Johnny Romero while Jack Baggett scored over Young Allen.

* * *

BILLY SOOSE, who is making much strides among the middleweights, has qualified himself for a titular match through his victory over Tony Zale. Archie Moore whipped Ron Richards in Australia. Steve Belloise looms as a future contender with his victory over Ceferino Garcia. Jimmy Bivins scored over Charley Burley, prominent welterweight contender, and stopped Johnny Barbara in the seventh. Henry Chmielewski scored an upset over George Abrams. Milt Aron drew with Steve Mamakos. Young Corbett whipped Shiek Rangel while Fred Apostoli conquered Big Boy Hogue on the Coast.

Coley Welch disposed of Larry Kellum in the sixth. Ernie Vigh won from Augie Arellano. Tami Mauriello scored over Gene Molnar. Harvey Massey bested Vincent Pimpinella. Tony (Martin) Ciancola kayoed Jimmy Shepard in the sixth. Atilio Sabatino whipped Young Frisco in Singapore. Al Wardlow trimmed Milo Theodorescu. Joe Basora whipped Joe Sutka. Vincent Fratelia kayoed Jimmy Burns in the fourth. Otto Blackwell bested Bobby Pacho.

* * *

CHARLEY BURLEY, strong Pittsburgh contender, scored over Kenny La Salle. Fritzie Zivic proved his superiority over Sammy Angott. Izzy Jannazzo whipped Holman Williams. Maxie Berger drew with Red Guggino. Al Davis returned to action with a seven-round kayo over Joe Ghnouly. Vic Dellicurti scored over Augie Arellano and Bill McDowell. Young Kid McCoy scored a knockout over Johnny Lifford and drew with Pete Lello. Saverio Turiello defeated Carmen Notch. Allen Westbury won from Leon Zorrita while Leon defeated Carmen Barth.

Jerome Conforto drew with Harry Weekly. Andrea Jessurun won from Ossie Harris. Mike Piskin drew and defeated Paul Cortlyn. Bobby Britton kayoed Frankie Williams in the seventh but lost to Don Eddy. Eddie Dolan scored over Francesco Montanari. Antonio Fernandez whipped Tony Ferrara. Johnny Marquez bested Jackie Burke. Joe Boscarino defeated Norman Hurdman while Eddie Dunne whipped Frankie Wallace.

* * *

JACKIE WILSON, Pacific Coast lightweight, was held to a draw by Jimmy Garrison. Dave Castilloux won over Paul De Bello. Leo Rodak drew with Julie Kogan but was beaten by Ervin Berlier Johnny Bellus scored over Eddie Dolan. Billy Marquart defeated Nick Castiglione. Baby Arizmendi kayoed Dub Bowen but was beaten by Chief Evening Thunder. Johnny Hutchinson split two decisions with Young Gildo, defeated Bert Osborne and lost on a foul to Clarrie Rayner in two rounds. Gildo whipped Jack Jarvis and lost to Raynor. Red Guggino was beaten by Maxie Shapiro and Joey Fontana.

Tommy Speigal scored over Johnny Rucker. Ray Lunny whipped Lew Feldman. Toby Vigil kayoed Eddie Marcus in nine rounds. Mike Evans scored over Charley Gomer. Herschel Joiner whipped Norment Quarles. George Hansford kayoed Wesley Sellers in the third but was beaten by Frankie Martin. Maxie Fisher disposed of Ralph Griffin in seven. Clever Henry won over Bruce Howard. Wishy Jones whipped Don Eddy. Charley Varre bested Johnny Cockfield while Angelo De Sanza whipped Al Reid.

* * *

HARRY JEFFRA, world's featherweight champion, stepped into an overweight victory over Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh. Pete Scalzo scored over Jimmy Perrin. Joe Marinelli defeated Spider Armstrong. Chalky Wright disposed of Joey Ferrando in the fourth. Bobby Ivy scored over Joey Archibald. Larry Bolvin drew with Vic Corchado. Sal Bartolo drew with Bobby Ruffin and scored over Monty Pignatore.

Vern Bybee disposed of Dub Bowen in four heats. Richard Lemos finished Charley Miegel in the fifth. Bill Speary whipped Joe Amico and Al Brown of Philadelphia. Allie Stolz defeated Philly Griffin. Morris Parker won from Nunzio Bisogno. Vincenzo Dell Orto whipped Joe Stack and Nat Litfin. Curley St. Angelo disposed of Lou Barbetta in six sessions.

* * *

VERY little action among the bantams. Chick Delaney drew and was knocked out by Jackie Callura, a featherweight, which did not affect his standing. Tommy Kiene disposed of Joey Puig in two rounds.

* * *

JACKIE PATERSON, leading flyweight contender for the vacated title, scored again over Kid Tanner. Little Pancho disposed of Benny Dawson in the fifth and Elwood Romero in the eighth. Little Dado drew with Nat Corum and finished Nick De Posta in six. Jimmy Lyden, a bantam, scored over Tiny Bostock. Jackie Jurich whipped Rio Rico.

* * *

The eight best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Jim McIntyre, England.

Bantamweight—George Albrow, England.

Featherweight—Al Rose, Wheeling, W. Va.

Lightweight—Danny Bartfield, New York City.

Welterweight—Leo Mazzilli, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Middleweight—Tommy Yarosz, E. Liverpool, Ohio.

Light-heavyweight—Vern Erling, Kellogg, Idaho.

Heavyweight—Bill Tucker, New Albany, Ind.

Those Fatal Wallops

(Continued from page 13)

wobbly and he became a mark for a solid left hook from Jeffries.

Corbett so far had outclassed Jeffries that had the fight gone the limit he would have regained the crown. Some in their report of the bout declared that Corbett became overconfident and as a result careless and that this accounted for his defeat. Corbett in a statement to the writer said that it was not a matter of carelessness but one of legs that caused his defeat.

"I was out of the ring too long. My previous bout was with Tom Sharkey on November 22, 1898, in New York and I realized that if at any time Jeffries connected with my jaw I would be knocked out, so I tried to keep him at long range," explained Corbett. "This was fine until my legs began to quiver. They gave way just as I felt I had the title within my grasp. That knockout practically ended my career. I was never worth much after Jeffries put me out."

* * *

SPEAKING of championship bouts, we must not forget the time that Firpo took the count from Jack Dempsey. In Luis' case he was even closer to the championship than was Corbett. The Argentinian, according to all rules of the game, won the world's title from the Manassa Mauler when he put Jack through the ropes, and had Luis not been so money mad and employed a good American handler, he would have annexed the title.

As things turned out, however, Firpo took a terrific beating in the following round and the one punch to the jaw which first sent him down practically ended Firpo's career. He never came back.

When Benny Leonard knocked out Ritchie Mitchell in the old Garden, 13,000 fans saw Ritchie come within an ace of winning the world's lightweight championship. He had Leonard down and almost out. A few rounds later they saw that same Western boxer go home a defeated gladiator, never again to amount to much. From a near-champion to a "has-been" almost overnight through the medium of a wallop —that was Mitchell's sad fate.

Jess Willard suffered likewise through the lambasting he received from Dempsey in their Toledo championship bout. The dethroned title-holder, with one swoop, dropped from the fistic limelight. His attempts at a comeback in his bouts with Floyd Johnson and Luis Firpo were mere gestures.

Bombardier Wells went the same way after his memorable battle in the old Garden on June 28, 1912, in which he was knocked cold in three rounds by Al Palzer. The British heavyweight looked like a champion until that contest, and thereafter he proved nothing more than a punching bag for his opponents.

Jack Dillon, claimant of the light-heavyweight championship, looked unbeatable in his prime. Like Joe Walcott, it was often remarked that he could beat men many pounds heavier than himself. Dillon had a notion he could whip any heavyweight in the game, and accordingly he accepted a match with Frank Moran, inventor of the famous "Mary Ann."

In that bout, Jack got one on the chin in the third round that sent him reeling across the ring, but he retained his senses and kept on his feet. It was a terrific punch, and although Dillon lost he admitted in the story of his life that that blow practically put an end to his career. He fought quite a number of battles after this bout, but the Jack Dillon of old was no longer there.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

BRAINS over brawn proved unquestionably the basis for Billy Soose's non-title win over N. B. A. middleweight champion, Tony Zale, in a 10-round bout staged by Bill Rand at the Chicago Mills Stadium, before 6,490 spectators, who spent $12,000.

In the first two rounds, ring observers were of the opinion that Soose wouldn't last more than five rounds, because of Zale's body punching. However, commencing with the third canto, Billy started his climb.

Soose had champion Zale's head bobbing back and forth, and from that round on, Tony played right into his hands.

In the ninth round Zale had a good lead, but in the 10th, a heavy right to Soose's jaw dropped the Pennsylvania collegian to his knees at the bell. The decision was unanimously awarded to Billy Soose of Farrell, Pa.

In the semi-windup Anton Christoforidis, European middleweight champion scaling 167 pounds, won a decisive victory over Tony Bruno of Milwaukee, Wis., in 10 rounds.

Billy Gillespie of Stone Lake, Wis., won unimpressively over the Batavia, Ill., youngster, Billy Duncain, in six rounds.

In another six-round bout Joe Basora, Puerto Rican middleweight, pounded lumps on the frame of Joe Sutka from Detroit, Mich., who outweighed Basora by 12 pounds, coming in at 160, to Basora's 148 pounds.

In the four-rounders Bill Cowan, 1940 Golden Gloves runner-up, hailing from Elgin, Ill., won a blistering biff from the sturdy Bill Peterson, Chicago Golden Gloves finalist.

Don Siegel, an outstanding member of the 1939 College All-star Football squad, will have to be given serious consideration in the future "white hope" anticipations. He gained a hard-earned victory over the rib-buster, Selman Martin, in eight rounds. Chico Romo, seasoned Los Angeles junior welterweight, beat Stanley Poreda from Detroit, Mich.

Johnny Pleasant after having been kayoed by Mike Gamiere of Cleveland, O., took on Floyd Hagen from St. Paul, Minn., and knocked him kicking in three rounds.

Eddie Camp, diminutive slugging West Side 180-pound slugger, won over Billy Miske of St. Paul, Minn., in an eight-rounder.

Tommy Pallatin, South Bend welterweight, and Tito Taylor, South Side welter puncher, fought to a standstill for eight rounds.

Harold Brown belted out Lyn Nelson, from Detroit, in round seven of an eight-round conflict.

Paul Frazier, South Side 160-pounder, took on the aging Johnny Phagan and emerged victorious at the end of eight.

Carl Vinciquerra was pitted opposite Buddy Knox at Omaha, Neb., and received a draw.

At the White City Boxing Club a double windup was offered. Tony Reno, game and cocky Italian battler from the West Side, found out that toughness and over-zealousness doesn't pay as he was treated to a sharp and slick boxing lesson at the hands of fleet-footed Jack Cooper and lost the verdict.

George Morelia, fiery Mexican lightweight from Detroit, Mich., after having fought two draws with Gene Spencer, at Texas, won an eight-rounder from the South Chicagoan.

In the four-round frays Joe Du Pont, sharp-punching Mexican lightweight, formerly with Chicago's Catholic Youth Organization, was too sharp for Kelly Kohn of Peoria, Ill., and gained the victory. Du Pont is managed by Jack Biggerstaff. Harry Sabotnik had a close call in gaining a win over the rugged Fred Washington, heavyweight protege of Hymie Marvish, and Vito Rizzo. Jimmy Christopher's protege, in his debut in the pro ranks, beat the young colored 126-pounder, Bill Hart, of the South Side.

A FOUR STAR FINAL FLASH: Four 10-round attractions of national attention were presented here in the Windy City just before this column went to press. The fracas which stole the show, was the hammer-and-tongs, toe-to-toe scuffle between the ever-aggressive Milt Aron and Steve Mamakos.

Mamakos piled up an early lead. However, along around the eighth round, Milt jolted Steve with his damaging right fist that slowed up the Greek. Milt repeated his devastating punching spree in the ninth, but in the tenth, Mamakos held his own with Aron who had to nurse a badly damaged left optic from the second round on. The verdict was a draw.

Johnny Barbara was the victim of a bad break in his fight with Jimmy Bivins of Cleveland, O. Bivins, after landing several hard punches, virtually pushed Barbara out of the ring. Johnny got back before the 20 toll was completed. The South Bend 155-pounder gave a splendid account of himself, delivering several deadly left-hooks to Bivins' mid-riff. But in the seventh round, Jimmy tagged Johnny with a right that had Barbara reeling. This was followed by a series of left and right hand wallops and Ross Mullen, Barbara's pilot, flung in the towel. It was Bivins' second triumph over Johnny.

In still another 10-rounder, Nick Castiglione, two-fisted young Italian battler, from Chicago's near North Side, lost a close battle to Billy Marquart of Winnipeg, Canada. Billy floored Nickie for two no-counts in the first round, but was staggered time and again by Nickie. Marquart's winning margin was based on his greater ring experience.

The fourth 10-round bout was that between Pete Lello, Gary lightweight challenger to champion Lew Jenkins' laurels, and Young (Kid) McCoy of Detroit. Pete was the aggressor throughout. McCoy, who scaled 142 pounds to Lello's 135, managed to land a stinging left jab but got a draw.

WISCONSIN NEWS
By MATT DOUGHERTY

TONY (MARTIN) CIANCIOLA dispelled any doubt as to his right to the state middleweight title by scoring a quick, decisive knockout over Toots Bernstein in the second round. Bernstein was far from the physical and mental condition which enabled him to beat Tony in their first bout.

A knockdown late in the first round gave the fans a clue to the abrupt ending that followed. The same sharp right hand again found Toots' jaw in the second. Bernstein got up twice, the third time Referee Jamieson halted his count at four, ending the bout. Bernstein was not only licked but his plucky spirit was broken and his decision to retire from the ring is a wise one.

After a seven-month layoff Frankie Gaudes came back and displayed good form in handing Kelly Kohn a real pasting. Kohn was as tough as usual and made the fight interesting with well-timed rallies. Gaudes' right hand had Kelly rocking several times. Many fans would like to see Gaudes meet Seward, a match which would really make the fur fly.

. In a fairly even contest Eddie Scott, Detroit Negro, took the duke over Gene Spencer, Chicago. Spencer chose to hold and infight rather than trade blows and lost through lack of aggressiveness.

Ray McKnight did a fine job in holding Frankie Agnes even but the referee gave Agnes the edge. Both lads fought hard and well, with McKnight's left jabs offsetting Agnes' rights.

Billy Pierce substituted for brother Jim and did at least as good a job as the older brother could have done. Bill made a hit with an attack in the first round which had Harold Perry, his Chicago opponent, wobbly. Perry suffered a cut in the second and the fight was stopped during the rest period.

Marty Collura outspeeded Speedy Wallace and took the veteran into camp in the opener with a smashing right hand attack.

FROM THE PRESS ROW—For one short month your correspondent has assumed the role of the roving reporter. After attending Milwaukee's August card, we came west to Los Angeles and vicinity. Three clubs are running weekly shows at the present time here and there seems to be plenty of action available for fighters who fight.

The Hollywood Legion Bowl is a showplace of marked distinction. It is comparatively new and possesses the latest facilities and equipment.

At Ocean Park Arena we were surprised to see Frankie Battaglia continuing his ring wars. The veteran Italian showed only a vestige of his former skill and punch in beating colored Joe Dempsey in six.

The Coast is looking for some young fighter to beat George Latka or Jackie Wilson. These two lightweights are the cream out here and shy away from fighting each other.

Rand Jackson, clever colored welter, scored a knockout on an Ocean Park windup. He hopes to fight in Milwaukee this winter.

BITS O' NEWS—Ross Miller has opened a fine new gym on Third Street . . . . Eddie Metrie will manage it . . . . Tony Bruno lost a gruelling 10-rounder to Anton Christoforidis on the Soose-Zale card . . . . After looking over the field our money is on Pete Lello in the 135-pound division . . . . If he ever gets a crack at the title.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

FOR eight rounds it appeared as if Billy Conn, the light-heavyweight ruler, had bitten off more than he could possibly chew in his contest with Bob Pastor, New York heavyweight. Conn, ordinarily a slow starter, was outroughed and outmauled and at times outjabbed by the awkwardly clever and cumbersome Pastor. At the half-way mark, Bob had a comfortable lead and it seemed that he was headed for certain victory. Strangely, the eighth session, in which Pastor was given the round for being struck low, was the deciding factor.

Billy, aware that Pastor had a distaste for body punishment, bombarded him at every opportunity and in the ninth round, he dropped Pastor with a left hook to the body. Bob was finished from then on and he found it a task to complete each succeeding session.

In the twelfth, Billy attacked his opponent viciously. He never slowed in his assault. But during the excitement, he struck Bob low and was deprived of that session—even though he was clearly in front.

The thirteenth saw a weary gladiator come to scratch. Bob tried feebly to fight back but it was a foregone conclusion that the first good blow landed by Conn would be the finish. That happened toward the close of the round and he was counted out in 2 minutes and 54 seconds of that session. Conn weighed 174 and Pastor, 180¾.

On the strength of Conn's showing against Pastor, it would be suicide to pit him against Louis this year. Another year and then possibly Billy will have gained sufficient weight and strength to offset the hard hitting of Louis, but at the present moment—NO.

Jimmy Webb, good-looking St. Louis youngster, proved himself a likely challenger for Conn's title by the impressive manner in which he whipped Tommy Tucker in the eight-round semi-final. This was without question the liveliest tilt of the evening. In it Tucker, badly outclassed from eye injuries and boxing ability, recovered and floored Webb in the last round. It was a thrilling finish to an exciting contest. Webb weighed 172¾ and Tucker, 179¾.

Antonio Fernandez, Chilean welterweight, scored impressively to whip Tony Ferrara, while Ernie Vigh gave game Augie Arellano a sound beating in their six-rounder. Buddy Moore, recent Golden Gloves amateur heavyweight graduate, scored a 28-second knockout over Johnny Sionas in the four-round opener. The house grossed $49,415 and attracted a paid attendance of 14,448 spectators.

Judging by present form, the hottest match around New York for the near future will be that between Steve Belloise and Tami Mauriello, both Harlem rivals in the middleweight ranks. They have advanced by leaps and bound, and it will only be a question of time before these two exceptionally advanced prospects will be waging war with one another. Right now it appears like a toss-up—Jackie Donovan, classy Buffalonian, who made such a hit in New York this summer when he stopped Izzy Redman on the Armstrong-Jenkins program, will be managed by Eddie Mead. This decision was reached after the New York State Athletic Commission had voided the existing contract between Billy Michael and Donovan, which had one more month before expiration. Donovan will make his headquarters in New York City.

Steve Belloise was given an acid test as a middleweight contender in his ten-rounder against Ceferino Garcia at the Garden, and while winning decisively, the fight did not come up to the expectations of 10,869 fans, who had paid $23,158 and had come with the thought of seeing a knockout scored. Garcia complained that he was ill in the dressing room before the fight and at one time threatened to pull out of the fight, but he was induced to alter his plans.

Garcia fought the typical Garcia battle. Slow witted and slow thinking, he waited, while Steve moved and boxed and piled up points round after round. The hard hitting of the Harlemite was conspicuous by its absence, but he fought a carefully planned battle and did not take many chances. Belloise weighed 155¾ and Garcia, 157¼.

Dave Castilloux, Canadian lightweight champion, gained the verdict over Paul De Bello after eight rugged and hard rounds of fighting. Both tried very hard and fought themselves completely exhausted at the end. Dave weighed 135 and De Bello one pound heavier. Irving Kaye, Garcia's stablemate, looked good in whipping Jerry Fiorello in six sessions. Curley St. Angelo scored the big upset of the night when he kayoed the highly-touted Lou Barbetta in the last round of their six-round fray. Charley Harvey dropped Hank Postaway twice in the first round but received a draw after four rounds. Aaron Seltzer whipped Curley Nichols in the four-round opener.

Tami Mauriello, fast-stepping 150-pounder from Harlem, added to his growing list of victories when he vanquished Gene Molnar in the stellar eight-round attraction at the New York Coliseum. Tami proved too speedy for his rugged opponent and only for Gene's stamina and ability to absorb punishment was he able to go the full distance. Mauriello weighed 151 and Molnar, 152. Aaron Seltzer, promising Bronx featherweight, scored over Ricardo Clemante in the six-round semi-final.

Bobby Ruffin and Sal Bartolo staged a gruelling eight-round fracas at the Queensboro Stadium, with the fight being called a draw at the finish. Referee Young Otto and Judge Sam Rosenblatt called it an even affair while John Potter, the other judge, decided in favor of Ruffin. Bobby was handicapped in the third round when he was butted and blood spurted freely. Dr. Schiff, the Commission doctor, examined the injury between rounds and gave Ruffin the benefit of the doubt. Bobby vindicated his judgment by outfighting and outgaming his opponent, and were it not for losing the last round by a decided margin, he would in all probability have received the verdict. Ruffin weighed 130¼ and Bartolo, 128½.

Artie Dorrell, Eddie Mead's young Texas welterweight, furnished the thrill of the night when he flattened Mike Angieri with one dynamic right cross in the first round to end the fray. This Dorrell belongs with Steve Belloise and Tami Mauriello as one of the outstanding prospects of the year.

It was our good fortune to witness one of the most savage fights ever staged between heavyweights at Binghamton, New York, recently. The principals were Joe Matisi of Endicott, a recent amateur graduate, and Joe Banovic, veteran Binghamton heavyweight. They fought as if their lives depended on the outcome and the excitement reached a climax when Matisi felled Banovic with a short right just as the fifth round ended. Banovic, both eyes bleeding and bruised, was unable to recover during the minute's rest and the fight then ended. Matisi shapes up like a corking prospect. He is being handled by Sammy Goldman and has enough natural ability and the desire to improve—Maxie Berger was given plenty of trouble by Red Guggino at the Fort Hamilton Armory and the fight ended in a draw at the end of eight rounds.

Vic Dellicurti, who is trying to regain lost ground locally for that disastrous one-round knockout by Steve Belloise, handily scored over Augie Arellano in the feature eight-rounder at the New York Coliseum—Terry Young, who is compelled to box under his own name, Angelo De Sanza, handled his toughest assignment, Al Reid, at the Coney Island Velodrome and came through the winner after eight hard and fast rounds of fighting. Carmine Fatta disposed of Norman Rahn in the first round of their scheduled eight, while Antonio Fernandez, rugged Chilean, trimmed Dewey Anderson in another eight-rounder—Vincenzo Dell Orto scored over Nat Litfin in the headline eight-rounder at the Long Beach Stadium. Stanley Berl kayoed George Matthews in the second round of the scheduled six-round semi-final.

Charley Roberts, promising youngster from the West Side, stepped into the ring as a last minute substitute at Fort Hamilton Armory and stole the headlines with his thrilling victory over Carmine Fatta in their eight-round affair. Roberts showed plenty of courage after being floored in the seventh round to recover and take command of the situation. He weighed 136 while Fatta scaled at 135. Sal Bartolo whipped Monty Pignatore in another eight-rounder on the same show. Pignatore weighed 130 and Bartolo, 128.

Tami Mauriello continued his excellent work by stowing Walter Franklin away in the second round of their eight-round affair at the New York Coliseum. This was a hotly steamed-up affair between two local rivals from Harlem and it proved that Mauriello is headed for the big time circuit. He is only a youngster but growing, and will be a dangerous threat for middleweight rivals. He scaled 152½ and Franklin, 159—Lou Barbetta repeated his victory over Paul Lee in the feature eight-rounder at the Queensboro Stadium. They met a few weeks ago and Lee floored Barbetta in one of the rounds but on this occasion Barbetta assumed command and although his opponent extended him all the way, there was no disputing the decision in favor of Barbetta.

Gunnar Barlund struck a snag in his heavyweight climb. While clashing with heavier and less speedier men, Barlund was able to show his superiority with his hitting, but Melio Bettina, a ranking light-heavyweight, proved too agile for the Gunnar and managed to sneak through a victory on points. Barlund showed strength at close range and battered away at every opportunity but the awkward, southpaw style of Bettina baffled him at long range. Bettina weighed 179½ and Barlund, 199¼. In the semi-final of six rounds, Al Blake whipped Danny Roberts—Victor Dellicurti earned the verdict over Bill McDowell after a hard tussle of eight rounds at the Queensboro Stadium. Victor fought his usual rough, aggressive fight, but McDowell gave him stubborn opposition all the way.

The summer season around New York was rather disastrous for the smaller clubs. Few if any showed a profit on the season. The weather was hardly encouraging. The season was not conducive to open-air boxing.

Madison Square Garden will stage its winter shows on Friday. The St. Nicholas Palace will run on Monday. The New York Coliseum, Broadway Arena of Brooklyn and the White Plains Community Center will hold forth on Tuesday. Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club will continue on Saturday as heretofore.

Maxie Shapiro outspeeded Red Guggino in their eight-round fracas at the Fort Hamilton Armory.

The Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club opened its coming season with Johnny Attell returning to the helm as matchmaker. He put on Al Davis, one of New York's biggest attractions, against Pete Galiano but at the last minute the Commission decided that Galiano was an unfit opponent. The board permitted the substitution of Joe Ghnouly, who lasted seven rounds. Joe made a game fight of it but was outclassed by the heavier and powerful hitting Davis. Danny Bartfield, classy East Side lightweight, whipped Joe Echavarria in the semi-final of six. Harry Hurst, Montreal youngster, disposed of Tommy Fontana in the opening session. This Hurst is going to raise plenty of trouble with our local lightweights.

The concluding show of the Coney Island Velodrome took place with three feature eight-rounders. Charley Varre, fast-rising Brooklyn lightweight, whipped Johnny Cockfield in the final number. Lee Harper whipped Lou Laurie, and Eddie Alzek disposed of Al Dolce in the second session—The Meadowbrook Bowl in Newark, starting off under extreme handicap with weather postponements, finished on the right side of the ledger after their outdoor season was concluded. Willie Gilzenberg and Babe Culnan, co-promoters, constitute that combination which is facetiously called the Irish and Jewish Board of Trade.

The fight between Lew Jenkins and Bob Montgomery in Philadelphia aroused considerable comment following the unanimous verdict handed out to the champion, who fought Bob in an over-the-weight match. The fans were about equally divided, many thinking that Jenkins had won, while as many thought otherwise. My score card showed Montgomery the winner. From the third to ninth, I thought that Bob had the upper hand by a safe lead.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

TOPIC of the month—a State Boxing Commission in Florida. It's great to report that work has begun to supply the Orange Blossom State with that body which means the fight game in Florida can be legalized providing the state legislature passes the bill. Prominent Floridians are 100% behind this move, foremost being Pete Norton, sports editor of the Tampa *Tribune*. A better fight for the boxing government is expected due to a well meaning letter from THE RING Editor, Nat Fleischer, to Norton which in part explains that boxing's number one promoter, Mike Jacobs, is more than willing to stage big bouts, title and non-title, providing Florida has that state commission. This state, the playground center of the world, will indeed profit to the extreme by this movement, as will also the fans, the promoters, fighters, managers and boxing. I know there are many who will want to express thanks to Nat Fleischer for all his willingness and capability in rendering his services, so that Florida may profit through his letter. Speak up, Floridians.

Fisticuffing throughout the entire South has taken a skyward leap during the past several months, especially in Florida, where the clubs are attracting gates in the summer as if the winter fight season was already at hand. Indications are that Dixie will thoroughly enjoy a boxing boom as never before.

Best piece of news garnered in Jacksonville is that of the big time professional boxing shows the city will present very soon. Jim Carey, local business man and ex-fight pilot, is seriously considering the hopes of reviving the sport on a high standard. Jacksonville at one time ranked with the leading fight clubs of the country. Carey has the cheerful aid of several citizens who are showing their wholehearted interest in his plans.

Here in Jacksonville, one of the occasional arguments that arises is the case of Chalky Wright, the best featherweight in the world and who can't get a shot at the title. The point of the argument along our Bash Boulevard is whether or not boxing needs a czar as Landis is in baseball. The majority agree that one is needed to quell such a case as Chalky's and selection falls upon Nat Fleischer, THE RING Editor, as first choice and Gene Tunney in the runner-up position.

Courageous Bobby Britton, Miami Beach welter, felt the full force of an Indian assault from the war-clubbing fists of Don Eddy, Buffalo's Beak-Buster, and was once again on the short end of the verdict. A great fighting heart kept the son of former champ Jack, in there pitching for all he was worth. In a four-round prelim, a splendid prospect was unveiled in Jimmy Lowery, of Gadsden, Ala. The youngster, a middleweight, registered a two-round kayo in his professional debut over Jimmy Buck. Young Lowery scored two knockdowns in the first and repeated in the second before administering the *coup de grace*. In a six-rounder. Rogie Goss, Picayune welter, put the skids on Joe Parsons in the fourth of a sixer. Goss should do well under Jimmy Finley's flag.

Tony Cancela, Tampa heavyweight who was once way up there, got on the comeback trail and plastered a one-round kayo on Toots Haddon, of Texas. Steve Padon, Chicago lightie, won an eight-round decision from Al Manriquez.

Tampa, under the promotion of Frank La Marque, is rapidly scaling the fight game to where it is now the second best boxing town in the South. New Orleans heads the list. Promoter La Marque is getting anywhere from $900 to $1500 gates according to the offerings. Heavyweights are the chief topic here. In Marty Clark, Tampa's up-and-coming heavy, the promoter has a good card. A pair of other heavies, Maynard Daniels and Hard Rock Hardin, assist greatly at the gate.

Tom Sharkey and Joey Spangler, of Jacksonville and Washington, respectively, put on a thriller for the fans at Tony Barbara's club with the Washington boxer fighting at his best to cop the win. It was Joey's experience plus heavy body punching that earned him the nod over the Jacksonville boy who in turn gave a great demonstration of gameness and the ability to dish it out as taking it. A re-match is Promoter Barbara's aim. A full house attended.

Before a solidly packed house that paid $1500 and left not even standing room, a top and semi-headliners featured with heavyweights, gave ample proof that Promoter Frank La Marque has a good thing in Tampa. Marty Clark, in the semi bout, returned to fistic warfare after a rest resulting from several broken ribs in his shindig with Maynard Daniels, and knocked out Paul Pross in the first round with a beautiful right, flush to the New Yorker's button. In the main event, hard-fought it was, Maynard Daniels, of Washington, D. C., found a hard rock in Hard Rock Hardin, North Carolina heavy, and could only get a draw with Pa Stribling's gamester. It was a nip and tuck affair and it was the last canto which Daniels won, that served the boys with the draw verdict. In one of the eight rounders, Art Lind, Washington middleweight, was too much for Kid Ronco of Tampa and Lind took a T.K.O. win after the local battler was out on his feet. Richard Hernandez and Domingo Torres were all even in an eighter.

Pat Wright presenting jam-up shows in Louisville, Ky., will place his city among par with the leading Southern fight clubs if he continues to offer the type of shows now in presentation. With his local lightweight, Wishy Jones, as the town interest, Pat will bring some of the division's best to cope with his scrapper. In two red hot affairs, Wishy came through in both with wins, closers each, against Don Eddy, of Buffalo. By these victories, Jones copped his 18th and 19th straight, a great mark, am I right?

If you don't succeed, try, try again. And Bobby Britton, trying for a mighty long time to end his long string of consecutive losses, finally came through, wracking up a seven-round knockout over Frankie "Kid" Williams, Savannah welterweight. It was a good battle while it lasted and Frankie surprised Bill Gore's large house by dumping Bobby in the initial canto for a no-count. However, he failed to follow the advantage, and Britton took command of the situation from there. In the semi-final, Roger Goss was behind on points but he landed a chopping right on Bobby Sylvester's left eye which called for a halt. Goss took a seven-round T.K.O. win. They are lightweights. Harold Steinman's latest ring protege, Rudy Cancela, brother of the once well known Tony, triumphed over Woody Jones in a sixer. Both weighed in at 166. Brother Tony, making his second appearance on the comeback trail, kayoed a rugged Jose Martinez of Havana in the third canto. In the opening bout, a four-rounder, the promising Jimmy Lowery, of Gadsden, Ala., scored his second straight knockout in as many starts. The unlucky unfortunate was Ellis Ward who outweighed Jimmy by 14 big pounds. The end came in round two. Watch Lowery.

A good young featherweight prospect is Vernon Hogue, of Hot Springs, Ark. The tall fellow is managed by Noble Mullins who pens us the kid has not lost a fight in 24 starts. Eleven of the wins are kayoes. That record should speak well for itself. Another in the Mullins stable is Billie Davis, who has met the best welters in the South. Billie is a good puncher and warrants meetings with the best in Dixie. Among his opponents are Tabby Romero, Paul Lassiter, Irish Johnny Dean, Harry Myers, Eddie Cerdo, Jackie Griffin, and Tommy Lopez, to mention a few.

With the former heavyweight champion of the world, Jimmy Braddock, serving in capacity as referee, Ken Overlin, one-half owner of the middleweight diadem and Ben Brown, leading Southern contender, gave the large crowd in Atlanta an interesting and blistering 12-round duel, with Ken the winner over Ben. It was the sixth meeting between the hardwood rivals and easily the best. Referee Braddock gave the champion six rounds, two for the Atlantan and called four even. This affair topped a pleasing program which was a benefit for the Atlanta Boys' Club.

In the semi-final, Jack Baggett, Chattanooga puncher, scored with a decision over Young Allen of Macon. Baggett is a stiff puncher with both mitts and a tall, gangly fellow who in no way resembles a fighter. But he fools 'em. Earl Johnson scored a win against Bob Michaels in six. Emory Jackson, promising local colored lad, could only draw with Gene Stafford another colored whirlwind. Joe Apperson got a T.K.O. over Jackie Hart to round up the program.

Tiger Neville Beech, highly-touted Memphis mauler and heavyweight hope, found a Tartar in Texas Jack Marshall and lost the decision in his home town. Beech broke a knuckle on his right hand during the fifth round.

Raul Carrabantes, South American welterweight champ by way of Chile, copped a close one from Buster Carroll, Lowell veteran, in a Tampa ring. This Carrabantes is a new star along the fistic horizon. He should make it interesting for the best. Carroll put up his usually good fight and made it close going. At Memphis Bob Sikes knocked out Clarence Miller, of St. Paul. It was nothing short of a fiasco and the type that hurts the fight game. Jim Carey and George Moye are running a training camp in the beautiful woods of South Jacksonville. We've seen the place and it's a honey. Some of the cuffers are: Frankie Kid Mitchell, Horse Manning, Tiger Eddie Spencer and several others who will be doing their daily work in the outdoors. Friends of the former middleweight star some years back, Jack Bennett, are asked to write him at the Sarasota Hospital, Sarasota, Fla.

Four more stars for Bill Gore. The popular Southern boxing figure, matchmaking for the Beach Arena in Miami, dished another ace high card for the patrons and with Don Eddy, Buffalo lightweight, in the winner's column. Don rocked Tommy Campbell of Atlanta to sleep in the eighth round of a scheduled tenner. But it was not all easy pickings for the New Yorker.

The eight-round semi saw Rudy Cancela throw a left hook to Jack Garrison's head and it was lights out for Jack. Cancela, protege of Harold Steinman, weighed 168 and 171 for Garrison. Jimmy Lowery, the neatest prospect in many a Miami moon, scored his third knockout in as many professional tries by haling Georgia Kid in the second canto. Bill Gore is teaching this youngster and Bill has only the finest to say of his pupil. He is a middleweight. Henry Ussery, 141, and a good prospect also, shone in copping over Alex Cupiano, a seasoned veteran, for an upset. Alex is a 138-pounder. Red Roberts won a bantamweight brawl from Jackie Attwood.

At the same arena Floyd Shiflett, Atlanta lightweight, surprised all in winning the 10-rounder from Steve Padon, a Chicago lad. It's one of those hard-to-believe things but it's there. Billy Hannon, 130, of Atlanta, made an impressive debut bowling over Jack Rundage, same weight, in the second canto. Hannon scored two knockdowns before he ended the Ohioan. Shiflett and Hannon are two of Stiffie Williams' boys. Shiflett followed by holding the stiff punching Buck Buckalew to a standstill in 10 rounds.

The South's latest heavyweight prospect, Marty Clark, finished Earl Johnson, veteran Atlanta battler, in the very first round by the use of his dynamic punching which has been in evidence in Tampa for several months. The Tampa heavyweight, thrice had found his mark on the Georgian for the knockdowns and later caught up with the bull's eye for the finishing touch, an explosive right.

IN WEST TEXAS

By BILLY BUFORD

TALL, rangy Babe Hunt, present Texas heavyweight champion, added another crown to his head on September 2, by winning the Mississippi State heavyweight title from George Vallas of Vicksburg, Mississippi, in the third round with a technical knockout. Hunt's lashing, stinging right hand pounded Vallas into submission and evened a previous T.K.O. in one round that the Greek held over Hunt. Hunt, who is on the comeback trail, was in perfect condition for the scheduled fifteen round match, and issued a challenge to Bob Sikes for his Southern heavyweight title.

In the semi-final of the evening's show, Woody Linn, 6 feet, 5 inch heavyweight from Fort Worth, and protégé of Hunt, knocked out Center, Colorado's Arnoff "Dutch" Dohner in the fourth round of their set eight-round battle. Linn is considered one of the most promising heavyweights of the South and the former U.S. Air Corps flyer has a terrific punch with either hand and shows very much speed in his foot work.

Abe Martin, heavyweight from Floydada, Texas, stopped Duncan, Oklahoma's Laverne Wagnon in the third round of a six-round affair. Wagnon had Martin down in the first, but Abe came back fast to score four knockdowns in the second and third stanzas and win by a K.O.

Frisco Linda, former flyweight champion of the Philippines, took a T.K.O. over Jodie Cason, of Fort Worth, Texas, in the fifth round. Lewis Sessums, 120-pounder from Tahoka, Texas, beat Lubbock, Texas, Johnnie Carmona, 120, into submission for the full four-rounds of their curtain raiser.

On August 9 in Pup Thomas' Sport arena in Lubbock, Hunt went the fifteen round route to win the Texas heavyweight championship from Babe Ritchie, of El Paso. Official score cards gave Hunt 11 rounds, Ritchie two, and two rounds even. This battle was one of the best ever seen in Texas and there was no question as to the decision. In the fifteenth round Hunt had Ritchie down for counts of seven and nine, and the rangy, experienced fighter finished the last round as fast as he started on the opening bell.

Preliminary card on the August 9 show featured Sonny Smyer, blond battler from Lorenzo, Texas, at 140 pounds, taking a fast decision over Buzz Wood, 145 pounds from Hobbs, New Mexico in eight rounds. Flyweight Frisco Linda knocked out Lewis Sessums of Tahoka, Texas in one minute, 28 seconds of the second round in their scheduled six-round fight. Johnny Carmona and Isidro Castillo, featherweights, had a four-round draw. Two Negroes, J. D. Spencer, 160, and Buddy Knox, 165, drew in a six-rounder that opened the card.

Boxing is looking good here in west Texas, and if Promoter L. D. "Pup" Thomas keeps putting on the good shows as he has done in the past, then boxing will have a great future in this section of the country. Already the fans are being educated to these bi-weekly shows and prospects for some good gates seem to be in the offing.

"Pup" Thomas is trying to arrange a show in "THE RING'S Sectional Heavyweight Championship" tournament in which the Southwestern heavyweight crown will be at stake. If he succeeds, then Babe Hunt will be one of the contestants, the other being from one of the states in the Southwestern division, and Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING magazine will be the referee and will award THE RING Championship belt to the winner. "Pup" Thomas is working on such a program.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JACKIE PATERSON, Glasgow's southpaw, and British and Empire flyweight champion, again defeated Kid Tanner, the sepia slugger from British Guiana, in a 10-round contest, in which the two weighed in two pounds over the limit. They fought at The Stadium, Liverpool. A packed house saw the match.

The fight was fast and furious from the start, and it was the survival of the fittest. By the 5th round both had given all that they had, and a determined Scot in the last two rounds saw Paterson get his head in front.

Charlie Mapp (Walthamstow) handed Peter Johnson (Poplar) his first defeat as a professional, when he scored a deserving points victory over him after eight rounds, at The Stadium Club, London.

Frank Peters (Dagenham) gained a narrow victory over Joe Prince (Slough) in a hectic battle over eight rounds.

Freddie Sorrell (Bethnal Green) outpointed Teddy Catlin (Luton) in a lively six round contest, as did Len Bennett (Bethnal Green) when he defeated Johnny Banbridge (Canning Town).

Peter Wilson, star boxing writer for the *Sunday Pictorial*, a weekly publication, has left his desk in Fleet Street to join the colors, but before he left, he wrote some scathing articles on what "He Would Like to See Done" which was very near the border line of libel.

Peter, who calls himself, "The Man They Can't Gag," will be sadly missed by the boys of Fleet Street.

Jimmy Lyden (Liverpool) was given a chance by Johnny Best, to box the main item at The Stadium, Liverpool, against Tiny Bostock (Leek) over ten rounds. Lyden is the younger brother of the hard hitting lightweight, Jack Lyden, and he proved beyond doubt, that the faith Johnny Best had in him was correct as he proved himself in his contest with so seasoned a performer as Bostock. At the end of the contest, no one could dispute the fact that Lyden was a worthy winner.

Harry Watson (Aldgate) scored a decisive victory over Johnny Boyle (Luton) in the third round at The Stadium Club, London. A classy bantamweight in ex-amateur George Albrow of Brighton, was seen in action for the first time, in scoring a points victory over Micky Jones (Southend) at the end of eight rounds.

Peter Johnson (Poplar) had a hard contest when he defeated Sid Davidson (Euston) on points over eight rounds.

The name of Lance-Corporal Harry Nicholls of the Grenadier Guards, heads the Honor List for this ex-heavyweight champion of the British Army and Navy forces in 1938, also Imperial forces champion, of the same year, is no more.

Harry Nicholls died at Dunkirk, but before he passed over, he had silenced three machine gun nests, besides accounting for many of the enemy, and thus paved the way for his company to reach its objective.

Whenever Nicholls entered the ring for a contest, the crowd usually sat back to witness a stirring contest, as he was of the aggressive type of fighters, who gave and asked for no mercy.

Now at the age of 25, Harry Nicholls has passed on, and for his gallant deeds, he has posthumously been awarded The Highest Honor of Great Britain's Services—THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Lance-Corporal, Harry Nicholls, *WE SALUTE YOU.*

Another heroic story of a boxer came to light when it was announced that little Joe Curran, the Liverpool flyweight, was a member of the crew of the ill-fated "Lancastria" and being a good swimmer, he was able to save many of the women and children from the sea of blazing oil, and the machine gunning that was poured into these unfortunates by the Nazi machines.

Joe is so modest that when he entered the ring at The Stadium, Liverpool, to defeat Billy Armstrong, not one of the large crowd knew the story of his heroism, and none knew that he took the ring with injured hands.

Harry Watson (Aldgate) and Bruce Bishop (Slough), two undefeated lads, met over six rounds in the star bout at The Stadium Club, London. Bishop, who is credited to be a very hard hitter, could not connect properly on the fast moving colored boy, who was content to flick his left hand to Bishop's head, and thus obtain a lead on points, and also frustrate Bishop's hard blows. At the end of an interesting contest Watson won on points.

Joe Prince (Slough) after scoring a nine second knockdown in the seventh of an eight round contest, against Jordan Tarone (West Africa) seemed certain for the full honors, but when Referee Leslie Thwaites raised the hand of Tarone, a howl of protest from the crowd met his decision.

Douglas Rankin (Watford) was unfortunate in his contest with Freddie Sorrell (Bethnal Green) for he had to retire in the fifth of an eight round contest owing to a badly cut eye, when he was well in the lead.

Bill Hawkins (Watford) and Charlie Goulding (Brighton) fought a stirring battle over eight rounds to a draw.

Arthur Gould (Woolwich) defeated Teddy Catlin (Luton) in a splendid contest over eight rounds.

Over six rounds Frankie Edwards (Islington) made a splendid recovery to outpoint the hard hitting George Rowton (Mile End) in a contest that thrilled the crowd.

Corporal Freddie Mills, the 21-year-old Bournemouth cruiserweight, now with the R.A.F., gave the Liverpool boxing fans a big surprise at The Stadium, when he met Jock McAvoy, middleweight champion of Great Britain, in a 10 round contest, and won by a wide margin of points.

This defeat has upset the plans of the McAvoy camp, as it was on the cards that he and Pilot Officer Len Harvey would have a return contest for the world's cruiserweight title now held by Harvey.

It now seems that the most appropriate match would be between the two air force fighters, Len Harvey and Freddie Mills for the title. Many officers of Mills' camp are willing to back their corporal against Officer Harvey for a substantial sum.

In the contest with McAvoy, the Bournemouth battler soon became a firm favorite with the fans when it was seen that as soon as the gong sounded he sailed into the champion. He forced him around the ring and to use flying parlance, Mills scored direct hits, and returned safely to his base (corner) after each raid (round) amid the cheers of the crowd.

Early in the contest, Mills brought blood from McAvoy's nose, and toward the end of the bout, the champion got tired and was in danger of being knocked out for the first time in his career. The gong sounded amid great excitement, as both men were in the center of the ring belting each other about the body, and the referee, Joe Tolley, walked over to Corporal Freddie Mills and raised his hand as the winner of a grand contest.

Alf Defries staged a successful charity show on behalf of the Mayor of Fulham's war fund, and in the star bout, Joe Quigley of Ireland outpointed Corporal Len Rowlands over 10 rounds of hard fighting and heavy hitting.

The above contest was supported by three eight round contests, in which Billy Bird (Chelsea) drew with Johnny Blake (Fulham) after a good bout, Wally Davis (Notting Hill) defeated Lloyd (Kid) Hartley, (Jamaica) on points, and Wal Dearing (Notting Hill) defeated Con Flynn (Islington) in the sixth round when the latter retired with a badly cut eye.

Laurie Buxton, the Watford lightweight, achieved the best performance of his career when he outfought Lloyd (Kid) Hartley the Jamaican lightweight champion in the star bout over six rounds at The Stadium Club, London.

Buxton who is 18 years of age showed great tenacity and courage by going after the clever Jamaican from the first gong, and keeping up his relentless attack with punches from all angles he ran out a good winner on points.

Len Bennett (Bethnal Green) met a tough soldier in Sergeant Hughes of the army, over six rounds and after a great battle the referee stopped the contest in the last round, when the soldier lad was sold out.

Johnny Sage (Bethnal Green) and Frankie Edwards of Islington supplied the fans with a good contest over eight rounds and the former was awarded the decision, which must have been by a very narrow margin.

Freddie Sorrell, the Bethnal Green featherweight, showed improving form in his contest with Ginger McDermott of Bolton, and the latter after taking a long count in the seventh round was counted out when Sorrell connected with a hard right to the jaw.

Jimmy O'Niel (Dagenham) outpointed Tug Wilson (Southall) in a spirited eight round contest.

In the other contests over six rounds, Johnny Sullivan (Bethnal Green) beat Alex Jackson (Sydenham) in the second round when the referee intervened, and Billy Warren (Grays) outpointed Albert Hicks (Stepney) after a good bout.

Tommy Farr made one of his rare appearances in the ring at Barnstaple on behalf of a local War Charity. He was matched against the Cornish heavyweight champion, Zachary Nicholas, and the Cornishman was knocked out in the third round after Farr had connected with a left hook to the body.

Congratulations to Billy Davies, the staff second of The Stadium, Liverpool, on the completion of 25 years' service as a second.

I remember Billy as a first class flyweight boxing around the north of England around thirty years ago, and he was certainly a rare handful for some of those flyweights that thought they could fight.

Since acting as second at The Stadium on May 5th, 1915, he has been in the corner of nearly all the champions of Great Britain, and every class American fighter that has appeared in Liverpool, and it was a grand act of sportsmanship when many of the regular ringsiders made Billy Davies a presentation of an expensive gold Hunter watch on the occasion of his jubilee.

Here's wishing you many more years of service, Billy, and hope that you impart your knowledge of the noble art to the younger generation.

George Davis, of Notting Hill and southern area middleweight champion fought in his true form when he met George Howard of Finsbury Park over 12 rounds in defense of his title, at The Stadium Club, London.

The show staged by The Lion Hospital Aid Society on behalf of War Charities was a huge success and many fans had to be turned away, being unable to gain admission.

Howard attempted to take the fight to Davis, but he was disillusioned for he found a more resolute opponent on this occasion, than in their previous meeting, when Howard won on points.

The Finsbury Park lad was a firm favorite in the betting, and the odds soon varied in favor of Davis in the first round. Howard had been sent back on his heels on receiving a hefty left hook to the jaw, and it was only the ropes that helped him to keep his feet.

Davis continued to be the master of the situation after the first round, and it was not until the sixth session that Howard sensing that he was well behind on points, made an attack at the start of the sixth, and caught Davis a smashing right to the jaw, which brought all the cleverness of Davis into play to weather the storm till the end of the round.

Howard tried to continue his good fortune in the next round, but he met with little success, as the army training that Davis is undergoing saw him in superb condition, and he continued his success till the end, when Referee Moss Deyong, without hesitation, walked over to Davis, and raised his hand as the winner and still champion of the Southern Area.

Joe Quigley, the Irish cruiserweight, punched too hard for Al Marson of Poplar in their scheduled eight round contest, and it was no surprise when he retired in the fifth, leaving Quigley the winner.

Harry Silver (Clapton) and "Smiler" Bush (Stratford) gave the fans plenty of thrills in their scheduled eight round contest. One could see that it was nigh impossible for these two bearcats to keep up the pace that they set at the sound of the first gong.

Bush put Silver down with a wild swing for nine in the fourth round, and so damaged his hand, that he retired at the end of the fifth round.

Harry Watson (Aldgate) and Emile Chang (Jamaica) two sepia colored welterweights, battled eight rounds to a points decision in favor of Watson.

Raymond Buddle, a young Chatteris heavyweight, scored a sensational one round K.O. win, when he put George Barrett of Sidcup down for the full count, from a right uppercut to the jaw.

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COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

FITCHBURG—In the third of a series of weekly out-door bouts held here, Gunnar Barlund, Finnish heavyweight contender, defeated Joe O'Gatty, one of Joe Louis' sparring partners, winning the decision at the end of ten rounds.

Portland, Me.—Coley Welch, baby-faced Irishman, added Larry Kellum to his K.O. list. The New York lad weighing 162 to Welch's 164, was stopped in the sixth.

Below are short sketches of two New England favorites. Poison Ivy is a high-ranking favorite while Micky Canty is a newcomer who shows promise:—

Bobby "Poison" Ivy—Rugged, tough feather, of Italian decent. A movie-type fighter that never holds; always going forward. Takes many hard ones getting in close but once inside punches continually with short, choppy blows, alternating to head and body. In the four times he has shown in Boston, fighting 2 draws, 1 win and a disputed loss against the best, he made himself a decided favorite. Is always in great condition and never changes expression during a battle. Once in close he is truly "poison" and piles up valuable points while his opponent holds. Usually wears his opponent down with a steady bombardment of short blows but when sensing a weakened foe suddenly speeds up and is dangerous with long left and right hooks.

Irish Micky Canty—Typical Irish battler, red-headed and freckled-faced; colorful crowd-pleasing kid. Has a beauty of a left hand, using it to jab, feint, hook and parry, in fact, uses his left in more ways than seen in a long time. Serious, cool, likes to fight, is aggressive, boxes very well, a natural fighter. Stole the show in his only Boston appearance against a tough trial horse. Moves around fast, clever at blocking and side-stepping. Whoever taught him did a fine job. Solidly built, can take a punch and give when occasion calls.

Boxers who can act like gentlemen in and out of the ring and would like to fight in Florida during the Fall and Winter season, can drop a line to the writer at 28 Front Street, Ashland, Mass. Arrangements for booking and training will be given deserving fighters who would like to be located in the South during the busy season.

RING NOTES: Lou Brouillard, bull necked former champion, is expected to try his hand at wrestling in the Fall . . . . Eddie Borden thinks well of Larry Bolvin . . . . It's too bad we lose our best cards when they are near the top . . . . There should be this slogan about New England: "We develop them; you use them." . . . Managers don't overlook Nat Fleischer's fine offer in the "new faces" section . . . . If you have a good prospect give him all the push you can . . . . This is better publicity than any one paper can give you . . . . The writer will write up a short sketch about your boy if you send in the picture and record . . . . Having well-known fighters as referees may help the gate but it doesn't always help the game. A competent referee must feel a bit silly after taking over the prelims, to sit back and watch a fighter who never observed the rules himself, tell two principals how to fight clean. Our opinion is that the only satisfactory way of giving a verdict is to have two judges and a referee. . . .

RING NOTES: Thanks to Jimmy Hearns of Maspeth, N. Y. for his interesting news about some of our boys . . . . A letter from Bill Gore states that the Beach Arena at Miami is drawing well . . . . Keep up the good work, Bill . . . . We need more like you . . . . Natie Mann is still the best heavy in New England . . . . He turned back George Fitch and Larry Lovett in his last two defences of his N. E. crown . . . . THE RING should be grateful for a writer like Tom Ephrem. . . . THE RING means something down South . . . . The writer had the pleasure of teaching boxing at Camp Cedar Crest, Green Harbor, Mass., during the Summer . . . . The boxing finals comprised 25 bouts, went off with clock-like precision . . . . The Camp is run on a military pattern and accommodates 200 boys . . . . The boys went wild for THE RING . . . . Most wrestlers turned boxer are slow, lumbering fellows within ropes but Yvon Robert seems to be an exception to the rule . . . . According to Eddie Quinn and Canadian sportswriters, Yvon shows rare speed and a knack of picking up the finer points of the game . . . . Sorry to hear Johnny Shkor lost a close decision to Bill Boyd in his first main bout . . . . Perhaps the longer distance bothered Johnny?

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

JAMES ACE CLARK fought his first fight in months and proved that too long a layoff is bound to tell on a fighter. He lost a decision to Art McAlpine in a main go at the Valley Arena. Marcus Pitts, the featherweight, is not getting much work.

Joe De Maria, matchmaker for the Valley Arena and the Thompsonville A. C., is trying hard to make the game go in this section but the fans do not rally to his pro-amateur cards.

Harry Borden, who operates the Holyoke Gym, would like to get a few welterweights and middleweights. He will board and train them if they will come to Holyoke and prove they have ability and train seriously.

Leo Bradley informs me he is to operate the Mechanics Hall this winter with Eddie Mack and put in some big shows. Leo is without a doubt a good matchmaker. He arrived back in Springfield, Mass., after putting on a successful program in Cumberland, Md.

Danny Buckley went to North Adams and beat Buster Hall, of New York, in a six-round main bout. On the same card Fiore Marruco of North Adams, beat Danny Orr, of New York; Harry O'Dell, beat Frankie Kane, of New York, in a four; Bud Lipton, of Rouses Point, scored a knockout over Soldier Weber, of New York; Charlie Blake, of Pittsfield, stopped Charlie Buck, of North Pownal, Vt., in the second round of a four; Jackie Wilson, of Syracuse, won a decision over Jimmy Quinton in a three-round bout. Young Pinto, of Auburn, received a decision over Bill Lapine, of North Adams, Mass.

Sammy Luftspring, who recently had his eye injured in the Steve Belloise fight, has appeared in the Valley Arena and made a hit in winning by a K.O. over Toby Tobias.

At North Adams—Frankie Young, of New Haven, beat Clyde Willard, of Boston, in the main bout of six rounds; Fiore Marucco, of North Adams, beat Art McAlpine, of Springfield; Al Evans, of New Haven, won by a K.O. over Eddie Goodman, of North Adams; Tommy Quinton, of North Adams, won on a T.K.O. from Bob Allard, of Lynn; Jackie Williams, of Boston, beat Larry Vale, of Springfield; Bob McDonald, of Boston, won over Kid Jocko, of Springfield and Bill Curtin, of Windsor Locks, beat Charlie Blake, of Pittsfield, in a three-rounder.

Al Gauthier, of Ludlow, Mass., beat Al Castonguay in the main bout at the Valley Arena; Billy Duffy, of Hartford, beat Leo Sawicki; Eddie Mays, of Hartford, beat Johnny Green, of Pittsfield; Pep McNine, of Holyoke, beat Teddy Riedy, of Worcester; Young Warren, of Meriden, beat Jackie Collins, of Boston; Leo Dulmaine beat Jimmy Cook, of Maine; Beau Jack K.O.'ed Jackie Small of Boston.

KENTUCKY NEWS
By JOE FRENCH

KENTUCKY is gaining a place on the fistic map through the efforts of Eugene Cambron, the Louisville promoter, and his ace matchmaker, Pat Wright. Cambron and Wright, directors of the Gateway Boxing Association, have been staging weekly cards in the Derby City since the start of the outdoor season and have featured the best local talent against ranking out of town fighters on their shows.

Results of some of the leading fights, scheduled for ten rounds, presented in Louisville during the month follow:

Clarence Batsel, State light-heavyweight champ, knocked out Harvey Glymph in three rounds . . . . Buddy Kelly drew Chino Lopez . . . . Wishy Jones decisioned Don Eddy . . . . Max West stopped Billy Hood in seven rounds . . . . Charley Banks scored over Charley Dawson in a colored middleweight bout.

WITH THE SOCKERS AND THEIR SKIPPERS . . . . Charley Jones, manager of the N.B.A. lightweight king, Sammy Angott, has a pair of good welterweights in his Louisville stable, Johnny Durso and Jimmy Grimm . . . . Johnson Mattingly, State Boxing Commissioner, plans to stage a series of elimination matches to decide Kentucky champs in the lightweight, welterweight and middleweight divisions . . . . Questions on boxing in this section will be gladly answered by enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope with letter . . . . New Albany, Ind., has two good punchers in Al Stephans, a middleweight and Bill Tucker, heavyweight . . . . both boys have done most of their fighting in Louisville rings and have a string of knockout wins.

Boxing is expected to make a comeback in Kentucky this winter when several new clubs may open for the indoor season. An effort will be made to develop local talent into good drawing cards so that they will be able to meet topnotch out-of-town fighters. With much activity expected in the fight game around here, we will bring you RING readers monthly news from the Bluegrass State through this column.

Louisville, Ky.—Wishy Jones of Louisville won a close ten-round decision over Don Eddy, Mohawk Indian puncher, in the main event while in the top supporting bouts, Curley Denton of Cincinnati scored a knockout over Jack Rymer in five rounds and Jimmy Davis banged out a fifth-round T.K.O. over Jerry Murphy.

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PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By NAT FRANK

THE rage of the age around these parts, believe it or not, is NOT a Philadelphia fistman. He hails from Boston and answers to the name of Mike Kaplan, as good a welterweight as ever appeared here within the past two decades. We know we are taking in plenty of territory when we make this statement but the Hub gladiator has provided the fans of this city and vicinity with a ring mastery that has reminded veteran fight goers of the heyday of the immortal Benny Leonard. Kaplan hits, punches, weaves and has ring caginess, plus fleetness of foot and quick thinking as had the great undefeated retired lightweight champion of way back.

Kaplan, as stated before while not a Philadelphian, has been adopted by the patrons hereabouts as one of their own. Mike's recent gallant stand against the terrific punching Milt Aron, Chicago knockerout, has endeared him into the hearts of the patrons of the sport. Never conceded much of a chance, Mike went about the business of proving his mastery over the Windy City walloper, although at the end of ten of the most furious fighting witnessed around here in years, the official award was a draw. Kaplan won the unanimous "unofficial award" of more than ninety percent of the onlookers, as well as the press.

As far as being adopted by Philadelphians as one of their own, this is nothing new to out-of-towners coming here and becoming even greater favorites than local lads. Just to mention a few we recall such stalwarts as Benny Leonard, Willie Jackson, Johnny Dundee, Pete Herman, Kid Williams, Irish Patsy Cline, Rocky Kansas and the late Harry Greb who called the City of Brotherly Love their adopted residence.

Of course, while we are heaping glory on the brow of Mike Kaplan, we also are giving the glad hand to Milt Aron, who has proved beyond doubt that he is about the gamest piece of fighting machinery now in the public eye. Aron is a daring chance taker. He steps into his rivals with a willingness to take several of his foes' most devastating wallops just so that he could get one of his favorite slams across. And when Aron lands one punch, it is just as good as several. He has done more damage with his glove encased fists than any ringman of recent times. And Aron, in demolishing the features of his rivals, seldom leaves the ring unmarked. Only in his clash with Cal Cagni, whom Milt actually slaughtered, did Milt leave unmarked. And it was a merciful referee who intervened to save Cagni from what many thought would be calamity.

Keep your eyes on Lennox Dingle, fresh out of the amateurs, and as promising a lightweight as we have around here. Dingle is tutored by Al Perno, former newspaperman, who has high hopes that his charge will travel up the fistic ladder. He lost a close one to George Zengaras, but it was a case of experience over youth. It was Dingle's twelfth fistic encounter so he did right well for himself and Manager Perno.

Tommy Cross has recently recovered from a siege of illness and is now ready to battle the cream of the lightweights. The crack 135-pounder is confident that he will be able to more than give a good account of himself against the cream of the lightweights, not even barring Lew Jenkins, the Metropolitan recognized king, and Sammy Angott, the N.B.A. champion.

The Forte brothers, Tommy and Jimmy, are running a close race with each other to see which one will ultimately get the first crack at the bantamweight title, now in disputed hands. There are no less than three claimants to the 118-pound throne with Kayo Morgan and Georgie Pace sharing the honors and now Sixto Escobar, who gave up the crown, now insisting that he is still the rightful king of the little fellows. Anyway, either of the Fortes with any of the claimants would make a good match in this section.

Tommy Loughran, retired undefeated light-heavyweight champion of the world, has done a fine job of building up the bodies of youngsters during the summer season. Tommy has a city job with the Board of Recreation and it is his duty to see to it that the kiddies get the proper kind of training at the various playgrounds and swimming pools. Now with the outdoors out of the picture, Tommy will concentrate on teaching the boys how to master the art of self-defense and the all-round building up exercises. The girls will be taught basketball, and general all-around gymnastic work.

Jimmy Tygh has discarded his safety first tactics and henceforth will be a rip snorting, devil-may-care type of warrior. He has found that the chance-takers get the most offers and from now on watch the local Irish lightweight star fight his way into the hearts of the fans throughout the nation. Jimmy is considered one of the peer 135-pounders of the land and with his new style of fist slinging we are looking for him to do great deeds as a club fighter extraordinary.

Jake Friedman is now the manager of Tony Cisco, Norristown middleweight. Jake purchased the club fighting Latin from Chris Dundee. It was one of those deals where the fighter was forced to leave his manager so that eventually, he might get a crack at the title held by Ken Overlin, who until the sale, was Cisco's stablemate.

Cisco and Dundee parted the very best of friends but business is business. Tony feels that he is capable of dethroning Overlin and he would never get that chance as long as he remained under the same managerial banner.

A natural around here would be a battle between Cisco and Billy Soose, the Farrell, Pa., "uncrowned middleweight king." This contest could be billed for the middleweight championship of the Keystone State and to the victor would go the title shot.

The split between Cisco and Manager Dundee is nothing new, especially around these parts. Two decades ago, Joe Tiplitz and Lew Tendler were stablemates under the management of Phil Glassman. "Tip" felt that he could master the mighty southpaw so he broke off business relations with his handler. A Tiplitz-Tendler match was made and Lefty Lew punched the granite-jawed foe full of holes.

Another such instance is when Tony Falco "got the bug" that he was the superior gladiator to his stablemate, Benny Bass. Tony notified Manager Phil Glassman that henceforth he would be managed by his father. A Falco-Bass duel was arranged and proved to be disastrous for Tony who managed to last the full route only through the good graces of his erstwhile pal and stablemate.

Our prediction of last month that "Bobcat" Bob Montgomery would be a knockout victor over Lew Jenkins, lightweight king, still holds true. Originally matched to face each other at Shibe Park, under the promotion of Herman Taylor, for August, Jenkins left hurriedly for his home in Sweetwater, Tex., at the urgent call to be at the bedside of his critically ill mother. She is now much improved and the Texan is back here in Philadelphia to go through with the Montgomery engagement, now listed for September 16. It will be too late for us to give you an account in this issue of what occurred. But again we repeat, we pick Montgomery by a knockout.

When the local Commission broke off relations with the New York solons, the move was acclaimed by scribes and fans as a sensible one on the part of Chairman Leon Rains, Commissioner Havey Boyle and Commissioner Robert L. Jones. Don't be surprised to see the Pennsylvania Commission join up with the N.B.A., along with California, which also recently cast aside its working agreement with the Empire State fistic overseers.

Benny Bass, former featherweight and junior lightweight champion of the world, is now connected with the Moskowitz and Herbach sporting goods establishment.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

GUS LESNEVICH, of Cliffside Park, may yet reach the fistic heights, not in his former role as a light-heavyweight, but as a real heavyweight. In his last bout he accomplished what few others have done—flattened Henry Cooper of New York in the fifth round at Garfield.

When Allie Stolz called off his contest with his close friend, Maxie Fisher, the latter's handlers, Sam Rose and Willie Gilzenberg, claimed that Stolz was not ill but afraid to meet Fisher. Maxie started Stolz in the fight game, taught him all the rudiments but broke relations because Hymie Caplan, then their mutual manager, refused to cut Fisher in on Stolz's purses. When Fisher is not fighting, he assists his family in the cleaning and dyeing business. Now Stolz has entered the same business as a competitor and the Fishers are more furious than ever.

There is action aplenty for unsigned fighters in this state. Those desiring a complete list of matchmakers and promoters in this state should address I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J., enclosing a self-addressed, stamped, envelope and a twenty-five-cent piece.

Norman Rubio, clever Albany, N. Y., puncher, technically stopped Vincent Reed in a return go at Newark in the fourth. The bout was on the Stolz-Griffin card. The show was postponed twice and was held on a night with threatening weather but managed to draw $1700. Vinze Fazzio, boosted by Tony Canzoneri, who was on hand, looked good in a four with Jimmy Sciarra. Dick Rubio, brother of Norman, outpointed Eddie Dowl and Mario Massio decisioned Harry Serio. Wilce Riviera of New York failed to show up for his bout with Frankie Bove of Newark and was suspended.

Johnny Dundee, former featherweight champion, lives in retirement at 11 Ridgeway Avenue, West Orange. Four of Johnny's eight fights with Benny Leonard were contested in Newark. Dundee told a *Sunday Call* reporter that he was 38 years old. If that were true, he must have been eight years old when he made his professional debut against Harry Smith in 1910. The record book states he was born November 22, 1893. His real name is Joseph Carrora. His nom de plume was given him by Scotty Montieth, his former manager.

Bill Daly gives this press agent story of how he discovered Pat Comiskey. Daly went to England with Maurice Strickland, the New Zealand heavy. Bill went on to Ireland in an effort to find an Irish white hope. While in Dublin, Daly received a cable from his home town, Paterson, telling him that a friend was recommending a brilliant prospect named Comiskey who happened to be Irish. That's Daly's story. It's a fact, however, that Bill managed Pat's brother, Bill, before he handled the younger Pat.

Willie Gilzenberg, the Meadowbrook matchmaker in Newark, is considered one of the busiest hustlers in the fight game. He once toured the country with Young Terry and Lou Halper. Now he owns Freddy (Red) Cochrane, half an interest in Maxie Fisher, and a piece of many other battlers.

One of the most pleasing boxers seen during the past summer season in Jersey, was Arthur Dorrell of Tyler, Texas, who gave a terrific beating to Vic Finazzo of Baltimore in Newark. The Tyler Terror looks like championship material to the writer. Battling Red is now training Joe O'Gatty, the Toms River heavy, who once fought a draw with Lou Nova at Madison Square Garden.

Tom Farley, the Fleming Avenue, Newark, sportsman, is considered one of the best experts on the manly art in this area. Kid Dixie, who campaigned in this state about 10 years ago, lives in the Down Neck section of Newark. Florence Gross, secretary of this writer, has enrolled at Upsala College.

Paul Cortlyn, Newark welterweight, and Mike Piskin fought to a hectic eight-round draw at Newark. Lieutenant Colonel Harvey L. (Heinie) Miller, president of the National Boxing Association, is in command of a battalion of the United States Marines at Lakehurst. At Long Branch, Cowboy Bill McDowell, Paterson, flattened Paulie Griffiths, Scranton middleweight, in the third of an eight. On the same card, Frankie Conn of Lyndhurst disposed of Billy Watson in the fourth.

Bunky Wall, of Morristown, decisioned William Henry Cheatum, of Newark, in an eight, at Mount Freedom, Wall substituting for the ailing Freddy Cochrane. In a special five Lou Armour, Plainfield, defeated Pat Martin, Garfield. In the fours Charles Elmo, Garfield, outpointed Buddy Newby, Newark; Dave Bruce, Orange, flattened Pete Stewart, Naughright, in the second and Edward Winn, Orange, defeated Pete Blanchard, Morristown.

Mike Alfano, a Newarker, who has been fighting out of state for most of his career, is now being managed by Vic Marsilla. Frankie Bernackie is under contract to Danny Daniels but decided to fight for a New York manager and was kayoed in his first fight in the Big City.

Returning to action after a six-month layoff, Allie Stolz, Newark 130-pounder, won a close decision over the Newark Italian favorite, Ralph Griffin, in eight rounds at Newark's Meadowbrook Bowl.

Mike Alfano, a Newarker, scored an eight-round decision over Frank Poreda, of Jersey City, in the semi-final. Alfano made a good impression upon the crowd. It was his first bout in many months in his home city. Mike's handler is Vic Marsillo, who owns the Market Street gym in Newark.

We are glad to hear that our good friend, Bill Gore, is back in control of the fight club at Miami Beach.

During the past month this column has received many requests for autographed pictures of New Jersey boxers. We regret we cannot supply them but non-autographed pictures may be purchased from THE RING Bookshop, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Breaking a bone in his right hand in the second round Paul Cortlyn lost a return bout to Mike Piskin in Newark. In the semi-final eight Frankie Conn, Lyndhurst, won an unpopular decision over Frankie Bove, Newark. Robert Dwor, *Star-Ledger* reporter, gave Bove four rounds, Conn two and two even. Bill Neyland, Elizabeth, said Dwor, had the best of Bunky Wall, Morristown, in a six. Tom Fusari, Newark, looked better than Harry Serio, Newark, and Mike De Stefano, Philadelphia, defeated Red Rice, Elizabeth, in the remaining sixes. In a four, Jim Neville, Union, edged out Kid Blanchard, Norristown. The gate was $3,054.90.

BOXING IN MAINE
By DAVE SILVERMAN

COLEY WELCH, Portland's young middleweight star, continued his winning streak by stopping Larry Kellum of New York in six rounds at the Exposition Building, in Portland. He knocked Kellum down for the count eight times, before the one-sided contest was stopped.

Tiger Lambert, of Biddeford, won the decision over Battling Downey, of Lowell, in the six round semi-final. In the prelims the Blond Tiger of Lowell, boxed a draw with Carol Frost of Waterville, as did Eddie O'Tash of Dover, and Henry Perry of Portland, while in the other bout Johnny Welch of Lowell, stopped Larry Watts of Sanford in two rounds.

South Berwick—Billie Lancaster, of Portland, knocked out Eddie Oliver, of Boston, in three rounds. In the semi-final Jake Desautel, of Dover, stopped Jackie Cole, of Boston, in five and Tiger Lambert of Biddeford won the decision over Young Cote of Dover, in one of the prelims.

Rockland, Me.—Frankie Nelson, of Portland, knocked out Carl Lawless, of Thorndike, in the third round. In the semi-final, Honey Driscol, of Portland, defeated Mickey Boynton, of Jefferson, in a six rounder.

Bath—Lou Cooper, the Bath heavyweight, knocked out Eddie Gates, of Albany, in the sixth round. In the semi-final Eddie O'Tash, of Dover, and Everett Ladd, of Westbrook, battled six rounds to a draw.

Acton—Billie Lancaster, of Portland, knocked out Clyde Willard, of Rochester, N. H., in four rounds, while in a six round semi-final, Eddie Latourneau, of Sanford, decisioned Honey Driscol of Portland.

South Berwick—Flash Dutil, of Lewiston, won the decision over Eddie Latourneau, of Sanford, in six rounds. Carl Robbins, of Lewiston, and Art Small, battled six rounds to a draw in the semi-final. In the prelims Young Cote, of Dover, went to a draw with Young Bishop, of Sanford, and so did Lee Martin, of Farmington, and Young Blonie of Portland, while in the opener Eddie Cote, of Somersworth, defeated Bill Nelson of Portland.

South Berwick—Billie Lancaster scored his third straight knockout when he stopped Jake Desautel, of Dover, in five rounds. Young Mack, of Sanford, and Jimmy Cook, of Rumford, went six rounds to a draw; Eddie Barry, of Portland, defeated Lee Martin, of Farmington, in one of the prelims.

For the past year, boxing in the State of Maine has been under the supervision of a State boxing commission, composed of three commissioners. Mr. Rockwell Young of Bangor, is the chairman, who is assisted by two deputies, Dr. Good of Sanford, and Mr. William Nulty of Portland, an attorney. The chairman is the only one to receive a salary, while the other two only receive travelling expenses to Augusta, when they attend meetings once or twice a month.

The commission has been a success, thanks to the three commissioners, who have done everything possible for the improvement of boxing conditions in the state. If throughout New England more states would have a commission like they have here in Maine, and also adopt some of its policies, boxing would be flourishing in many of the smaller cities. From September until June, there are from 12 to 14 clubs operating, with the Arena A.A. of Portland being the largest, and is one of the best in New England.

The license fee is small as compared to other states. It costs only $3.00 a year to license a boxer, $5.00 for a manager, $2.00 for a second, while the state takes three per cent of the gross receipts.

The best attraction in Maine right now is that 21-year-old Irishman, Coley Welch, who really looks the part, and at the rate he is going now, may surpass anything this state ever had, and in another six months will be ready for Soose, Zale, or Overlin.

Paul Junior is taking a good rest in his home town in Lewiston, looking after his tavern, and various real estate holdings.

Former greats of boxing in Maine, and what they are doing:

Kid Donahue, is operating a tavern in Portland; George Phelan, a trainer of boxers; Wild Bill Fleming, owner of a bowling alley in Bangor; Kid Dube has a tavern in Lewiston; Emery Cabana, a shoe worker in Sanford; Steve Travers, a boxing instructor in Biddeford; Duke Menard a tavern owner in Biddeford; Ad Zachow has one in Portland; Tommy Lemieux a mill boss in Biddeford; Bing Conley, a movie extra in Hollywood; Ruby Levine, a cab driver in Boston; Jimmy Kid Rice, a salesman in Portland; Lou Bedell, a storekeeper; Danny Danforth, a mail clerk in Portland; Young Cote, a referee; Frank De Rice, the former Young Hugo Kelly, owns a chain of road side stands in Montreal.

HARTFORD NEWS
By DON HAMILL

BOBBY "POISON" IVY stepped into the elite circle by winning a decisive 10 round decision over Joey Archibald, former featherweight king from Pawtucket, R. I. Ivy scored two knockdowns, one in the fourth, the other in the tenth. Larry Bolvin "The Blitzkreig Kid" failed to get organized against the awkward style of Victor Corchado, Puerto Rico, and had to be content with a draw. These boys are featherweights and the bout eight rounds. Billy Duffy, Hartford welterweight, scored a six round decision over Frankie Young of New Haven. Snooks Lacey, New Haven veteran, had altogether too much experience over Martin Tabor, Providence Negro featherweight, and won an easy six round decision. Al Evans, coming New Haven Negro, scored a technical knockout over Al Castonguay of Holyoke when the latter suffered a cut eye. Evans was in command at the time of the halt, in the third round.

Larry Kid Lovett, Florida heavyweight now making Hartford his home, was given a shot at Nate Mann's New England heavyweight championship. Mann stopped the burly Negro in the 10th round. Mann landed repeatedly with a right hand to Lovett's jaw but was too slow on following up his advantages. In the meantime Lovett snapped a neat left jab into Mann's face to keep him at bay. Mann's rights finally slowed the Negro down to a walk and set him up for an easy kill in the tenth.

Kid Sal Carabetta, Meriden left hook artist, scored an upset win over Victor Corchado, rugged Puerto Rican featherweight, in the eight round semi-final. It was a very close fight and would better have been called a draw. Art Lind, Washington middleweight won all the way from Gomez Naya of Cuba, only to have the referee call it a draw in a six. Willie Pepe, 18-year-old comer, continued on his winning ways by knocking out Tommy Burns, of Springfield, Mass., in the second of a four. In the opener, Henry Davis, New Britain Negro, scored over Billy Marcus, Waterbury featherweight in four rounds.

Legal difficulties marked the Lovett-Mann go and has been suggested as the cause of Lovett's defeat. Lovett was under contract in Florida to B. T. Pate of West Palm Beach and left his management to fight for Johnny Mack, former Hartford fighter. Pate set up an injunction to stop the fight.

Babe Verila, New Bedford middleweight, is now being booked by this writer. The Babe suffered a crushed foot while at work which put him on the shelf for awhile. Verila will soon be in shape and ready to take on any middleweight in the world.

Carl Red Guggino, Hartford's sterile lightweight, has become a big favorite in New York. He has fought three stirring battles at the Fort Hamilton arena during the past month. He won six out of eight rounds over Joey Fontana, only to see the decision rendered against him. He next had Maxie Berger on the floor twice only to receive a draw for his efforts. In his last showing there he lost a hard fought contest to the harder punching Maxie Shapiro.

A boy who seems destined to make his mark in Connecticut pugilism is Willie Pepe, 18-year-old featherweight star. Willie has had four pro fights to date and has chalked up four consecutive wins. In his pro début he soundly whipped Joey Marcus, who was good enough to knock out Joey Lanotti in the amateurs. He stopped Joey Wasnick of New Haven in three and kayoed Tommy Burns, Springfield in two in his next two bouts. He fought Joey Marcus again in Waterbury this time over the six round route and handed him a bigger lacing. He boxes beautifully and packs a hard wallop. He looks far better than Bobby Ivy did in the same stage. He is bejng handled by Lenny Marello, whose training brought Bat Battalino up to the top.

Any fighters who can fight and are not under contract to any manager can do well by contacting me at 102 Park Terrace, Hartford, Conn. Please send clippings and photo. Those wishing answers to queries please enclose return postage. See you next month.

The New Haven Arena expects to have a profitable season for the coming indoor year. Aided by Al Caroly and Lew Brown in handling the local details, they have secured Eddie Mead, manager of Henry Armstrong, to act as director of boxing. This position and high sounding title gives Mead the authority to close for any attractive matches that are loose around the big city.

Mead has his hooks out for such men as Billy Conn and Red Burman for their local talent, which represents Nathan Mann, Al Gainer and George Fitch. Johnny Bellus and Julie Kogan are the lightweight cards from that city and they are expected to clash with the foremost lightweight rivals in the East.

Eddie has his headquarters at the R.K.O. Bldg., 1270 Sixth Ave., New York City, and would like to hear from managers who have first class talent to sell.

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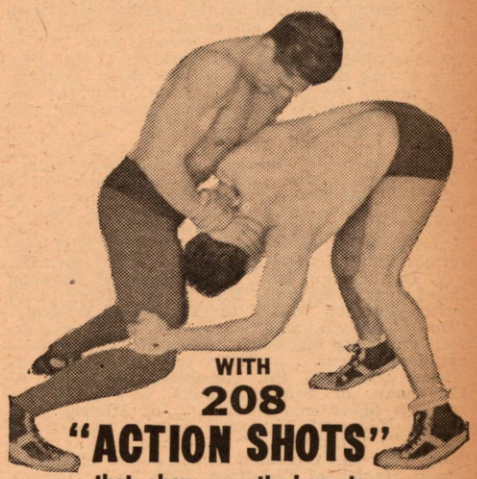

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NORTHERN ONTARIO
By BUCK KYLE

WITH Promoter Bob Crosby, of the McIntyre Rink (Timmins) away on his vacation, Timmins fans had two popular price amateur shows, that drew good gates in the North Country. . . . The Timmins Police A.A.A. headlined Alec Deschamp, former All-Ontario heavyweight champion, against Archie Smith, of Sudbury, who came in as a last minute substitute for Joe Simmons, Northern Ontario champ. . . . The tough Smith surprised all by putting Deschamp on the "deck" for a six count in the first. Toe to toe slugging for four rounds took toll of Smith's condition and the Kirkland Lake Deschamp took down a decision that have Timmins fans asking for a rematch. Sergt. Jack Downey of the Timmins Police is to be congratulated upon his great card.

At the Inco Club, Sudbury, Matchmaker "Buck" Kyle turned up what looks like one of the greatest prospects the North Country has had since the "Dooly" Boivin was in his prime in "Babe" Theriault, the Chapleau larruper, whose fourth round K.O. of the "Irish Harp" Freddy O'Hagen, former lightweight kingpin, was a great surprise. . . . In the main bout, John Barth, of Toronto, failed to turn up, and "Pit" Dubois, Copper Cliff welter, lost the "duke" to the "Frood Wildcat," "Dooly" Boivin, whose record of only two defeats in eighty odd bouts classes him as Canada's greatest amateur. . . . Other results: Al Gendron, Nickel Dist. 175 lbs. champion, decisioned Al Colughoun, of Sturgeon Falls, in one of the roughest fights seen here. . . . Joe Murphy decisioned "Squint" Falciona and the undefeated "villain" "Black Mask" took two out of three falls from the Canadian middleweight champion, Floric Stanich of Winnipeg. Both Mike Howard, Creighton Mine 250-pounder, and tough Johnny Belanger were thrown out by Referee "Dolph" Beaudry, when both men started a real brawl both inside and outside the ring. . . . A crowd of twelve hundred attended the card.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

CLEVELAND is in line for another champion. A lad who has stepped up into the spot light within fifteen professional bouts, and another who has had but five bouts that bears watching. They are Jimmy Bivins and Georgie Toy. Bivins proved his rating with his victory over Charley Burley at Pittsburgh. He has been undefeated as a professional. Among the better known fighters he has beaten, are Johnny Barbara, whom he knocked out; Joe Sutka, beat him twice and Nate Bolden. At the rate Bivins is climbing, he should be boxing for the title within the next year, and Charles Shane, Jr., and Wilfred Carter deserve a lot of credit the way they have handled the boy.

George Toy, who has not boxed since he knocked out Frankie Gilmore, is the Chinese boy that is managed by Charley O'Connell. Toy is not only a good boxer but is a deadly puncher with both hands. He will be boxing some of the rated boys within the next six months.

Warren, Ohio—Jack Dempsey proved he still has that drawing power when he was the guest referee at the Warren Fair Grounds, the night his protégé, Red Burman, T.K.O.'d Texas Jack Wofford in the fourth round. Promoter Al Zill had a winning show when around eight thousand fans cheered the Manassa Mauler.

It did not take long for Jack Trammell to knock out Joe Horvath of Akron. He toyed for one round and then set down to business and scored a kayo in the second. The show was stolen by two rough welterweights, Kayo Steve Morgan of Youngstown and Howdy Mason of Beaver Falls, O. It ended in a knockout in the third round. The fight was even for the first two rounds, when in the third, Mason let go with a right cross that floored Morgan, it looked as though Morgan would not get up; but he did at the count of nine. They met in the center of the ring, both threw deadly right hands, each finding its mark; both hitting the deck, but Morgan got up at the count of six and Mason, never did get up till five minutes later, and it goes in the record book as a kayo for Steve Morgan. In other bouts on the card, Johnny O'Hare of Ravenna won on a T.K.O. in the first round, over Pancho Ortez of Akron, and Ernie Pilen beat Johnny Gunther in a four round opener.

Billy Welch has opened a new gym at 1030 Sumner Ave., just off East Ninth St., within walking distance from the heart of downtown Cleveland. He has a crack string of amateurs that can match with any amateur team in the country.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Your correspondent is the proud father of a boy . . . . Joe Sedeley is in the bicycle business and is doing fine . . . . Jack and Sam Leavitt, former amateur boxers have opened a restaurant on East Superior Ave. . . . Bryan Downey is doing a good business with his business men's classes . . . . Dr. A. F. Hagedorn, not only is the Doc for the Cleveland Boxing Commission, but also takes care of the shows within a thirty mile radius.

Harry Jeffra defeated Pittsburgh Jackie Wilson at Youngstown, another packed house for Al Zill. . . . Floyed Gibbons kayoed Paul Favors at Columbus. He at one time was the main draw there.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 1337 West Blvd., Cleveland, O.

Dick Deutsch, prominent promoter will soon have the new Coliseum ready. It will seat 5000 fans for a fight or wrestling show. It is located at East 106th and Cedar Ave., a stone's throw from the busy Euclid-105th section. The building was at one time a garage for the railway busses. It is being rebuilt at a cost of $80,000.

Deutsch is associated with Tommy McGinty, in a lot of promotions. The Coliseum will house weekly professional boxing and wrestling shows, besides basketball, roller skating, etc.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

HENRY ARMSTRONG notwithstanding, the colored Elks failed to patronize the Arena's amateur boxing program to the extent of a profit. Henry refereed thereby becoming the evening's elkiest Elk, but though the boys will pay to see the Hammer hammer, they're apt to stay away in startling numbers just to see him referee, especially when the promoters establish a forbidding figure on pews at the ringside.

It was too bad that the show didn't hang them from the chandeliers, for it was the best amateur show that has ever been presented to our gullible fistic citizenry. Jim Richie, International Golden Gloves champion light-heavyweight, defeated Joe Maxim, National Golden Gloves and A. A. U. 160-pound title-holder from Cleveland, in the five-round main event. The Ohioan gave an excellent account of himself and the mighty Richie had his lightning-like hands well filled. Maxim admitted, however, that he was about all in at the finish from Jim's brutal body assault. Leon Haire, two-time International featherweight Golden Gloves champion, looked terrible in the semi-final and had his name been Smith or Jones he probably would not have received the verdict. Art Foster and Charles Riley of the Brown Bombers were both impressive in winning their fights.

Jack Van Pelt, one-man press agency, used to heckle us in regard to the relative merits and demerits of boxing columnists. We have lost track of how he stands with the last one but here is how we rate the first five that come to mind. First, John Kieran; second, Paul Gallico; third, Hype Igoe; fourth, Joe Williams; fifth, Maurice Shevlin. Need we say more?

Though the Arena show was more artistically perfect, the feud between the Brown Bombers and the Slaughter Cats at the latter's open-air arena, was the most riotous amateur card we have ever seen. Curator George Smith of the Bombers claimed a 3-2 victory, a contention that has its points. In all fairness, however, it must be admitted that not only did George have no flyweight for John Ford, but he did not see fit to let Oliver Johnson, the people's choice, try conclusions with Leon Haire. This tainted the Bomber victory as did the fact that on the Arena Elks program two Bombers were well slaughtered.

PAWS TO THE PELT—George Wilsman and Lou Wallach enter the amateur picture at this point, the World Theatre being the scene of operations. The club is to be called the World-Garden and is expected to go bi-weekly . . . . Lou Kostich, freakish featherweight, was soundly drubbed by a Harry Stephenson one night at the Slaughterhouse. It was Harry's third fight, he having been stopped on his two previous attempts. Since that disastrous evening, Kostich has been presented with a couple of wins . . . . Bob Johnson is the only amateur to drop James Richie, though some of Jim's admirers are now trying, and "Speedy" really did it. The only more surprised person that Richie was Robert. But you should have seen poor Robert at the finish. He has now made the circuit of Bill Slaughter's famous three R's at 175 pounds. Richie whipped him in five, Reddick in three and Robinson kayoed him in two . . . . Charley Riley, little brother of Dave, is the hottest amateur proposition in town . . . . The diminutive fellow fights at around 114 pounds and can murder any of our bantams. He can make flyweight and as such should be the equal of anything in the U. S. He came from behind to floor H. K. Phillips twice in the last round and got the decision over that stylish 118-pound A. A. U. kingpin.

Joe Di Martino got his twice in three nights. Riley had him on the floor in every round at Ollie Russo's . . . . Which reminds us that the Brown Bombers were barred from this year's Golden Gloves . . . . Since the tournament the Bombers have pretty well settled the Gloves Champions that have come their way . . . . Weygandt, Bolden and Di Martino have all felt the Bomber axe . . . . And what glover here could expect anything but the worst from Cyclone Charley Williams, New York state champion and kayo winner in the inter-city duel.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

DES MOINES, IA.—Andy Miller, Sioux City heavyweight won an eight-round newspaper decision over Frank Jones, Des Moines Negro. It was their third meeting with Miller having a two to one edge. Miller scored his points by being the aggressor throughout, along with a punishing body attack. There were no knockdowns. Other results:

Jess Ackerman, Des Moines welterweight, defeated Earl Claybourne, Des Moines, six; George Hayes, Lenox, Ia., welterweight, defeated Bud Mancus, Oskaloosa, six; Herb Hawkins, Creston, defeated Bob Foord, Des Moines, four; Floyd Shade, Des Moines, defeated Johnny Markey, Des Moines, four.

Sioux City, Ia., Riverview Park Arena—Leo Mahon, Ponca, Nebr., 152 pounder, fresh out of the amateur ranks, punched out a six-round decision over Don Swenson, of St. Paul, Minn..

Bud Tebbets, 145, St. Paul, was the aggressor throughout in decisioning Dutch White, 145, Omaha, in the six-round semi-windup. A body attack gave Stanley Novak, 127, Omaha, a decision over Jack Nitti, 128, St. Paul, in six rounds.

Levi DeCora, 142, Winnebago, decisioned Don Renard, 140, Winterset, Ia., six rounds, and Lou Taylor, 140, Des Moines, knocked out Willard Coonan, 140, Sioux City, in the first round of a scheduled four-round match.

Omaha, Nebr.—In a slashing bout Carl Vinciquerra, Omaha heavyweight, and Buddy Knox, of Dayton, Ohio, fought to an eight-round draw.

Remember our address is 2206 N. Lafayette Street, Sioux City, Iowa, and mail with news for this spot should be in our hands by the fifth of each month.

Sioux City, Ia., Riverview Park Arena—Cyclone Lynch, Denver, Colo., heavyweight lost by a T.K.O. to Andy Miller, of Sioux City, in the fifth round when he fractured his wrist. Miller was ahead on points when the bout was halted. In the other bouts, Wilbur DeCora, Winnebago, Neb., light-heavy lost to Henry Jones, of Fort Dodge by a hair-line. Jack Harding, Sioux City, scored over Levi DeCora. Dutch White, 140, Omaha, scored over Lou Taylor, of Des Moines. Stanley Novak, Omaha scored over Newsboy Brown.

Des Moines, Ia.—Lee Savold, Des Moines heavyweight, scored a three-round kayo over Bob Nestell of Los Angeles, Cal., before a roaring crowd of 4,000 fans. Savold scaled 190, and Nestell, 188.

After a dull first round, Savold opened up in the second round. He knocked the Californian down twice for a nine-count, and on the second knockdown only the bell saved Nestell.

Nestell came out for the third apparently recovered from the knockdowns, but Savold polished him off after 55 seconds with a pair of short hooks to Nestell's jaw. Referee Alex Fidler tolled off the count after Bob slumped to the canvas.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS . . . . Eddie Horn, manager of Oscar Rankins, is on hand with a challenge for Andy Miller, or any other light-heavyweight around the middlewest. Rankins has clashed with such men as Young Joe Gans, Fred Lenhart, Billy Conn, George Black, Solly Krieger and a host of others . . . . Andy Miller by the way has fought such boys as Tiger Jack Fox, Lem Franklin, Charley Neaves, Clarence Brown, Frank Jones, Red Bruce, Tony Musto, and Marty Simmons . . . . A Miller-Rankins bout might do some biz in this section.

Plans are in progress for a local gym, which has been needed here for several months . . . . Don Emmick, Westfield, Ia., amateur boxer, returned from the Citizens' Military Training camp at Fort Snelling, Minn., where he won the 126-pound title of his division. Young Emmick won eight bouts all by the kayo route . . . . Phil Bernard was another amateur to win a camp title, having won the 135-pound belt at Fort Crook, Nebr. . . . Ross Abramo is the manager of Andy Miller, this for P. H. B. at St. Louis . . . . See you next month.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

JIMMY MURRAY re-opened the Wilmington Bowl with professional boxing and a near-capacity crowd turned out for the occasion. Murray featured Baby Arizmendi and Dub Bowen in a ten-rounder that was won by Arizmendi with a clean knockout in the fourth. Bowen, former Navy champion, boxed mostly on the defensive and back-pedaled to safety for three rounds. However, it was obvious that the ever-crowding Mexican would sooner or later catch up with his fleeting opponent, which he did in the fourth. The Baby flattened the sailor with a terrific left hook. Arizmendi weighed 138, Bowen 136.

Pancho Ramirez, 165, decisioned Red Shannon, 160, in the six-round semi. The prelims were all thrillers and the Harbor fans were enthused over the show, which makes it appear that Murray is here for a long stay.

Jimmy Garrison not only upset the dope by more than holding his own with Jackie Wilson, but the Kansas City gamester also came within a hair of stopping the colored boxer. This attractive match packed Hollywood Stadium to the rafters, in fact, over two thousand fans were turned away. The bout was fast and exciting, with Wilson looking like a winner in the early rounds, only to have Garrison come on at the half-way point and punch Jackie plenty before the end. Wilson came out at the opening bell with the intention of ending it early and jarred Garrison with some nasty rights. Jackie jabbed nicely and scored with some good upper-cuts to outscore the K.C. battler in the second and third rounds.

Jimmy held the Negro sharpshooter even in the fourth and fifth, and almost ended the bout in the sixth with an overhand right that caused Wilson to sag and hang on. For the balance of the round Garrison belabored the colored boxer with both hands and the gong found Jackie in bad shape. Wilson was still weak in the seventh and dropped the round by a big margin. Jackie made it close in the 8th and 9th frames, but, receipted for a lacing in the final round. Referee Mushy Callahan called the contest a draw, but the majority of the crowd thought that Garrison had won. Wilson weighed 139, Garrison 140¼.

Larry Cisneros, 137, was declared winner over Chief Evening Thunder, 135, in an uninteresting, although hard fought six-round semi.

In Ocean Park: A capacity crowd turned out for the "natural" between Georgie Hansford and Wesley Sellers, Los Angeles lightweights. The bout ended at the end of the third round when Sellers' seconds considered a cut eye too serious for him to continue. The fight had been fast and furiously fought, with the classy Sellers in the lead at the time it was stopped. Hansford weighed 130, Sellers 135.

Soldier Ed Stanley, 135, won over Bobby Espinoza, 140, in the 6-rd. semi.

Quentin (Baby) Breese came all the way from Kansas to take one boxing lesson from Prof. George Latka of San Jose. However, if Breese is one to benefit from his experiences—the one lesson was worth the trip. The lesson was given at the Hollywood Stadium before a packed house. Although an unwilling pupil, the Baby was taught that "left jab's go into unprotected faces many, many times", and that "two from ten—leaves eight"— which loses the fight.

The handsome Kansan was credited with only the 5th and 6th rounds. Although Breese had much the better of the opening round, he lost it because of butting. He opened a cut over Latka's eye by his billy-goating in this first round and repeated often. However, Latka is no "babe in the woods" himself, so, all the unethical boxing wasn't confined to just one of them. Breese ran out of gas in the 7th. Latka weighed 134, Breese 135½.

George Raft, movie star, is said to have purchased the contract on Georgie Latka from Joe Herman. Tony Palazola, former San Francisco promoter, is named as Latka's new manager. Raft did some fighting himself before winning fame on the screen, is a great boxing fan and has been an admirer of Latka. However, as Herman is being kept on as trainer, the Raft contract story smacks of publicity.

Johnny Hanschen, Minneapolis heavyweight, was brought back to California to oppose Tommy Martin, London Negro, at the Hollywood Stadium. Hanschen started his ring career in Los Angeles, but attracted little attention in prelim bouts here. Johnny returned to Minneapolis where he became a main-eventer, and stories of his improved ability secured him this match with Martin. But, Johnny still looks very much like the same awkward youngster of two years ago and the colored boxer had little trouble beating him. Hanschen had garnered but one of the first five rounds, the fourth, when the bout was stopped in the sixth because of an injury to the Minnesota fighter's eye. Hanschen had been floored for count of eight in this final sixth and was still a bit groggy when Referee Jack Kennedy stopped the contest. Martin weighed 176, Hanschen 191.

In the semi, Pancho Ramirez, 163, Wilmington, won over Red Shannon, 158, Watts, in a slam-bang 6-rounder. Dom Kid Den, 121, Puerto Rico, scored a first round K.O. over Sal Baca, 119, Ontario, in the special.

In Ocean Park—Johnny Petry, 180, Colorado, was awarded the decision over Clash Clinton, 188, New Orleans Negro, at the end of a close but dull eight rounds. Ray Campo, 131, Los Angeles, was given an unearned decision over Soldier Ed Stanley, 135, San Francisco, in the six-round semi.

Jimmy Murray is fortunate in having Bill Miller, one of the best publicity men in the country, associated with him in the Wilmington Bowl venture. The Harbor club was one of the most successful arenas on the Coast a number of years ago, and with the help of so great a publicity-getter as Miller, the hustling Murray figures to put the Bowl back on the boxing map. And if "moral support" will help, Jimmy is in.

Charlie MacDonald, Hollywood Stadium matchmaker, granted Charlie Meigel the main-event, that his manager Mike McNulty, has so long requested. Meigel was pitted against Richie Lemos, local Mexican, and although Charlie made an interesting fight of it, the Kansas City youngster doesn't quite measure up to main-event calibre. The bout was stopped in the fifth round and awarded to Lemos on a T.K.O. because of eye cuts suffered by the Kansas City boy. Richie opened the first cut over Meigel's eye in the second frame and hurt the blond boxer with left hooks in the fourth. Meigel grabbed the third round by rocking the Mexican portsider with a couple of right-handers. Both tipped the scales at 129½.

Pancho Ramirez, 163, Wilmington, again won over Red Shannon, 158, Watts, in the six-round semi-windup. Bob Crittenden, 135, Oklahoma, defeated Dandy Davis, 134, Tennessee, to cop the bonus for the best fight of the night.

In Ocean Park—Gene (Spider) Mock, 140, Burbank, was given an unearned six-round decision over Soldier Ed Stanley, 135, San Francisco. Stanley floored Mock in the second and appeared to have won four of the six rounds.

Johnny Green, 182, Tulare, decisioned Cal Gabo, 190, in the six-round semi.

Bobby Pacho, veteran Mexican welter, and Otto Blackwell, colored battler of Honolulu, was Jimmy Murray's second offering at the Wilmington Bowl. Blackwell won the 10-round decision.

Gene Espinoza, Los Angeles Filipino, and Clyde Alexander, San Bernardino featherweight, went to a draw in another 10-rounder.

Everett Sanders, a member of the California Athletic Commission, rates a few cheers. Although the head of a printing business, Commissioner Sanders devotes most all of his time to the interests of boxing, visiting the gyms daily, spending hours in the commission office and attends all the fights. And he doesn't do it because of political aspirations, but simply because he desires to become familiar with every angle of the sport that he helps govern. A very unusual boxing commissioner.

In Ocean Park—Red Nibert, 179, Louisiana, continued his winning streak by winning easily over Johnny Green, 182, Tulare, in a six-round main event. Nibert had Green on the floor and won every round. Ray Campo was given the nod over Soldier Ed Stanley in the six-round semi.

It is rumored that Mike Hirsch, Ocean Park promoter, is dickering for the Olympic in Los Angeles. Should Hirsch secure the lease he would put Joe Waterman in as matchmaker and Bill Miller as director of publicity. It is to be hoped that this rumor is true for here are the men that could put the Olympic over.

Toby Vigil withstood a terrific bombardment in the first round and endured groggy moments on a number of occasions, but Toby wasn't to be denied, and his pluck won him a ninth-round K.O. over Eddie Marcus. The contest, fast and exciting all the way, was staged at the Hollywood Stadium. Marcus, who packs a terrific punch in both hands, had Vigil on the verge of a kayo before the bout was two minutes old but Eddie was wild in trying to finish his opponent and the gong came to Toby's rescue. Marcus had Vigil dizzy in the fifth and hurt the slender Mexican on other occasions, but Toby as tough and game as they come, kept fighting back every inch of the way. Although Vigil outsmarted Marcus and made Eddie miss badly at times Toby did not display the class he showed in bouts against Garrison and Peters. After grabbing five of the eight previous rounds Marcus went down in the ninth from a short right to the jaw. The punch didn't appear to be of the "sleep producing" variety but it sufficed to keep Eddie on the floor until he was counted out. Each weighed 134½.

Joe Ybarra, 139, El Cerrito, was awarded a close decision over Irwin Kay, 145, Los Angeles, in the six-round semi. It was a furious fight.

Dom Kid Den, 120, Puerto Rico, and Kenny Lindsey, 118, Vancouver, went to a draw in the special. The contest was stopped in the third when Den suffered a cut eye caused by a butt.

Chief Crazy Horse (Frankie Martin), 135, Pasadena, was awarded the decision over Georgie Hansford, veteran lightweight of Los Angeles, in a slow 10-rounder at the Wilmington Bowl. Only in the late rounds did the bout elicit any excitement. Hansford appeared away off form, but even so, was entitled to no worse than a draw.

In the six-round semi, Joe Peralta, 137, Mexico City, defeated Soldier Ed Stanley, 135, San Francisco.

WE HAVE WITH US—Johnny Juliano, high ranking bantam of Paterson, N. J., accompanied by Tex Pelter, his handler; Altus Allen, the good looking colored heavy of Chicago, along with his mentor, Sol Butler, a former resident; Moose Taussig, well known veteran manager of San Francisco, who is now a successful businessman in Honolulu; Freddie Pope, dandy little club fighter of Columbus, Ohio; George Ades with his two popular scrappers, Jack Larrimore of Florida and Baby Breese of Kansas; Johnny Sokol of Minneapolis, a really good featherweight before the World War, who is now Minnesota's best referee; Bill Radunich of San Jose, former Pacific Coast heavyweight champion; Kenny Lindsey and Henry Devine, two youngsters of Vancouver, B. C.; Buddy Knox, that busy heavyweight of Dayton; Jackie Callura of Hamilton, Ont., and Ray Price of Portland, Ore.

LEST I FORGET—Red Green seeks a bout with George Latka . . . . Genial Gus Wilson made the trip to Des Moines with Bob Nestell for the Savold bout . . . . Joe Waterman is out of the hospital and will again be booking crowd-pleasing scraps by the time this goes to press . . . . Tommy Farmer and Johnny Rogers, managers of Tommy Martin and Jackie Jurich, have added Al Romero to their stable . . . . The Olympic Auditorium, largest arena on the Coast, is still dark. . . . . Jimmy Casino, Joey Greenberg's handsome Italian boxer, has grown into a light-heavy—and he looks like a formidable one . . . . With George Parnassus in New York, Roxy Eisen is doing the business for Tony Chavez, Nick Peters and Jimmy Lakes . . . . Freddie Pope, little blond slugger of Ohio, made a hit with movie city fans in his Hollywood debut . . . . Bobby Bonger's injured hand is on the mend and the hard socking youngster is again in training . . . . California managers are endeavoring to have the commission do away with the no-foul rule. It should be rescinded . . . . Red Green was on a three-week fishing trip in Utah and Wyoming . . . . Phil McGraw, that Greek gamester of Detroit, who made it tough for the best of them 15 years ago, is a daily visitor at the Main Street Gym . . . . Jimmy Garrison is now a manager. He has taken over Chief Shoulder Blades, an Oklahoma Indian heavyweight, who has been campaigning in local amateur rings . . . . Al Romero, hard punching middleweight of two years ago, is rounding in shape for another crack at it . . . . Should Jackie Wilson defeat Jimmy Garrison in their rematch, a Wilson-Latka contest figures to draw $40,000 or more . . . . Emilio Magana, promising featherweight a couple of years back, is in training for a comeback.

And as a reminder, anyone seeking information on boxing conditions in California must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with their request. Address Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

YOUNGSTOWN has taken the play for producing one of the best heavyweights in this territory in some time. When Nick Fiorentino of Philadelphia kissed the canvas in one minute and four seconds before the flailing fists of Jack Trammell, the rangy colored flash, Ben Klekner's challenger brought upstate Ohio back into its rightful fight rating. Incidentally Joe Louis was the referee.

Klekner immediately challenged the heavyweight world for Trammell and Klekner isn't talking out of his hat. His cold figures to get opposition to prove Trammell is the best heavyweight today are as follows:

As manager of Trammell, Klekner is willing to pay Billy Conn $10,000 to meet Jack in Cleveland or Pittsburgh. Upon Conn's acceptance of this offer, Klekner will deposit the $10,000 in escrow in the Mullin National Bank, Pittsburgh, or any other depository satisfactory to Johnny Ray, Conn et all.

Klekner is willing to offer Buddy Walker of Columbus a guarantee of $3500 to meet Trammell in Columbus, O. This money will be deposited in an acceptable depository in Columbus.

The Youngstown manager is further willing to make an offer of $3000 for a Trammell-Red Burman fight; $1500 for Buddy Knox-Trammell and $10,000 for a Max Baer-Trammell fight.

This writer substantiates these statements that Klekner will back them up to the limit.

How about it Johnny Ray, Whitey Morrett, Max Waxman, Oscar Koff and Ancil Hoffman?

Jack Werst of Dayton, O. came through with two featherweight programs, fitting for boxing's elite attendance. Joe Marinelli, little Dayton featherweight kept up his winning streak, winning ten round decisions over Joey Archibald on August 2 and summing up the same over Spider Armstrong of Toronto on August 22. Marinelli will probably fight Jimmy Perrin in the Gem City in the next few weeks.

Portsmouth, O., has fine looking heavyweight prospect in Pick Johnson, Negro former amateur star. Johnson in his last two starts on Wilbur Morgan's shows at Manchester, Ohio, held the veteran Charlie Roth to a draw and won a decision over the more experienced Charlie Banks of Cincinnati. Johnson hangs out the S.R.O. sign every time he shows in Manchester.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS. . . . My semi monthly boxing service pamphlet which covers all of the results, etc. is clicking on all four . . . . one year subscription only one dollar . . . . make application for same to Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this service always plugs the subscription to THE RING . . . . which incidentally is on sale at all of the leading book agencies . . . . this address above can also be used for fighters of all weights or sizes who are interested in lining up with the writer's booking agency . . . . we can place you in any state in the country with our representatives and can use 100 fighters right at the present time . . . . all weights . . . . be sure to enclose a photo and record . . . . Jackie Carpenter, Columbus welter, is now campaigning on the west coast . . . . Jimmy Clark, 175 pounder of George Ross of Mass. is looking for action in these parts . . . . Cleo McNeal, the Barberton, O. welter, is the real goods . . . . Joe Basco, his manager has a good prospect in Billy Pryor, the toy bulldog middle from Colorado. . . . Frankie Gilmore of the Fred Batsche Cincinnati stable proved little opposition for George Toy in Cleveland . . . . Gilmore was stopped in the first round . . . . we have conflicting reports . . . . was Gilmore booked by Batsche or Dewey Fragetta? . . . can someone help this column on this matter? . . . Jackie Davis, veteran N. Y. and Cincy welter, has the Dempsey comeback fever and tried it again at Mt. Washington . . . . and once again the writer's address is 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . we will be glad to hear from everyone.

Cincinnati came through with one show of recent date. Herschell Joiner, Cincinnati lightweight, evened up things with Norment Quarles of Virginia and walked off with the 10-round verdict at the Parkway Arena. Joiner lost on a foul to Quarles in their first meeting some weeks ago. There is no doubt Joiner is ready for the leading lightweights. The Queen City, one of the best fight towns in the country has been practically fight-dormant since the leave of Herman Katz to California. Occasional shows stem the public interest.

In the chief prelim to Joiner-Quarles, Lloyd Gibson won an eight-round decision over Bobby McKibbons.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT WILKES-BARRE . . . . Billy Speary, sensational Nanticoke featherweight, decisively defeated Al Brown, colored Philadelphian, over the eight round route at Promoter Al Dewey's Armory A.C. Spear showed vast improvement since first joining up with the professional glove tossers, and in beating Brown, the Nanticoke Welshman will be in line for matches against the world's leading scrappers of his division.

In the co-feature eight rounder "Irish" Johnny Dean, late of Miami, Florida, now residing in Wilkes-Barre, made a tremendous "hit" with Coal Region ring followers in his battle with Howard Burton, local colored pugilist. Dean floored the crafty Burton, for a nine count in the fourth round and appeared as the winner. Due to two rounds being taken away from Dean for fouling tactics used, the Miami welterweight was credited with a loss.

Steve Gacha, Wilkes-Barre's Collegiate lightweight made his first local appearance before a home town audience in two years, meeting Patsy Gall, Italian battler from Freeland. Gall was accorded a split-verdict, both judges voting for Gall, while Referee Joe Sweeney, cast his ballot in favor of Gacha.

Rocky Luciano, Harrisburg welterweight, made his first local start by outpointing Joe Kiddish of Freeland in six rounds while Jimmy Mack, two-fisted Irishman from Carbondale, decisioned Patsy Defeo of Freeland in the opening four rounder. The show paid off on a gate of eighteen-hundred. Looks like boxing is due for a great indoor season here in Wilkes-Barre.

AT ALLENTOWN . . . Billy Mims, classy colored welterweight from Philadelphia, made his first Allentown appearance by stopping Steve Yuhas, Minersville leather pusher. Yuhas couldn't answer the "bell" for the fifth round. Mims, who is managed by Jimmy Toppi and Arcie Pirroli, showed plenty of class and reminds ring followers of the elusive one time ring-great "Kid Chocolate". This writer was a spectator and thinks Billy Mims, one of the better younger welterweights in the game today.

Rego Dell, Italian welterweight from Dunmore, staged a six round draw with Frankie Saia of Memphis, Tenn. Dell did well in holding Saia to a draw, a sthe latter met and defeated some of the best welters in the business.

Johnny Rivers, local welterweight outpointed Rocky Luciano of Harrisburg in six rounds, while in the other six rounder Billy Eck of Allentown, drew with Gene Pinter of McAdoo.

At SHENANDOAH . . . . Howard Burton, Wilkes-Barre's colored welterweight, defeated Patsy Gall of Freeland in the "main-bout" of six rounds of a benefit show sponsored by the local American Red Cross. Burton, was easily the winner having the edge in five out of the six stanzas.

Gene Pinter, McAdoo middleweight, bested Howard Jones in six rounds. Billy Eck, Prince Henry's protégé, kayoed Lew Masters in the second round of a scheduled sixer. In the other sixer, Bull Santos, local light-heavyweight was a T.K.O. winner over Emil Kozal in the second round.

Bruce B'Oris, local sports-writer, handled the matching of fighters for the local Red Cross. The attendance was around two thousand.

At BINGHAMTON, N. Y. . . . Joe Banovic, thirty-four year old Binghamton, N. Y. heavyweight and a veteran of eighteen years of ring warfare headlined a boxing card meeting Joe Matisi of Endicott. Banovic was a five round kayo victim. "Bingo" Joe, couldn't compete with the "speed" of his younger opponent. The show attracted an attendance of about five thousand people who roared with satisfaction of the action thrilled Banovic-Matisi battle, which was a "war" from the opening bell until the final fifth, when Matisi administered the kayo wallop, ending the scrap. The match was a local natural and took two years to make.

In the six round semi-final Rego Dell, Dunmore welter, won a surprise battle, by upsetting the "dope" in beating Al Traino of Rochester, N. Y. Dell was the underdog entering the ring and wasn't given much of a chance against the veteran Traino, who beat the best in New York and Pennsylvania rings.

Jack Downey, Scranton's giant heavyweight, after shellacking Johnny Flynn of Rochester for a round-and-a-half was caught on the chin with a right-hander that sent him to slumberland in the second round.

Billy O'Neil, Binghamton heavyweight made his first pro start by kayoing Jack Riley in the second stanza of a scheduled six. In the opening four rounder Joe DeCarlo of Rochester kayoed Johnny Martz of Endicott in the second heat.

This show was conducted by the Johnson City American Legion and outdrew any boxing card staged hereabouts in the past eight years. Tommy Curry, of Johnson City handled the matchmaking and was assisted by Harry Wilcox of the American Legion.

A BIT FOR ALL . . . . Coal Region boxing fans who witnessed the Howard Burton-Johnny Dean eight rounder at Wilkes-Barre, claim it was one of the most action packed matches staged hereabouts in many years. Dean, drew a thirty day suspension from the Commission, but after a hearing the suspension was dropped to fifteen days . . . . Whitey Lutz, out of Wheeling, W. Va., plans to make the Coal Regions his headquarters. Whitey, once hustled out of Scranton.

Johnny McDade, finally got a "break" with his Howard Burton, who shows on top in a rematch with Johnny Dean at Wilkes-barre on the next card there . . . . Eddie Borden of THE RING staff was a spectator at the Binghamton Joe Banovic-Joe Matisi bout and picked Matisi to lick old "Bingo Joe" . . . . White fighters wanting to make the Coal Regions can contact the writer at 46 Public Square, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. . . . . Plenty of fistic work hereabouts for fighters that can fight . . . . Emmett "Kid" Wagner, one-time middleweight contender is now conducting a prosperous tavern business in Wilkes-Barre . . . . Billy Burke, of Pittston, who writes the Old Timer Column for the Wilkes-Barre *Times Leader*, sure remembers way-back when it comes to old timers . . . . Johnny Dean, Miami welterweight, wants to be remembered to all his Southern boxing friends. He can be reached at 46 Public Sq., Wilkes-Barre.

Don't be surprised to see Billy Speary, fighting for the featherweight title in a year . . . . Art Thomas discovered Speary and deserves lots of credit for doing what he did with his charge. . . . Pete Moran, Philly, boxing impresario, is affiliated with Al Dewey and the Armory A.C. of Wilkes-Barre. Hank Stezar, plans to resume indoor operations at his Town Hall Club. THE RING Magazine is a big seller in Wilkes-Barre, in fact every fight fan reaches for it when discussing boxing. The writer of this column's new address is 46 Public Square, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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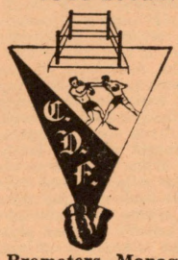

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IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

By SHERIDAN BROWN

RAY LUNNY soundly whipped Lew Feldman, one of the lightweight division's better stumbling blocks, in a 10-round headliner before 6500 witnesses at San Francisco's Civic Auditorium and the Mission District starlet thereby notched up his first triumph over a nationally recognized ringman.

Feldman gave trouble for the first half of the bout with his bouncing and dancing and slapping but Ray stepped out with a bang in the sixth frame when he spanked the Brooklyn Hebrew with sharp left hooks and jabs for three solid minutes. From then on, it was a large night for the Irish.

Experience alone kept Lew from a cooling as Lunny piled up a commanding edge in the late rounds, the localite reaching his seasoned foe time and again with snapping left hooks and straight rights to the head and body. Lunny banged shut one of Feldman's eyes, brought a torrent of red from his nose in the eighth and knocked him through the ropes in the ninth to unquestionably merit Jack Downey's decision.

It was Lunny's 26th professional outing and he has yet to blow one. Indications are that this may go on for some time to come.

Young Corbett III may be only a short walk from the fistic graveyard but he proved to the satisfaction of "Sheik" Rangel and 7500 onlookers that he is still the best man with his fists in the Fresno valley.

The sidewinding patriarch scored a lopsided win over his tough Armenian challenger in a 10-round colossal staged by Onyx Roach at the Italian Entertainment Park in Fresno. By so doing, he settled a local dispute as to the Raisin City's best middleweight. Corbett put Rangel down for no count in the first inning and won just about every round of a bitterly emotional beef.

Willard (Big Boy) Hogue of the Jacumba, Calif., Hogue twins, lost himself a 10-round decision to Fred Apostoli at the Coliseum Bowl, but he added a serious element of doubt to the possibility that the ex-bellhopper will ever again make the middleweight big time. Nothing more than a good club fighter, Hogue stepped right along with Freddie for eight bruising frames, only to fade badly in the ninth and tenth when he receipted for a two-handed shellacking that cost him the decision.

Nat Corum, 120-pound unbeliever hauled out of the Great Unknown to play stooge for flyweight bigshot Little Dado, surprised everyone by holding the Filipino to a draw in their 10 rounds at San Jose.

Dado's arch rival, Little Pancho, appeared in a companion feature and easily befuddled Elwood Romero of Sacramento through 10 lopsided innings.

Chick (The Chiller) Delaney of San Leandro spilled Jackie Callura twice in the second heat of an Oakland Auditorium headliner but the tough Toronto Italian featherweight rallied to battle himself into a draw after 10 rounds of savage fighting. Callura's even break with the heavy-hitting Delaney is classified as a mild upset.

Family Man Jimmy Garrison of Kansas City had too much left hand for young Carlos Miranda and stabbed his way to a decision in their 10-spot at the Coliseum Bowl. The switch-hitting Mexican welter was dangerous all the way but couldn't keep his face out of Jimmy's unrelenting port fist.

Larry Cisneros, a consistent winner in Hollywood, scored a nice win over Eddie Bello, slambang Sacramento lightweight, in the four-round semi.

The annual Diamond Belt tourney was a financial flop. Staged in the spacious Civic Auditorium, the two-night swat circuit failed to draw 5000 fans and in the future, the amateurs may do their stuff at the Coliseum Bowl, which has a seating capacity of some 3800, as against the Auditorium's 10,000. Such a change, however, would not apply to the *Examiner's* Golden Gloves show, which never fails to pack 'em in.

The 1940 Diamond Belt titlists are as follows: 112 pounds, Raymond Tavares, Oakland; 118 pounds, Mike Moreno, Phoenix, Ariz.; 126 pounds, Bobby Garcia, Richmond; 135 pounds, Art Candelario, Oakland; 147 pounds, Earl Turner, Oakland; 160 pounds, Melvin Del Carlo, San Francisco; 175 pounds, Paul Cavagnaro, San Francisco; heavy, Connie Norden, San Francisco.

RESIN DUST—Little Pancho and Dado, the vest-pocket Filipinos, had a light evening's work when they held down separate ends of a double feature at Watsonville. Pancho stopped Benny Dawson in five rounds and Dado finished Stockton's Nick DePosta in six . . . . Smooth Johnny Marquez, the Redwood City Castillian, beat Jackie Burke, battle worn Utah welter, in a 10-rounder at Billings, Mont. . . . Best preliminary of the month was the Eddie Bello-Clarence Thomas lightweight epic on the Lunny-Feldman bill. Bello outslugged the Negro in a four-rounder that was as hot as noontime in Death Valley . . . . Ex-Olympic Club amateur lightweight Victor Grupico turned to the money end of it during the month and his three efforts to date show three impressive wins . . . . On tap as we go to press are a couple of likely-looking heavyweight engagements. Pat Valentino is down for 10 rounds with Ralph DeJohn at the Coliseum Bowl and Buddy Knox, the Ohio redhead, will make his local debut against Harold Blackshear, at the same house.

Verne Bybee, making his first start since dropping one to Ray Lunny, cut loose an impressive string of explosive punches to stop "Dub" Bowen, sailor lightweight, in four rounds of a semi-windup to the Lunny-Feldman top . . . . Jack Huber, San Mateo heavyweight who is under the direction of Joey Fox and Dutch Meyers, made his initial professional try on the same bill and chopped down Tommy Prince of Oroville in three . . . . Young Corbett III has vetoed a proposed third meeting with Apostoli . . . . Joe Ybarra, El Cerrito welterweight, confirmed a previous win over Irwin Kaye by edging out the Los Angeles Hebrew in a six-rounder preceding the Vigil-Marcus windup at Hollywood . . . . The address is 1966 California Street and I'd like to hear from you.

IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

THE Jimmy Chapman-Johnny Gaudes Canadian bantamweight championship fight, which was scheduled for Aug. 12, had to be postponed until October because the I. O. D. E. withdrew its support of the fight as a charity affair as the Gracie Fields concert was on the same week. The promoters thought it wise not to gamble on such a venture in the summertime and decided to run the fight during the cold weather. It was a disappointment to Chapman, who had his heart set on winning the Canadian championship for the West.

Ted Moore is now promoting in Victoria, B. C. His star main eventer is Chuck Nickason, the light-heavyweight sensational of two years ago, who quit the ring because of managerial trouble with the same Mr. Moore. However, Nickason is now back fighting for Moore and should do okay.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES . . . . your correspondent just returned from a lengthy stay in Alberta . . . . resided in Edmonton and visited Calgary . . . . received a royal welcome from Promoter Ernie Farr in Calgary . . . . Frank Heller, efficient secretary of the Western Canada Boxing Federation is trying to promote more harmony between East and West boxing bodies . . . . a war savings stamp is included on every ticket sold by Ted Moore to his shows . . . . good for you, Teddy . . . . this writer can be reached at 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT La Jara, Colo.: Ross Romero, Colorado's featherweight king, successfully defended his state title against the onslaughts of Abie Valdez, San Luis, in a torrid 10-round go when the judges and referee concurred that the bout was a draw.

Valdez apparently had the fight won going into the 10th round, when Romero tossing caution to the wind, nailed the San Luis youngster with a couple of haymakers to score two no-count knockdowns and pull up on even terms with the challenger.

The veteran Lee Medina, Walsenburg welterweight, essaying a comeback, pulled a decided upset in holding Frankie Valdez, up-and-coming Alamosa middleweight, to a draw in the six-round semi-final.

Dale Sparr, carrot-topped Olathe, Colo., middleweight, has called a halt to his ring activities following his kayo defeat at the hands of Fred Apostoli in San Francisco.

B. M., Edgewater, Colo.: Harry Gilmore was the first recognized American lightweight champion. He fought in the 1880-1890 era.

At Las Vegas, N. M.: Ted "Mustang" Garcia, Joe M. Roybal's sparkling lightweight, turned in a good performance in stopping Red Lawler of Philadelphia in 32 seconds of the third round. The Indian boy outclassed Lawler at every stage of the bout.

The semi-final, a 175 pound fracas between Squaw Evans of Las Vegas, and Sergeant Lagawicz of New York City, saw Lagawicz returned the winner by the technical kayo route in the eighth round after Evans had hit the deck six times.

Remember, the writer has a list of ACTIVE promoters out in this neck of the woods that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also answer any questions relative to the mitt game out this way. Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

BOXING took a jarring wallop on the chin that nearly rendered the game "hors de combat" for keeps in Montreal but probably jarred it into higher geared action when over 5,000 fans at the Forum voiced their emphatic disapproval of the ending of the Yvon Robert-Natie Brown fiasco scheduled as the ten round headliner. Brown went down in the second round, claiming foul from a light left to the body and was counted out much to the disgust of the gathering who had viewed only nine rounds of action in a program of five bouts scheduling 34 rounds of battling. Sports writers and fans raised a rumpus that had the town talking.

Brown, who could even make Joe Louis look bad in their ten rounder, went in and clowned, "cutied", stalled and posed and the willing but inexperienced Robert, eager to make a good showing, unconsciously helped serve Brown's purpose by his over-anxiety, and at times his bewilderment was plainly obvious when Brown's methods put him off stride. One of Brown's rare hard wallops was so unexpected that the looping wallop to the head caught Robert off balance and put him down for a count in the first round but he got up while the crowd roared their delight.

Oliver Shank cut the scheduled eight round semi-final short when he plastered Mickey McAvoy so hard in the first round, cutting his eye badly too, that McAvoy could not and would not come out for the second. McAvoy took a bad body beating from the heavy hitting Montreal heavy, some smashing rights under the heart causing his knees to buckle and he would never have seen the second round finish.

Larry Bouchard, young local French heavy, scored impressively over George Leslie, of Souris, P.E.I., former Maritime heavy champ, in the first of a scheduled six rounder. Leslie, counter-punching, caught Bouchard with several rights to the jaw but failed to follow up. Bouchard maneuvered him to the ropes and clipped him with an explosive left hook and as Leslie sagged against the ropes, Bouchard cut loose with a barrage that put him down for the count.

Ralph Walton, colored local lightweight, sprang a surprise by flattening Roger "Baby Face" Bechard in the first heat. The battle was a thriller until Walton capitalized an opening to floor Bechard and finished his victim with dispatch shortly after he arose. Walton is a fine prospect. In the opener Red Ryan of Buffalo and Paul Masse, local heavy, staged an entertaining four rounder that proved to be the only battle going the route.

JOTTINGS FROM JAVA
By PHILIP TERENCE JURGEN

SINCE my last writing, a severe blow has been caused to boxing in this Island by the police ban on fights in public, owing to the many duties imposed on the town police force by the exigencies of the war in the protection of public buildings, broadcasting stations, railway stations, etc. They are now guarded day and night. All of the Singapore pugilists who arrived here in May, have now left Java, the last to leave being the welterweight, Rio Gill, who beat the Java middleweight champion by the short route in a ten-round scrap.

In Singapore, however, boxing is as popular as ever, and the three promoters in that town are vieing with each other in putting up as big a card as ever. Not so long ago, Flashy Sebastian and Mohamed Fahmy, the husky Egyptian Adonis, who appeared in the Madison Square Garden ring, fought a scheduled 15-round bout, with Sebastian the winner on a knockout in the third round.

Sebastian, who has also fought in America, next met Young Frisco, the Orient middleweight champion, but received the biggest thrashing of his life, being knocked to a pulp in four rounds.

Frisco met Atilio Sabatino, the well known Puerto Rican colored middleweight, in a gruelling ten rounder and Sabatino received the judges' nod at the end, though most people thought a draw would have been the correct verdict.

Rio Gill will appear in the New World Arena at Singapore in two test bouts prior to being given a chance in a main event if he proves good. Gill showed me the letter he received from Mr. Eddie Mead, of New York, and he is as keen as ever about going to the United States provided Mr. Mead arranges for his entry into that country on a guarantee for two or three fights by way of a try-out. Gill is prepared to pay his own passage to 'Frisco via Japan. It is up to Mr. Mead, and if he is in any way as enterprising as Al Jolson was when he bought up Homicide Hank's contract, he will be amply rewarded, for I know and can honestly say, that this boy Gill has what it takes to make a champ. All he wants is a good and wise trainer.

NEW ZEALAND NEWS
By PERCY ROBINSON

BLENHEIM—Reproducing form equal to anything shown when he held the lightweight boxing championship of New Zealand, Clarrie Rayner, of Blenheim, outpointed Young Gildo, of Honolulu, in a 12-round contest here. In the five meetings between the pair Rayner has won three times and Gildo twice.

Wellington—Young Gildo, of Honolulu, won his 250th fight when he defeated Jack Jarvis, New Zealand lightweight champion, on points over 12.

Auckland—Vic Caltaux, of Auckland, retained his welterweight boxing championship of New Zealand by defeating Norman Fisher, of Christchurch, the challenger, by a knockout in the 10th round in a contest staged at the Town Hall under the control of the Auckland Boxing Association. Caltaux was the aggressor throughout.

Clarrie Rayner won on a foul from the American Negro, Johnny Hutchinson, in the second round of a scheduled 12-round professional boxing contest. Hutchinson, twice cautioned for illegal punching, at the end of the second round landed a "rabbit-punch" after the gong and was disqualified.

Auckland—The return professional boxing contest between the lightweights Johnny Hutchinson, of America, and Young Gildo, of Honolulu, drew another packed house to the Town Hall. Hutchinson won the decision on points. He was bigger and stronger and had the advantage practically throughout. Gildo staged a great recovery in the last two rounds but he was too far behind on points to make up his leeway.

New Zealanders find wrestling and boxing not up to the standard, because of the war, but they still appreciate that they are able to have their favorite sports during these hectic times. With the cream of our boys in the service of the Crown, the importation of talent from abroad is almost impossible, we are quite thankful for what we have in the way of fight and wrestling shows.

HOOKS FROM HULA LAND
By KEN MISUMI

FAME of fighting prowess of Hawaii's non-pros is spreading across the Pacific. Five amateur top-notchers from Honolulu are slated to tour Japan under the auspices of the Japan Boxing Federation by October. Boxers making the jaunt will include Paul Matsumoto, national A. A. U. lightweight champ; Dado Marino, 1940 national A. A. U. flyweight runner-up; Yasush Yasutake, 1940 A. A. U. featherweight runner-up. Sam Ichinose, prominent local non-pro fight coach, who guided the above trio to national recognition will accompany the boys on the Nippon tour if not detained locally by business pressure.

Archie Moore, Negro middleweight, who made a recent tour of Australia was a through passenger on the States bound *Monterey*, a few weeks back. Accosted by Promoter Alky Dawson during the *Monterey's* brief stopover in this port, Archie confided, "Yes, I'll be glad to fight in Honolulu—for a thousand smacker guarantee." Moore's generous proposition left the local promoter cold. Henry Moreno, New Orleans born bantam, who did quite a bit of campaigning around the country some years back, has settled down in Honolulu. Henry says he's through with the game. The Mexican scrapper, incidentally, is married to an Aussie lassie whom he met in Australia when he made a jaunt over there about a year back.

Kui Kong Young, local born bantam southpaw who holds a national rating, will fight Cris Crispin, current Isle champ, by the time this goes to press. Red Farmer meets Johnny Dias in the semi-final six-heater on the same card. The proposed Manila jaunt of Farmer and Young has hit a snag. Both boys were slated to hit for Manila last August but Manila's Promoter Harry Goodman canceled their tickets at the last moment. Goodman explained this cancellation was due to forthcoming rainy weather in the Philippine capital city.

Clever Henry took an easy win over Bruce Howard, U. S. Navy welter champ, at the Civic Auditorium in Honolulu's last pro smoker. Henry proved to be too classy all the way. Notwithstanding his national rating, Kui Kong Young is not a big card locally. To pull in any kind of a gate, Honolulu promoters have to feature Filipino talent against a non-Filipino. Filipino fight fans comprise from 50 per cent to 75 per cent of the average fight houses here. Al Karasick, local grunt and groan caterer who's been successfully putting on weekly wrestling shows here for the past five years, says he may branch out to fight promoting soon. Reports have it that Joe Waterman of California is anxious to trek over here by next year to promote fights at the Civic Auditorium. Moose Taussig, now on the California coast, postcards back to his Honolulu partner, Frank Bayard, that he's having a grand time in 'Frisco. The Moose operates a flourishing tavern here for Honolulu's colony of parched throats.

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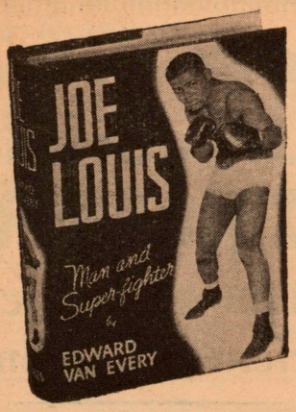

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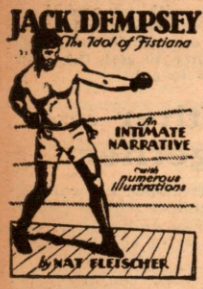

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

SYRACUSE boxing fans, up in arms over the lack of a suitable building or auditorium in which to view their favorite sport are meeting in groups and a campaign is about to be launched to force the City Fathers to do something about the current situation. At this writing a number of important citizens were planning to visit Mayor Rolland B. Marvin and urge him to take immediate steps to erect a sports center.

Archie S. Ajemian purchased a portion of the stock in the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., almost a year ago, but only two shows were held after Ajemian entered the picture. They were the De John-Seelig and De John-Overlin cards. Ajemian is not too anxious to operate because he believes 50 per cent is TOO MUCH to pay for a main event. As a result, the making of matches here is an impossibility, even with an auditorium, with Ajemian in control.

Ralph De John has struck out for the Golden West and hopes to reap some pay dirt in California rings. Ralph is really one of the best light-heavyweights in the business, fast, classy and colorful, but for some reason or other isn't getting the work he deserves.

Dapper Gabe Genovese, now living in New York, the most colorful fight manager to come out of Syracuse since the days of Phil Lewis, hasn't visited his home town in months. As a result little in the way of fight news had made the local dailies. Gabe is good copy.

LEFT-HOOKS: Amateur boxing resumes this month in the Alhambra . . . . Talk is rife that the grunters and groaners may erect their own tug and haul plant and devote the spot to nothing but wrestling shows here . . . . Seen on Salina Street within an hour—Battling Johnson, former ace lightweight strolling along, the picture of health and strength . . . . Al Wise, rugged middleweight of other days, window-wishing . . . . Al conducts a canine farm just outside of town . . . . Mickey Serrian, rushing by, looking as chipper and in the pink as he was in his prime, now working for the D.L. & W. R.R. . . . Bob Kenefick, former *Journal* sports ed, in from New England where he is promoting sports . . . . Irv Robbins, white pants and a sports shirt, the collar always buttoned, strolls by, accompanied by that great little referee, Billy Browne of the amateurs . . . . Gil Sweeney, the *Post-Standard* artist, who draws lifelike pix of the pugs . . . . There goes Caveman Fisher, hurrying along, looking straight ahead, no time to stop and talk "fights" . . . . The Caveman fought 'em all and thinks most of the present day middleweights are "bums" . . . . Here is Babe Risko, ex-160 pound monarch, money in the bank, and in the uniform of a deputy sheriff. Babe cuts quite a picture, handsomer than ever . . . . Jack McCann, just "in from Auburn", wants unattached pro fighters to contact him at the Capital Hotel in Auburn where boxing gets underway again soon. . . . No action in Utica but Rochester's club is rumored to be sold to money men . . . . Binghamton had a Banovic-Matisi show carded but never did hear how it came out . . . . Marty Burstein of Station WOLF is making a brochure devoted entirely to "Syracusan's Who Achieved Fame in Sports" . . . . Lawrence J. Skiddy, sports ed of The *Herald-Journal*, publishes "Away Back When", a do-you-remember picture series every Sunday, showing athletes from here in their prime, and how they look today . . . . Some of that $50,000 said to have been dropped by the Syracuse Chiefs of the International League, could have been garnered with some good summer outdoor fights, at the park, but no promoter would pay the $1,060 rental for the night asked.

IN RHODE ISLAND
By DANNY NARDI

THE most discussed subject along the fistic circle, in these parts, is the comeback of Mr. John T. Toomey, in his old familiar role of a boxing promoter. John was known as the "boy promoter", back in the golden era of the early and late 20's and he staged most of the shows that drew the largest gates in Rhode Island boxing annals. Mr. Toomey showed the local fight fans most all the leading boys in the lighter classes. A few of the boys to box for him were such champions as Fidel LaBarba, Frankie Genaro and a few lesser lights as Bushy Graham, Johnny Datto, Sammy Fuller, Bud Taylor, and Max Schemling, who opened up with his exhibition tour in Providence.

Most of the above mentioned fighters were opponents for that local colorful fighter Young Montreal, great Jewish boy who was then in his hey-day. Mr. Toomey has lined up an all star card for his first venture in the promotional field, which will be over by the time this hits the press, and all local fight goers are hoping that it is a grand success for they know that they can expect bigger and better shows in the forthcoming future.

Boxing may take grand upspring in these parts in the coming fall for besides Mr. Toomey, the Quattrocchi brothers plan to resume their annual fall shows at the Marieville Gardens, along with Manny Almieda, who also plans to resume boxing at his fight headquarters in Infantry Hall.

Joey Archibald, recently dethroned Featherweight Champion of the world, who hails from these parts, was beaten in his two comeback attempts. The first defeat came from that new featherweight sensation from Dayton, Ohio. Joe Marinelli, in a hard fought battle and lost a close decision. The bout took place in Marinelli's home town. In the other encounter, he had as his opponent, that up and coming battler from Hartford, Conn., rough and tough Bobby "Poison" Ivy. This was another disputed decision, with Ivy piling up an early lead and scoring a two count knock-down in the fourth round, but Archibald came back strong in the late rounds and won the ninth and tenth rounds, going away. The referee's final tally showed 48 points for Ivy, and 44 for the ex-champion. This was an open air affair at the Bulkeley Stadium in Hartford, and drew about 5000 customers.

Larry "Rhode Island's little Dempsey" Bolvin, local featherweight flash, whom many local fans think will be the next featherweight champion, made the most impressive showing of the local boys in his latest bouts. Larry went over with a bang in his Metropolitan debut when he kayoed tough and classy Georgie Harper, colored boy from New York, in five rounds at Coney Island . . . . In his other fight he caught a surprise package in the person of Vic Cochardo of Puerto Rico, who held our Larry to a rousing draw in an eight round bout in the semi-final on the Archibald-Ivy card. This bout stole the show and had the fans standing and cheering for all of the eight rounds. The boys started at a fast pace and slugged head to head. Cochardo piled up an early and decisive lead but Larry put up a strong and late rally and had Cochardo hanging on at the end of the fight. Larry had trouble figuring Cochardo out in the early rounds, but when he did figure him out, he went gunning for a knockout, but it was too late and he received a well earned draw and that decision met with the approval of the cash customers.

John Duarte, ex-light-heavyweight champion of R. I. who is attempting a comeback, has met with fair success and now has a win, a draw and a defeat to his credit, the defeat coming at the hands of George Fitch, high ranking colored heavyweight from Conn.

If any of you RING readers want a giant list of fighters' addresses, send me thirty-five cents and I will mail to you my Fighters' Directory. Write to Danny Nardi, 9 Canton Street, Providence, R. I.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

BUFFALO'S new Memorial Auditorium will be completed shortly and this means a tremendous upturn for local sports both amateur and professional. For one thing the new arena will house a pro hockey team and a six-day bike race will be staged here. The boxing game, long in the doldrums, should pick up considerably. The Auditorium will seat approximately 14,000 for boxing. We haven't a drawing card here now who would fill the gigantic hall but sooner or later some young man who is handy with his fists is going to cash in.

AROUND THE TOWN . . . . Bert Finch will be much more active in boxing this season than he has in several years . . . . The happy-go-lucky pilot is looking around for a new gym site . . . . Jack Singer says he once had George Nichols matched with Mickey Walker at Chicago and was getting $10,000 guarantee for the southpaw . . . . Nichols injured his hand and the bout was called off never to be staged . . . . "How's that for tough luck," asks Singer . . . . Charlie Murray would give plenty to secure a likely looking heavyweight for Buffalo . . . . The amateur situation here will be given attention by Art Johnson, Orioles matchmaker, who plans a number of big shows . . . . The Elks, Eagles, American Legion and other organizations also figure on staging fistic offerings featuring the simon-pures . . . . Rumor has it there'll be a big shakeup in the ranks of ring officials. Two judges and a referee may get the gate . . . . Joe Bahen, formerly known as Joe Mandell, is now working for the Buffalo Parks department . . . . Midget auto racing has attracted big crowds at Buffalo's Civic Stadium this summer . . . . Perhaps next year boxing will have come back far enough to put on some big shows in the open air arena.

Jack Herman, Buffalo's ace wrestling promoter, is getting ready for a big season . . . . Jack will bring on K.O. Koverly, Lou Plummer, Crusher Casey, The Angel and other attractions . . . . The mat game is going big in this city and promises to get a big play in the new auditorium . . . . Many Canadian cities are suffering through the war and the rasslers are having a tough time of it across the border.

ARKANSAS FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Rumors are circulating that Matchmaker Les Wolf, present boxing promoter for the American Legion, will move his wares to Atlanta, Ga., and that Ed Stein, veteran of the business, will take over, even though Wolfe, will still own his usual share.

Hot Springs—American Legion will sponsor boxing this fall; arrangements have already been made for the use of the stadium. Sikes, Southern heavyweight champion, will open the first show . . . . Noble Mullins, has a good lightweight prospect in Vernon Hogue, address him 102 Ouachita Ave., Hot Springs, Ark.

Memphis, Tenn.—Jack Marshall, of Dallas, Texas, cut Maxie Doyle down with a thundering left hook in the first round and then coasted to a fifth-round kayo. Marshall weighed 188, Doyle, 190.

Creeton Rock, Hornsby, Tenn., disposed of Joe Johnson, of Dallas, Texas. Rock worked well with a left jab and at the same time evaded Johnson's right to finish well in front and have his hand raised after six rounds. They are welterweights. Ira "Gunboat" Smith, Memphis lightweight, evened the score with John Cotten, Memphis, by taking a four round decision. Bob Arnette, Clarksville, Tenn. lightweight, got a second round technical knockout over Gene Wells, of Memphis, in a scheduled four rounder.

Memphis, Tenn.—Jack Marshall, a wild-swinging Texan, handed Neville Beech, the third defeat of his professional career, pounding out an eight-round decision. Marshall ripped left hooks and looping rights to the head and body of Beech to leave no doubt as to the outcome. It was a rough and tumble affair the whole way. Marshall weighed 188, Beech 190. Marshall substituted for Max Minnich when the Cleveland boy became ill, and seldom do substitutes come through.

Anadarko, Okla., Aug. 16—Junior Munsell, Oklahoma City, won the Indian heavyweight boxing title of America in a second-round knockout over Jimmy Merriott, of Little Rock, Ark. The bout was a feature of the American Indian exposition.

In a preliminary, Buddy Scott of Dallas, Texas, former Golden Gloves heavyweight king of Oklahoma, knocked out J. D. Turner, also Dallas, in the tenth.

Batesville, Ark.—Bob Sikes, climbed another step back toward the big time by knocking out Al Globe, of Chicago, in the fourth round of their scheduled 10-round fight. Sikes punches carried such power that Globe apparently sustained a serious head injury. The Chicago boy made a game effort to get off the floor in the fourth after being dropped by a left jab to his right temple, but sank back. Globe was taken to a hospital. Sikes weighed 190 to 177 for Globe.

In a fast semi-final between two Negroes, Lawrence Martin of Batesville knocked out K. O. Kimp of Dallas, Texas, in three rounds. Claude Weaver of Batesville and Verner Bruce, battled to a draw in four rounds. A crowd of 2,000 witnessed the fight.

Memphis, Tenn.—Bob Sikes, Pine Bluff, Ark., heavyweight knocked out Clarence Miller, St. Paul, Minn. in the opening seconds of the first round of their scheduled 10-round bout. Sikes, 190; Miller, 190.

Jimmy Irwin, 153, of Skremps, La., although outweighed, gained a T.K.O. over Johnny O'Hara, 160, of Chicago, in the fifth round; scheduled six-rounds.

Joe Ackerman of Hot Springs, dropped a six-round decision to Marty Fields of Chicago, in the curtain-raiser.

Get your copy of THE RING at Commercial Nat'l, Bank, 2nd and Main, Little Rock, Ark.

D. S. Lee has taken over Doyle Venable of Dierks, Ark., welterweight . . . . Nobl Mullins has a fine prospect in Charley Prunter. Address Mullins, 102 Quachita Ave., Hot Springs, Ark.

Russell Long, heavyweight from Hector, now is under the management of Jack Lazarov, who also handles Neville Beech . . . . Former welterweight champion, Tommy Freeman, is a fireman at Hot Springs . . . . Shreveport, La., has an all-colored card every week.

Blytheville—Jimmy Lunsford, Blytheville heavyweight star, battered Larry Donato, 220, St. Louis, Mo. giant, to the floor in one minute of the first round in winning his 11th amateur fight by a kayo. Ray Simmons, St. Louis lightheavyweight, displayed class in knocking out Joe Osteen of Ripley, Tenn., in the second round . . . . Jerry Ward of St. Louis, also won by a first round knockout over Al Coanich of Blytheville. . . . J. W. McNeill, Blytheville welter, gained a close decision over Tom Reynolds of St. Louis, in a three-rounder and Afton Chenowith, 135, lost to Red Lewis, 138.

Hot Springs—Charley Pranter scored a one-round knockout over Buck Howard; Millard Childs, Hot Springs, 135, won decision over Bob Wilson, Griffithville, 140; Jack Hillhouse, Hot Springs, 162, lost a decision to Willard Ferrin, 172.

Have your notes to me by the first of each month. Mail them to 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview, Texas. Augusta, and Griffithville, Ark., are having weekly amteur boxing.

MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

AT Carlin's Arena, The Century A.C. showed Jack Dempsey's protégé, Wild Bill Boyd, with Jack (Buddy) Walker of Columbus, Ohio, in a main go set for ten rounds before a crowd that paid better than $45,000. Boyd weighed 188 and Walker 190. The first round went off fairly even with both fighters just feeling each other out. In the second, Walker jabbed a left into Boyd's face, and followed with a right cross that made Bill's knees buckle. Walker followed this advantage with another one, two, that floored Boyd for a nine count. Once again the "one-two" went into action and down went Boyd to be counted out in 2.20 of the second round. Thus Walker now has two wins over Boyd, the first in which he stopped Boyd in the eighth via a T.K.O. This much can be said for Walker. He has never lost a fight in the fifteen months of his ring career, and is on the way to bigger and better game.

The semi-final of eight rounds saw Baltimore's once great favorite, Bucky Taylor, go down to defeat to an up-and-coming youngster in Billy Carrigan. Billy took a long lead in the first five stanzas and just coasted from there on to a very easy win.

Once again Carlin's Arena was jammed to the rafters with a crowd that paid over $5000 to see Red Burman and Steve Dudas do battle in a main go of ten rounds in which Burman won very easily with his wicked body attack. In the second, Dudas went down from a very hard right to his midsection, but got up at the count of nine to finish up the round very strong. Midway in the fight, Burman coasted but closed very strong in the last three rounds to win the unanimous decision. Jimmy Collins continued his winning streak when he won over Pete Galliano in six. Jim Elliott stopped Bob Robey in the third of a scheduled six, and Bobby Woods and Joe Sole fought a draw in a supporting six.

At Washington, another Madison Square Garden attraction was presented in the main go of ten rounds between the number one welterweight contender, Louis Kid Cocoa. THE RING's No. 5 middleweight and Washington's own Georgie Abrams. Cocoa scaled 148½, and Abrams, 158. For the first three rounds, Abrams took the fight to Cocoa and had a slight edge, but at the start of the fourth, Cocoa found the range with that left of his and landed many telling blows in infighting.

The fifth, sixth and seventh were very big rounds for Cocoa who had Abrams' left eye cut. Abrams won the eighth by a shade, but in the ninth, Cocoa staggered Abrams and won the round. In the tenth and final, both went at it with Cocoa having a little the better of it, to take the round. The judges declared Abrams the winner at the end of a very good fight. In the opening six, Earl Ward won over Bob Reilly. In another set for six, Tiger Jack Flowers stopped Babe Scott in the first. In another six Billy Banks and Johnny Buff fought to a draw in a fight that seemed that Banks had won easily and in the final six Harry Hurst stopped Charlie Gilley in five.

FISTIANA ALLEY: Buster Brown wishes to thank his many friends for their messages of good cheer while in the hospital where he was confined for about four weeks. Jack Dempsey was a visitor of his, while in the city. He is now home on the road to recovery . . . . A lad who has plenty of color and always has the crowd with him, is Bennie Hamburger's boy, Paul Shinn. This youngster possesses plenty of class and is on the way to bigger and better things . . . . Pete Bozo's heavyweight, under the tutelage of Frankie Garcia, is improving with every start and is undefeated since turning pro. The lad's name is Al Lewis. . . . Another lad who looks good and is undefeated, is Pete Jubo's game little fighter, Frank Lacey. Freddie Barth's boy, Billy Carrigan, is also on the way to bigger game after his win over Bucky Taylor . . . . Dave Selina's lad, Vince Tuminello, bears watching. This youngster is also on the upgrade. He has the makings of a good fighter. Joe Dundee's son, Lou, is also undefeated since turning pro. He is about ready to step out of the four round class . . . . The featherweight champion, Harry Jeffra, journeyed up to Youngstown to battle Jackie Wilson in an overweight match and was the winner before a crowd of about 17,000 . . . . The writer will be glad to answer all self-addressed, stamped letters. The address is Nate Phillips. 3 Fallsway. Baltimore, Md.

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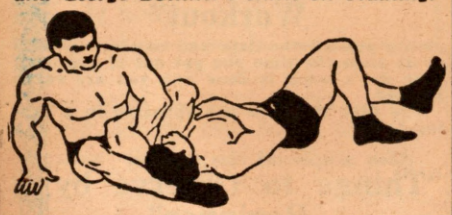

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IN MINNESOTA RINGS

By DARWIN GOMER

ST. PAUL, Lexington Park—back in 1938, Domingo Valin kayoed Lee Savold in Oakland, but since then, the new Savold has improved a lot.

In the 10-round headliner, Lee Savold, 185, St. Paul heavyweight contender, scored a revenge two-round kayo over trial-horse Domingo Valin, 189, Oakland, Calif. In the six-round semi, hard-hitting Floyd Hagen, 137, St. Paul, did the expected in kayoing Buzz Lanning, 135, titled as the "Iowa lightweight champ," in the first. Billy Gillespie, 189, Hayward, Wis., rolled up his second straight one-round kayo comback win, this time over Stan Shields, 185, Mitchell, S. D. Golden Glover. Kelly Ward, 167, Minneapolis speedy light-heavy, again made it two in a row over the veteran Jerry Hayes, 164, Chicago Negro, in six. Bud Tibbetts, 142, Rosemount, knocked out Buck Goben, 145, an unknown St. Paulite making his pro debut, in the first of a four. A small crowd of $1,700 saw the show.

SHORT SHOTS—Don Brouillard, Minneapolis middle, is in California with the Marines . . . . Clyde Smith, former Minnesota RING correspondent, is now writing "Arkansas Flashes" for THE RING . . . . Eddie Collins, 1936 Montana State Golden Gloves flyweight champion, and 1939 Montana State junior golf champion, who hails from Livingston, and who held Charley Gomer to a six-round draw at Hawk Centre in 1936, is a member of the St. Thomas college golf team in St. Paul. Collins quit boxing in 1938, following his defeat at the hands of Jimmy Driscoll, Butte Negro, who broke Collins' nose . . . Chuck Ryan, St. Paul heavyweight, is plannig a comeback under his new manager, Rinnie Young . . . . We've found out that "Tiger Bob Mason" and "Clarence Miller" are one and all the same, a certain St. Cloud heavy . . . . Len Walbridge and Kid Miller are brothers-in-law . . . . Marv Wason is training again . . . . Worth London, Mankato carnival boxer who wrestles some and has fought since he was 14, is being kept very busy around the state taking on all comers since his return from the South. Worth encountered some very stiff opposition in Albert Lee and Nashwauk, as well as Collraine.

Manila, P. I.—Luis Logan, Manila, easily stopped Johnny Erjavec, Duluth heavyweight, in the third round.

Sioux City, Ia.—Levi De Cora, 145, lanky and speedy Winnebago Indian, beat Billy McFarland, 145, St. Paul, in the six-round semi to the Miller-Epperson card. Johnny McFarland, 190, St. Paul, beat the veteran trial horse, Wilbur De Cora, 170, Winnebago, Neb. Indian, in six. In the opener, his cut eye healed, Wayne Armstrong, 155, Newcastle, Neb. comer, whipped George Richardson, 163, Kansas City Negro, in four.

Hollywood—Floored for a six count in the sixth, Johnny Hanschen, 197, Minneapolis, was T.K.O.'d in his Hollywood debut due to a slightly cut eye, by clever-boxing Tommy Martin, 176½, London, England Negro.

Omaha, Neb.—In a prelim to the Knox-Vincequera card, Roscoe Smith, 144, Omaha, pulled a big surprise when he T.K.O.'d hard-hitting Floyd Hagen, 137, St. Paul Irishman. Jackie Gans, 160, Des Moines, cut up Ted Morrison, 168, Fort Smelling, so badly that Gans branded Morrison another T.K.O. loss. Bud Tibbutts, 142, Rosemount slugger, saved the day for the Twin Cities by taking a four-round decision over the coming young George Hayes, 152, Lenox, Ia. former amateur star.

Mantoe, N. C.—Art Lind, busy Alborn Swede with plenty of class, showed he is to be reckoned with among the big-timers by stopping Jerald Wise in the third. Lind, like his pal Ken Overlin, really travels around the country for his fights!

Sioux City, Ia.—Returning from his Hollywood campaign, Leo Mahon, 155, former Sioux City Golden Gloves champ twice, and Omaha champ who went to the Boston AAU, beat Don Swenson, 146, St. Paul, in six rounds of clever boxing. This Mahon is really promising. Slugging Bud Tibbutts, 142, Rosemount, decisioned Dutch White of Omaha, in six. Stanley Novak, 129, Omaha veteran, beat Jack Nitti, 127, St. Paul, in six.

Des Moines—Lee Savold, 190, St. Paul left-hook kayo artist, blasted out a three-round knockout over Bob Nestell, 188, Los Angeles veteran, in the 10-round headliner.

Sauk Centre, Minn.—At the Stearns County Fairgrounds, Windy Worth London, 165, Mankato pro carnival boxer-wrestler, boxed two three-round draws with a "Johnny Corbett, 157, Duluth," then took plenty of punishment in wrestling bouts with Charley and Julian Maley, both tough Sauk Centre farmers who tip well over 190 pounds. London dropped all his wrestling bouts. The Moley boys are the wrestling prides of Sauk Centre.

Detroit Lakes, Minn.—At the Detroit Lakes Fair grounds, tough Worth London, 165, veteran Mankato carnival booth fighter, fought another draw with "Johnny Corbett, 157, of Duluth."

John Whitson of Sauk Centre, is the ace boxing "spotter" around central Minnesota, for yours truly . . . . Dick Kerr, a former St. Paulite, says Menaska, Wis., plans to start a pro boxing club, and use Chicago and Milwaukee boys against those of the Twin Cities . . . . Promoters wishing to book Oscar Rankins, Art Lind, Wayne Armstrong, or Leo Mahon, should contact yours truly, at 252 Thomas Ave., St. Paul, Minn. Rankins, a Chicago light-heavy who has met the best in the business, including Billy Conn., needs no introduction. Lind, a middle with class, twice named "Best Prospect" by THE RING, fought draws with Phil Furr and Lambertine Williams. Mahon of Ponce, and Armstrong of Newcastle, Nebr., both middles, have won several Golden Gloves titles. Both classy boxers, Mahon just beat Don Swenson of St. Paul.

SHORT SHOTS: Eddie Horn of Chicago is the newly-signed manager of Oscar Rankins . . . . Marv Wason is planning to launch the second comeback of his career on the Anderson-Retzlaff card Sept. 19 in Duluth.

Long Prairie, Minn.—Giving away plenty of weight courageous Worth London, 165, Mankato carnival boxer, knocked out tough Ellsworth "Buck" Veal, 180, Princeton amateur, on fair grounds.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY

By DICK CARTER

EDDIE BORDEN was guilty of understatement last month when he dubbed little Chester Ellis "Most Promising Featherweight." Chester looked like at least three "Most Promising Featherweights" in decisioning Jimmy Buckler at Municipal Auditorium. The rapid redskin punched fast, moved fast, thought fast, and, all in all, was a pretty swift party against the aged but energetic Mr. Buckler.

In winning from Buckler, the indefatigable Indian won from a hard-bitten war-horse who has had not less than 150 fights against the best in the business, has yet to be knocked out, and is probably just as good now as he ever was. This, we think, brands chesty Chester as quite something in the way of a fighter. Half a dozen professional battles and Ellis beats a man like Buckler. Half a dozen more squabbles for cash and he is liable to be in there with somebody like Archibald or Covelli.

In the six-round semi-final to Ellis and Buckler, Jackie "Streamlined" Simmons, sleek Negro 130 pounder, proved to be entirely too much for earnest young Buzz Lanning, and marched off with the verdict. Other bouts saw Harry Mills thumping Al Shapiro, Ray McDonald licking Terry Nolan, and Tommy Melton conking the previously promising Ferman Burton in the first round. The last three bouts were welterweight affairs.

Ferman Burton's kayo at the hands of Tommy Melton probably represents the end of what should have been a gerat career. Burton was a sensational amateur—one of the fastest punchers this writer has ever seen in any ring. In his first two professional starts, the tall Negro looked like a championship prospect. Then Vince McCoy knocked him kicking in the third round, after having all but been knocked kicking himself in the first. That McCoy loss must have done more damage than appeared on the surface.

Al Dorlac, who made a tremendous hit here last winter, has been forging ahead in the lightweight division lately, winning several ten-rounders in Louisville, Ky. Dorlac is an exceptionally gritty young 'un, with an almost frightening will to win. He is in capable hands and may be ready for a Garrison shot here before next spring . . . . Jackie Simmons, Al Shapiro, Chuck Blaine, and Charley Neaves have all been keeping busy in Iowa and Minnesota rings . . . . Simmons is one of the best 130 pounders in the middle west . . . . Baby Breese and Jimmy Garrison made Kansas City proud last month by the way they handled themselves against two of the best lightweights in the world, Jackie Wilson and George Latka . . . . Breese cut Latka to shreds and might have been given a TKO victory had the fight taken place outside of California . . . . Garrison scored the upset of the year in drawing with the great Wilson . . . . The writer can get plenty of work for white heavyweights, lightweights, feathers and junior welters.

Write us at 628 Sandusky, Kansas City, Kansas . . . . We wish to thank our various correspondents for their fine letters. Apparently there isn't a town in this country where THE RING isn't known, read, and enjoyed . . . . To be mentioned in THE RING is almost tantamount to making the grade in boxing and wrestling . . . . Boxers, wrestlers, managers, promoters, athletic commissioners, newspaper experts, fans, all look to this book as the final authority on matters concerning roped squares . . . . Even so trifling and unimportant a little cranny in the magazine as this one is read with interest . . . . Last month we said something which laid us open to criticism—and did we get it! . . . . Cards and letters came from as far east as New York and as far west as Vancouver, B. C.

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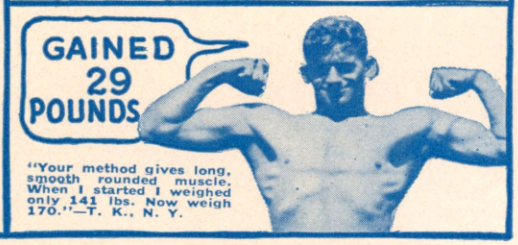

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